

The Australian

Over 830,000 Copies Sold Every Week

Women's Weekly

PRICE

15c

New Zealand 1/6 (15c)
New Guinea 33c
Malaysia \$1.00

Registered in Australia for trans-
mission by post as a newspaper.

June 7, 1967

Incorporating the Australian Home Budget.

"HOW I LOST 3st."
A reader's story of her
dieting success

FLIRTATION: The
innocent game that
disrupts marriage

How to make
**TISSUE
PAPER
FLOWERS**

32-page lift-out
CARPET GUIDE

BOY
with
TOY

See page 2

Overseas prices of The Australian Women's Weekly: New Guinea, 33c; New Zealand, 1/6; Malaysia, \$1.00 (Malaysian currency).

Head Office: 166 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.

Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.

Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.

Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 368A, G.P.O.

Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 128 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.

Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

Printed by Compres Printing Ltd., of 163 Castlereagh St., Sydney, at 61-63 O'Riordan St., Alexandria, for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., of 168-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

JUNE 7, 1967

Vol. 35, No. 2

OUR COVER

● Our "boy with TOY" is Stephen Alexander Carr, 15-month-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Barry Carr, of Illawong, N.S.W. Stephen's father presented him with the giant panda to mark an important occasion: the first time Stephen said "Daddy." The cover picture was taken by staff photographer Ron Berg.

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

- Slimmer Loses 10lb. in 14 days on our BEST EVER DIET. 4, 5
- Flowers that Bloom in the Winter 22, 23
- In My Shoes (Part 2), Elaine Fiffeld with Kevin Perkins 37
- Flirtation — The Innocent Game that Disrupts Marriage 57
- GUIDE TO AUSTRALIAN-MADE CARPETS Centre lift-out

REGULAR FEATURES

- Social 12, 13
- Compact 16
- TV Parade 19
- Australian Almanac 27
- Letter Box, Dorothy Drain, Ross Campbell 30
- Teenagers' Weekly 46, 47
- House of the Week 48, 49
- Stars 70
- Mandrake, Crossword 75

FICTION

- A Mutt of Sentiment, Norah Smoridge 60
- Elegy for Eddie, Mary Drake 65
- The Bed Elizabeth Taylor Once Slept In, Eileen Herbert Jordan 69

FASHION

- New Spring Gear: Mini-pants and Bloomers 32, 33
- Dress Sense, Betty Keep 34
- Three Smart Designs for Budget Buying 55
- Fashion Frocks 70
- Butterick Patterns 75

HOME and FAMILY

- Family Affairs 35, 67
- Cookery: Steak Diane 51, 52
- Prize Recipe 52
- Collectors' Corner, Home Hints 56
- Abroad with Margaret Sydney 58
- Guiding: Timbers the Year Inland 58, 59
- Traveller 66

● This article informs readers of the trends of thought of some legal and humanitarian experts, who believe that new law courts, separate from those now existing in N.S.W., and run by people with special knowledge of human relationships, could iron out domestic problems and save many marriages.

Wanted: New legal deal for victims of shaky marriages

● IT TOOK A LONG WHILE TILL THE CASE CAME UP.

The young mother waited in the hall, while the children grew more fretful. She'd brought them with her to the court because she had nowhere to leave them.

The air in the hall was tired and had a musty, institutional smell.

Juvenile delinquents and officers of the law also moved about the hall.

The young mother had committed no crime. She was simply a deserted wife. And this was where she had to come to apply for maintenance and custody of her little family after their father walked out.

THE court described above was in Commonwealth St., Sydney, but other mothers and other children waited in similar places in similar courts in country towns.

The same magistrates would deal with their applications in the same room as they dealt with criminal matters.

It was an experience none of them would ever forget.

"It should not be allowed to happen," said Sydney lawyer Mrs. Anna Frenkel, who is also a qualified marriage counsellor.

"Indeed, it isn't supposed to. The law intends that these so-called Children's Courts should be quite separate. Some magistrates try to arrange that 'domestic matters' are grouped together and heard apart from criminal business.

"But their lists are so long and court space so restricted that it just isn't possible.

"And this is only one aspect of the administration of family law in N.S.W. which is in urgent need of reform.

"Family law," she explained, "regulates personal and property relations between the members of a family. Ideally, it should be concerned with preserving the family as a social unit.

"In Australia, its administration is split up between many courts. Divorce, for instance, is a Federal matter, but in N.S.W. it is administered by the N.S.W. Supreme Court.

"All kinds of other actions between members of a family are dealt with by the State's lower courts, like the Petty Sessions, which may sit either as Magistrate's or Children's Courts.

"The same magistrate, in the same room, sitting as a criminal court, might try a husband for assault on a wife, and later, as the Children's

Court, decide a matter affecting the custody of children.

"But other courts, too, have jurisdiction over custody. Applications can be made to the District Court and the Equity Court and the Supreme Court, by way of habeas corpus.

"Most of these matters require a very special training in human relationships, which few magistrates appear to possess.

"There are other anomalies. The Federal divorce law places the greatest emphasis on the welfare of the children. It also lays down that every attempt should be made to reconcile the husband and wife. Marriage counsellors, specially trained, are called in to help stop the rot.

"It's an excellent idea, based on very successful overseas practice. Unfortunately, it's applied too late.

"By the time divorce petitions are filed one or other spouse has often already been before one of the lower courts for maintenance and custody. Dirty linen has already been washed in court, with all the bitterness that follows.

NO TRAINED SOCIAL WORKERS

"Clearly, the time to try for reconciliation is at these earlier stages. But there is absolutely no provision in the lower courts for this to be done. And the magistrates have no trained social workers or counsellors to help them.

"As a result, in the whole of this country, only ten couples have been reconciled after the filing of the divorce petition since 1961, when the new divorce laws came into force.

As Mrs. Frenkel found out in a research trip overseas, it's a very different story in England and the United States.

Probably the basic difference is that in England, and in many States of the U.S.,

all legal matters affecting the family are handled by special, separate courts, called by various names, such as "Domestic Courts," or "Family Courts."

New Zealand, too, has reformed the practice of family law along these general lines.

Two of the oldest "Courts of Comprehensive Jurisdiction in Domestic Matters" in the U.S., in Los Angeles County and Lucas County, were founded more than 25 years ago.

The Los Angeles Conciliation Court is in a beautiful modern building in the heart of the city, and operates on the principle laid down by its head, Judge Pfaff:

"The law can provide a healing service for unhappy families. It is exploding the myth that couples on the verge of divorce can no longer be helped. We are showing that communication and co-operation between the legal profession and the

By KAY KEAVNEY

social work professions are resulting in maximum benefits to estranged couples, and, therefore, to the community."

The Court's Conciliation Department dealt, in 1963, with 6203 applications, 4395 of which ended in reconciliation.

There are 11 full-time marriage counsellors, whose minimum qualification is a master's degree in all aspects of social work—called the "behavioural sciences"—and at least ten years' counselling experience.

The Toledo Family Court of Lucas County, according to Judge Paul Alexander, "so operates that it may tend to conserve, not dissolve, family life." It deals with divorce, non-support, custody, and bastardy cases.

It uses trained social workers, especially in the early stages, when there is great hope that expert advice and investigation may save a marriage.

The New York Family Court covers a much wider field, including juvenile delinquency and adoptions. It is an experiment in centralising all matters relating to the family in a single court.

Psychiatrists, family counsellors, and such experts as alcoholic information specialists are freely available to the court and the parties.

England, following a Royal Commission on Marriage and Divorce (1951-55), has legislated toward separate and comprehensive courts covering family matters, with specially trained magistrates, aided by trained experts.

Like the U.S., England makes full use of the skills and insights of women.

Said Mrs. Frenkel, "In England, one-third of the magistrates are women. At least half of the judges in the U.S. Family Courts are women. We have one woman judge and not one woman magistrate in Australia."

AGITATION FOR REFORMS

Australia, with so many courts, with the lack of social workers, and the doubling-up between family and criminal matters, lags far behind other western democracies.

The cost to the individual and to the community is well-nigh incalculable.

Practitioners of family law have themselves begun to seek sweeping reforms.

In July, 1966, the Family Law Committee of the Sydney University Graduates' Association began drafting projected changes for submission to the N.S.W. Attorney-General, the Law Reform Commission, and other authorities.

It recommended the setting-up of a Family Court and a Court of Domestic Relations, which between them would deal with all family matters, both personal and property.

Other recommendations include:

● Magistrates presiding over the Family Courts should have training in the social sciences.

● They should be appointed, not only from the Public Service but from qualified lawyers who, preferably, have some knowledge of the social sciences.

● The courts should not only be quite separate from the Petty Sessions but, when finance permits, should be housed in separate buildings, "with accommodation for Social Workers, Probation Officers, Marriage Conciliators, Marriage Guidance Counsellors, and Supportive Services."

● The Court of Domestic Relations should deal with divorce, custody, property disputes, adoptions, permission to marry, and a number of other causes. It should also

be a court of appeal from the Family Court.

● It should be headed by Supreme Court Judge and whether on circuit or Sydney, should be entirely separate from other functions of the Supreme Court.

● Both courts should be free to seek out their own evidence, particularly in matters of custody. At present, courts have to rely on witnesses brought by the conflicting parties.

● A postgraduate course should be established by the Law School in Family Law and Domestic Relations which should include instruction in marriage guidance, procedures, basic human psychology, and the social sciences.

● By a co-ordinating council, and by regular consultations and seminars, all those practising in the family field—such as judges, lawyers, ministers, Child Welfare officers, psychologists, psychiatrists, and magistrates—should try to analyse "the various tensions and pressures within the community its moral attitudes, and the resolution thereof."

It all sounds very weighty but reduced to human terms it could mean a new deal for a very large number of men, women, and, above all, children in this State and in this country.

Every year in N.S.W. there are at least 8000 divorce petitions. About one-third are on the grounds of desertion, usually by the husband.

In hundreds of cases, deserted wife and children become a charge on the State.

HOPES OF RECONCILIATION

If the reforms are implemented, the hope of reconciliation between husband and wife at a very early stage of marriage-breakdown will be greatly improved, as overseas experience has proved.

From a purely material point of view, this will help offset the cost of separating and centralising family law, even—ultimately—to the extent of setting up completely separate buildings.

From the human point of view, of course, the rewards will be greater still, for individual husbands and wives, for hundreds of thousands of children, and for the community at large.



PAINTING by Australian artist Hugh Sawrey envisages Sir Francis Chichester deep in his battle among 20ft. waves rounding Cape Horn.

HOW SIR FRANCIS BRAVED THE CAPE

AUSTRALIAN artist Hugh Sawrey tossed for three days in a trawler in the raging seas of Cyclone Glenda off the Queensland coast to get the right atmosphere for his painting (above) of Sir Francis Chichester rounding the Horn.

From the deck of the prawn trawler Nancy II he studied the gale-whipped, white-crested waves and heaving billows. He went to Sydney while Sir Francis was there and sketched the Gipsy Moth IV in full detail. The result is this striking picture of the little craft under spitfire jib in the midst of its grimmest ordeal of the world voyage.

Sir Francis nursed his tiny vessel with his one sail about the size of a bath towel through 20ft. waves within 20 miles of the Cape.

To the intrepid Sir Francis himself, this week will always be the most vividly memorable of all his long travels. He said: "My overwhelming impression of the week is one of fear . . . I had a feeling of helplessness before the power of the waves rolling down on top of me . . . Wild horses could not drag me down on Cape Horn and that sinister Southern Ocean again in a small boat."

Hugh Sawrey painted his picture in three weeks at his Southport (Qld.) studio. He has never spared himself in achieving the right atmosphere for his work. He has travelled outback Queensland and the Northern Territory for years sketching and painting the country and its people.

Meanwhile, in London Lady Chichester has been supervising business deals involved in her husband's voyage.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 7, 1967



LADY CHICHESTER (above) relaxing in a London park awaiting her husband's return. Right, Sir Francis busy preparing Gipsy Moth IV in Sydney Harbor for his voyage home.





● "A big girl" — aged 17.

FROM 13 STONE 20

(Bust 38, waist 32, hips 43, thigh 26)

SLIMMER'S SUCCESS:

● For years blonde, blue-eyed, and now slim Mrs. Judith McFadden, of Mt. Colah, N.S.W., thought she was just naturally big and meant to be 12 to 14 stone. But since last October she has reduced to 10st. 2lb. Her inspiration to diet came from an article by Dr. Theodore Isaac Rubin published in *The Australian Women's Weekly's* lift-out last September 28. Mrs. McFadden combined the "Best-Ever Diet" in the lift-out with exercises from our lift-out "Yoga at Home" of Nov. 4, 1964.

By JUDITH McFADDEN

WHEN I was still a child, I can remember people saying to my mother, "My, she's a big girl!" It wasn't until I was about 18 that I realised they were using a euphemism — they were really saying that the impression I created was that of a — that word again — FAT girl.

And how many times since have people said to me, "Oh, you're tall, you can carry a bit of flesh!"

I was convinced — completely convinced — that I was a big woman and would always be that way.

Of course, every winter my weight would go up from about 12½ stone to 13½ or 14, and every year I'd diet till I got down to 12½ stone again for the summer. If I made it down to 12 stone I regarded myself as being "fairly thin, for me."

On October 1, 1966, all this changed. At the time I weighed 13st. 2lb., having

brought myself down from 14st. 2lb., and I was going along, quite happily, expecting to weigh "about 13 stone" for the rest of my life.

Then, for interest's sake, I read *The Australian Women's Weekly* supplement on dieting, dated September 28, 1966. When I finished the article by Dr. Rubin, I thought, "Well, maybe it's worth a go."

One phrase in particular stuck with me: "Welcome to the fraternity of thin people formerly fat!"

Secret wish

It seemed to me that there must have been other people like me, who had always been fat, but had really managed to become thin. (I'd always had a secret longing — to look good in trousers. I'd never bought a pair because ladies with 42in. hips don't collect any whistles!)

The next thing I read in the supplement was the article on Leonie Gane. I remembered her picture in the *Women's Weekly* at the

time when she won the diet contest.

One little phrase in the article struck me — "I practised yoga while dieting."

Now, being a hoarder of things that interest me, I had kept the supplement brought out by *The Australian Women's Weekly* on November 4, 1964: "Yoga at Home."

On October 1, 1966, I set to work. I stuck rigidly to the "Best-Ever Diet" which promised at the top, "You can lose 15-20lb. in 14 days by following the meal plan below."

I worked out a set of yoga exercises, starting off with ones that I could manage, and did them for 20 to 30 minutes each day.

I even put the list of exercises in an old picture frame so that I could stand it on the table and see it easily.

At the time I weighed 13st. 2lb., and my measurements

(written on the top of the diet chart) were: Bust 38in., waist 32in., hips 43in., thigh 26in. And they were tight measurements, too!

I found the diet surprisingly easy to stick to. I didn't ever feel really hungry, and that "15 to 20lb. in 14 days" became a catch-phrase to repeat every time I wanted to go near the bread tin or the biscuit barrel. I convinced myself that one outbreak would wreck the whole thing.

The result was that on October 15 I was 10lb. lighter. It wasn't 15-20lb., but it was a good loss.

I now weighed 12st. 6lb. I then modified the diet a little — having yoghurt and milk coffee for breakfast instead of two boiled eggs and black coffee, and adding just a little here and there.

At the end of the month I was still 12st. 6lb.

I then decided that my plan of campaign would be

to diet rigidly for the first two weeks of each month, and then relax a bit for the rest of the month, still keeping up my daily yoga session.

By mid-November I weighed 11st. 10lb., and people were beginning to say how nice I looked.

I told them I hadn't finished yet, and they looked at me in polite surprise. Some even said, "I don't think you really need to lose any more, do you?"

At this point, having read Dr. Rubin's article, dear husband came home with a set of scales, for which I shall still be thanking him many years hence, I hope.

On December 1 I started again, this time weighing myself every morning before breakfast. It was fascinating — every day for a week I was a pound lighter! The reductions tailed off a little after that, and after Christmas I weighed 11st. 4lb.

"Barrier"

We went away on holidays early in January, and I took a couple of pairs of shorts with me.

I had been wearing shorts for my yoga since October, but only under a skirt. These original shorts now looked like a skirt on their own!

Now I "unveiled," and discovered for the first time the freedom and convenience of wearing shorts in hot weather.

On February 1, I had regressed a little — 11st. 9lb. There seemed to be a "barrier" at 11st. 7lb. I'd get just below it, then go back again.

So I decided to have a month off, and on March 1, I started again, rigidly, back on the "Best-Ever." At the end of March, I weighed 10st. 12lb.

Now the compliments started to flow in a steady stream, even from people I knew only by sight. The most frequent, and most surprising to me, of these was "How much younger you look!"

I had never really thought I looked older than my age (36), but the slim figure and the benefits to my complexion and facial muscles

from the yoga all combined to take off the years.

It was rather tempting to stop all the struggle at this point, especially as, if I could convince myself I had a big frame, the correct weight for my height would be 11st.

Stretch pants

But I decided to persevere. There were still a couple of pads of fat on my thighs (always my heaviest area), and I offered myself the goal of 10st. 7lb., at which I would buy a pair of trousers.

That day arrived on Friday, April 14, and I purchased a pair of black (for safety!) stretch pants.

Husband's comment when he saw me in them and a fitting sweater was, "You look like that dame in 'The Avengers!'"

Since then I have always thought of them as my "fighting suit," though I use them for everything else as well — shopping, entertaining, housework.

I soon had a complete trouser wardrobe.

The other notable day was the one when I got into an SSW dress, and it fitted perfectly — it may have been a big SSW, but the label was there!

Actually I haven't finished yet. At present my weight is 10st. 2lb., and my measurements 35in., 26in., 37in., thigh 22in. I'm aiming for the average weight for my 5ft. 6in. height — 9st. 12lb. — and have not the slightest doubt that I'll get there.

The really important thing about all this to me is that Leonie Gane was the only dieter I had ever read about who had actually brought her weight right down to normal, with no surplus fat.

I had been sure only seven months ago that I was "heavy built," and would always be a heavyweight, and I can still hardly believe that I am slim.

The astonishing part of it all has been the cost — two copies of *The Australian Women's Weekly*. No pills of any kind, no reducing courses, no lessons to pay for. (I had tried all these before without success!)

● By following the meal plan below, Mrs. McFadden lost 10lb. in 14 days on . . .

OUR BEST-EVER DIET

EVERY DAY'S BREAKFAST

One whole grapefruit, 2 eggs, boiled or poached, coffee.

MONDAY

LUNCH: Fruit salad, put everything in it, all kinds of fruit without restriction, eat as much as you can.

DINNER: Two eggs, combination salad (own choice), 1 piece thin dry toast, 1 whole grapefruit, coffee.

TUESDAY

LUNCH: Cold chicken (a big helping, drumstick and thigh, or whole breast and wing), 1lb. tomatoes, 1 whole grapefruit.

DINNER: Half pound lean grilled steak, tomatoes, lettuce, celery, cucumber (in whatever quantity you can eat), coffee.

WEDNESDAY

LUNCH: Two eggs, tomatoes (any quantity), coffee.

DINNER: Two grilled lamb chops, celery, cucumber, tomatoes (any quantity), coffee.

THURSDAY

LUNCH: Same as Monday.

DINNER: Same as Monday.

FRIDAY

LUNCH: Two eggs, spinach (any quantity), coffee.

DINNER: Large helping fish (grilled, steamed, or poached) or chicken, lettuce (any quantity), tomatoes (any quantity), 1 slice dry toast, 1 whole grapefruit, coffee.

SATURDAY

LUNCH: Two eggs, spinach (any quantity), coffee.

DINNER: Half pound steak, celery, cucumber, tomatoes (all in any quantity), coffee.

SUNDAY

LUNCH: Same as Monday.

DINNER: Large helping chicken, carrots, cooked cabbage, tomatoes (all in any quantity), 1 whole grapefruit, coffee.

GENERAL DIET PRINCIPLES

ALCOHOL is not allowed. If this is not observed the diet is useless. ABSTAIN from everything not included in the diet.

REPLACE sugar with substitute. EAT the full allowance. Don't skip a meal.

DON'T eat between meals.

EAT all vegetables without butter, salad without oil or mayonnaise, meat lean, grilled or steamed, coffee black, tea clear.

QUANTITIES: Stick to amount where stipulated.

TO 10 ST. 2

(New statistics: Bust 35,
waist 26, hips 37, thigh 22)



● "You look like that dame in 'The Avengers,'" says Mrs. McFadden's husband nowadays. At right she strikes an "Avengers" pose with hair loose, toy gun. Above (before dieting), she's with her baby, Mark, in 1963.

I am putting the cost of the scales as a lifetime investment, paid off in the doctors' bills I won't have to pay for high blood pressure, varicose veins, and diabetes, which are in my family history, and are all things which are aggravated by overweight.

And there's the extra material you have to buy for oversized clothes! Only half a yard here and there, but it soon mounts up.

Since I have reached this desirable state, I can't count the number of people who have asked me what diet I used, how I got the will-power, and similar questions.

I thought it would be a good idea to write down the things that, for me, have made the dieting possible.

Dr. Rubin's article, of course, I class as a "must." Mine has become quite tattered from the number of times I have read it.

I think he is right when he says that the actual diet you follow doesn't matter, as long as it is low in carbohydrates and high in protein.

Chicken

It is important to become "belfish." I bought myself a small chicken, a tin of salmon, and a tin of asparagus each week on my rigid diet.

This actually didn't affect my food bills, because I was eating so much less of other things.

And I cheerfully sat up to steam chicken and salad for tea when the family was eating cutlets and chips, with trimmings. Also, salmon lunch (4oz. of pink salmon equals two eggs) is a great drawcard away from the pre-schooler's sandwiches.

I also found that on a cold, bleak day, when "something filling" seemed an absolute necessity, I could enjoy myself and still keep my conscience clear. I would make myself a "curry" — fry an onion in 1 teaspoon safflower oil, add 1 teaspoon curry powder, 2 tomatoes, 4 raisins, 1 small apple, 1 desertspoon vinegar, and some sweetener. Not counting the oil (which didn't seem to matter), that came to about 130 calories.

Then you can add either

FOR DIETERS:

Next week we

will reprint

the article by

Dr. Rubin

which inspired

Mrs. McFadden

a couple of hard-boiled eggs, some salmon, or some left-over cold meat, and you have a low-calorie, high-satisfaction lunch, with some black tea or coffee.

It makes a respectable dinner, too.

And "two eggs, tomatoes" sounds pretty dull, unless you turn the two eggs into a french omelet (made with water and cooked in safflower oil) with a filling of either tomatoes or asparagus.

Lots of women have said to me, "Oh, but I can manage right through the day until I'm in the kitchen getting the tea — then I break down."

They aren't the only ones. One way to beat this is to make your tea-time salad at about 5 o'clock, put it in a salad bowl, and pick at it instead of the biscuits and things.

If it's all gone by tea-time you can make yourself another, and still be in front!

I found that a dressing of safflower oil and vinegar made the salad more palatable — also some chopped gherkin, garlic salt, and a sprinkle of parmesan cheese.

Another great help is a glass of tomato juice with two or three teaspoons of gelatine in it. It takes away the horrible empty feeling, and gives you strength to "resist!"

Odd jobs

Another most important rule — keep out of the kitchen as much as you can, and keep busy elsewhere.

Since I started this diet, my house and garden have

had a real face-lift. I have painted my small son's room, and papered one of the walls, repainted the bathroom, laid linoleum, done a large amount of gardening, made clothing for my two daughters, and done all kinds of odd jobs that I had been putting off for another day.

Even if it's 4.30 p.m. and you think you can't start something now because you won't finish it before tea, go ahead and start.

It's better to be occupied and away from the kitchen, even if the task has to be left in the middle.

Maybe you can finish it at 4.30 p.m. the next day.

It's a good idea to have a list of things to do that you can consult when you feel that awful urge to eat something coming on.

And, of course, even if you've already done your yoga for the day, you can always front up for a second session.

Another thing to do is to say to yourself, "One lapse now, and I won't be any lighter in the morning. I mustn't waste all those good hours I've put in all day."

Right track

I have what I call my "moment of truth" every morning before breakfast when I step on the scales. The anticipation of that moment is often enough to keep me on the right track.

I must point out that my willpower is no better than anyone else's. I've had my outbreaks.

On one memorable afternoon I ate a whole packet of chocolate mint slice biscuits, but I followed them by a full diet day, and haven't let myself get out of control again.

The main reason why you need these sweet foods is that you feel you are reassuring yourself when you eat because you are unhappy with yourself in some way.

I know. I've been that way all my life. But now — now, I go and inspect myself in the mirror. Now, the dieting is becoming easier. Now I face a lifetime of watching what I eat, but I don't feel sorry for myself any longer.

I was chatting to a neighbor the other day, one whom I had always envied a bit because she had such a lovely figure.

Lucky her, never having to deny herself food to keep thin. Then, quite matter-of-factly, she told me what she ate. She had been dieting for years, and all the time I had been envying her and feeling sorry for myself.

My waist is smaller than hers now — only a little, but, oh, what an achievement!

I have written all this down in the hope that it may be published and answer so many who asked me, "How did you do it?" And perhaps it might help others whom I'll never know.



This is the toothpaste that made headlines!



THE FIRST TOOTHPASTE PROVED IN AUSTRALIAN UNIVERSITY TESTS 'SIGNIFICANTLY'⁽¹⁾ EFFECTIVE IN REDUCING TOOTH DECAY

These headlines flashed across the country when news of Australian research success on toothpaste effectiveness was released recently. Thousands of South Australian schoolchildren participated in University-controlled tests, using this toothpaste at home in the normal way. Results showed that use of the toothpaste 'significantly'⁽¹⁾ reduced tooth decay.

Now you and your family will be able to use the very same toothpaste. Called Colgate with FLUORIGUARD... it has the fresh, minty taste you like. Make Colgate with FLUORIGUARD your family toothpaste.

LOOK FOR IT — NOW IN YOUR STORE

(1) MEDICAL JOURNAL OF AUSTRALIA, Feb. 25, 1967 p.p. 383-385.
*FLUORIGUARD is a Colgate-Palmolive Company trademark for a proven decay preventive ingredient, sodium monofluorophosphate.



*Has the fresh, minty
taste you like*



● The modelling Rogers family — father Terry, holding wide-eyed Yvette, ten months, Shane, 5, in a pretty pose, and mother Barbara.

THE MODELLING FAMILY

"MY first job was with the Women's Weekly," said Barbara, "for a story on etiquette."

"After that, I did quite a bit of modelling for the magazine and then branched into other fields."

"If it hadn't been for the Women's Weekly, Terry and I probably would have never been married."

Terry said, "I was reading the Women's Weekly one day when I saw Barbara's picture. I just knew I had to meet her. A friend of mine was a model and knew Barbara. I asked her to introduce me, and that was that."

● Modelling is a full-time occupation for the Rogers family — parents Terry and Barbara have been modelling for about ten years and daughters Shane, 5, and Yvette, ten months, for most of their lives.

"It was through Barbara that I started modelling. My first job — men's wear — was with your magazine, too. It seems to rule our lives."

The Rogers live in the Sydney suburb of Miranda.

With both parents modelling, it was natural that the children be drawn into it.

"Having children never interfered with work," said Barbara. "Expectant ladies

are much in demand for photographic modelling. Although having Yvette cost me a bit of money."

"I had an assignment for 9 o'clock one morning. It required a very expectant lady. I filled the bill, but the night before I was taken to hospital to have Yvette and the job had to be cancelled."

Although Shane and

Yvette have done quite a bit of modelling, Terry and Barbara do not feel they are exploited.

They both seem to love cameras and lights. Shane is quite a little showgirl and poses come naturally. She works only occasionally, having started school, and she regards it as fun.

Yvette is fascinated by the cameras and when photographer Ernie Nutt unpacked his, she smiled, gurgled, and goosed at it. She models for baby products.

With modelling, Terry and Barbara have a lot of time with the children. One is always at home when Shane finishes school.

If they are both working during the day, Yvette goes with them, too.

The Rogers spend all their free time either water-skiing or flying. Terry, who has a pilot's licence, owns a small plane with a friend.

They both realise that they can't model for ever, but hope eventually to save enough to retire.

— JENNY BOYAN



● This picture of Barbara (then Barbara Rosewarne), which we published, was typical of the one Terry saw — and decided he must meet the model. Above, Terry, left, wearing a cardigan in one of his modelling jobs for us.



Look what's new in Corning Ware...



A new 3pt. saucepan with inside graduations and a new 6 1/2 pt. family size saucepan

Two very special saucepans... the most beautiful in the world. But don't be misled by their looks. Corning Ware was designed to be used everyday on top of any stove, not just on special occasions. So, too, were Corning Ware buffets, tea makers, percolators, fry pans and the other beautiful saucepans. They wash clean in a wink and stay white forever. Go straight from freezer to flame. That's Corning's guarantee... never to break from heat extremes.

CORNING WARE

Party Buffets complete with Candle Warmer from \$9.95. Hostess Server Platter \$5.95 (Cradle \$3.55). Coffee Percolators from \$13.95. Teasmaker \$10.25. Petite Pans (set of four) \$6.95. Handled Saucepans from \$4.25. Fryingpans from \$4.55 (Detachable Handle \$2.00).



Corning Glass Works (Inc. in U.S.A.), Moorebank Avenue, Liverpool, N.S.W. unconditionally guarantee to replace any Corning Ware product that ever breaks from temperature extremes. Corning Ware is a registered trademark of Corning Glass Works.



● Mayor of Bournemouth, Alderman Phillip Whitelegg, shows his mayoral chain to members of our World Discovery Tour, 1967, at the civic reception he gave on their last day in England.

Romance blooms on our World Discovery Tour

AS the Oriana sailed through the Isles of Greece on its return to Australia, two young people who met for the first time when they left Sydney in the Himalaya announced their engagement.

They are Margaret (Sue) Eklund, 24, and Ray Dudley, 31, both of New South Wales, who are members of The Australian Women's Weekly World Discovery Tour, 1967.

Sue is a nurse whose home is at The Pocket, Billinudgel, and her fiancé, a painter and decorator, lives at Warrawong.

Ray's proposal of marriage was made in London, and they bought the engagement ring in Oxford Street.

It is a sparkling round diamond in a modern setting of white and yellow gold.

Happily for Sue and Ray

they were booked on the same bus for both the Continental and United Kingdom tours so did not have to be parted. They hope to be married in Sydney soon after our arrival home.

"We can't really make any definite plans until we see our families," said Sue, "but I will certainly be a traditional bride in a long white dress and veil."

Sue, a slim, brown-eyed brunette, wears her hair shoulder-length, held back with a headband.

"We hope to live in Wollongong," said Ray, "but first we have to find a house."

The Australian Women's Weekly representatives gave a celebration party for Sue and Ray in the Oriana's ocean bar. Sue, who was wearing a dress of lemon polished cotton, and Ray received congratulations from Commodore Edgecombe and other ship's officers.

— Micky McNicoll



● Tour members Miss Margaret (Sue) Eklund, of The Pocket, Billinudgel, and Mr. Ray Dudley, of Warrawong, who announced their engagement on the Oriana.

TV stars at Ideal Home Exhibition

PERSONAL appearances by national TV stars, international cooking demonstrations, construction of project homes—these are three of the special features planned for the Ideal Home Exhibition at the RAS Showground, Sydney, from August 18-26.

The exhibition, which is being organised by Industrial and Trade Fairs Pty. Ltd., is based on the theme "Design for Living '67," and will cover every conceivable aspect of home-making and modern living.

The managing-director of ITF, Mr. Leslie Smith, said arrangements have been completed to produce a series of national television shows featuring prominent personalities.

A special studio and theatre will be constructed at

the Showground and visitors will be invited to view the productions.

Mr. Smith said the exhibition will provide Sydney home-makers with an opportunity of seeing new products, assessing new ideas, and viewing imaginative displays in bright and gay surroundings.

"The exhibition has been planned to provide both exhibitor and visitor with ideal conditions for displaying and viewing products," he said.

Various countries have been invited to demonstrate national dishes in specially equipped international kitchens, and arrangements have been made for project building companies to erect homes on the site.

Many other attractions are also being planned for what is expected to be the most successful home exhibition ever undertaken in Australia.



COMMONWEALTH BUREAU OF CENSUS AND STATISTICS

SYSTEMS ANALYSTS DESIGNERS AND PROGRAMMERS

If you are an experienced programmer or analyst, why don't you inquire what the Bureau of Census and Statistics has to offer you?

● The Bureau operates the largest computer network in Australia. Because of the quality of the people engaged, the large scale of its computing equipment and the variety of work processed, the Bureau offers scope for you to develop your talents in any field of data processing.

● The equipments operated are Control Data 3600/3300/3200/160-A computers with a wide variety of peripheral units attached. The installations are located at Canberra and each mainland State capital.

● The work of the Bureau is varied and interesting. The following headings will provide some indication of the scope of its activities:

- Applications Programming
- Mathematical Programming
- Systems Programming
- Language Development and Implementation
- On-Line Interrogation and Time-Sharing Methods
- A.D.P. Education and Training

● If you are male or female, single or married, and you are an experienced programmer, this is a job opportunity which you cannot afford to miss.

● Recruitment is within the following salary scales, depending on qualifications and experience. Opportunities exist for advancement on ability to a salary of \$8,480:

Programmer/Analyst	\$6945-\$7252 p.a.
Programmer/Analyst	\$6433-\$6638 "
Programmer/Analyst	\$5203-\$5613 "
Programmer/Analyst	\$4433-\$5049 "

The salaries shown are the actual rates for males; rates for females are slightly less.

● If you are a British subject and have experience in programming computers, why don't you apply? Applications setting out age, qualifications and experience should be forwarded to:

The Commonwealth Statistician,
Bureau of Census and Statistics,
Treasury Building,
Newlands Street,
PARKES, A.C.T.

● Employment opportunities exist in all States. Should you desire to talk it over please contact the officer listed below for your State.

Canberra:	Mr. S. Burton	63 2045
Sydney:	Mr. D. Knudsen	2 0248
Melbourne:	Mr. N. Bowden	63 8056
Brisbane:	Mr. O. May	33 5011
Adelaide:	Mr. I. R. Collins	23 9911
Perth:	Mr. M. Bartlett	21 5700
Hobart:	Mr. R. Lakin	2 2345

"15 yr. old corn vanishes"

writes Mrs. R. E. Smith, Glen Iris. See what Heros will do for you. Corns, callus, snagging roughness, nicotine stains wash away with one treatment. No dangerous blades. Cannot chemically affect skin. Greatest advance in 20 years. 79c all chemists.



chiroscopy sponge

● More than 200 descendants of lay Methodist preacher William (called "Parson") Tom gathered together at Orange, N.S.W., recently, from all over Australia, to honor their indomitable forefather.

Story by GLORIA NEWTON

Pictures by RON BERG



"PARSON" Tom and his wife, Ann, resourceful pioneers who were among the first to settle, with their family, west of Bathurst, N.S.W., in the early 1800s.



Descendants pay tribute to the



MEMBERS of the Tom clan inspecting the old church, built by Parson Tom and members of the district in 1841. Parson Tom and his wife are buried in the graveyard nearby. They had 13 children, one born on the voyage out.



"WILLIE" TOM, of Chiltern Grange, Victoria, seated at his forefather's old pipe organ. Mr. Tom was elected leader of the clan at the reunion. The names of 536 descendants have been recorded.



NEARLY 130 years ago a "stern, god-fearing" Cornish pioneer, his wife, and their 13 children gathered around a pipe organ in the parlor of their homestead, near Orange, N.S.W., for a nightly session of hymns.

Their chores for the day finished, the bush around them stilled in darkness, the silence broken only by the howl of a dingo, it was a time enjoyed by these courageous early settlers.

In the quiet parlor, the candlelight flickering on the beautiful carving of the

MRS. L. MacSMITH (at right) and Mrs. Max Glasson with the calf-bound parchment book containing the history and names of descendants.

organ, on the upturned devout faces, William "Parson" Tom would enthusiastically pump the pedals and lead the singing in a strong, resonant voice.

Unfortunately, his was a voice that could not hold a tune and many was the night when Ann, his wife, would make a soft protest saying, "William, you are putting us all out."

To which the invariable reply of the man who believed with all his soul in prayer was: "Well, my dear, I must praise the Lord and thank Him for all our blessings."

This moving story of the early life of their ancestor was told recently when more than 200 descendants of Parson Tom met for a weekend family reunion in Orange.

And it was the discovery of that old organ, still in good order, still responding

to the touch of fingers on its yellow old keys, that brought the gathering together.

Mrs. L. MacSmith, who lives in Orange, whose husband was a great-grandson of Parson Tom, heard that the organ which had been sold out of the family many years ago was for sale, and decided to contact members of the Tom family to suggest they buy it and present it to the Orange District Historical Society.

Her search proved so formidable that she called in Mrs. Max Glasson, of Cargo, to help her and, between them, they wrote more than 1000 letters trying to trace Tom descendants in England, South Africa, Denmark, Fiji, New Zealand, and all over Australia.

As a result, they collected 536 names — "There must be twice that number, because a lot of people didn't include

their children" — and conceived the idea of commissioning an artist to set out on parchment a short history of the old pioneer and his wife, the names of their 13 children, and the names of their descendants. This book, handsomely bound in calf, with the three Cornish welcome stones embossed on its cover, they decided also to give to the Historic Society.

"And," Mrs. MacSmith said, "we thought, well, why not have as many of the Tom descendants as we can at the ceremony?"

"From the letters we sent out we discovered 80 percent of them are on the land or living in country towns, while the remainder are made up of doctors, ministers, and one woman lawyer, Margaret McDonald, who lives in Melbourne.

"And, while a number of adults were prevented by

spirit of pioneer "Parson" Tom

"SPRINGFIELD," above, Parson Tom's old Georgian mansion built with stones quarried from the Tom property.



drought from coming to Orange for the reunion, they sent their children, who, strangely enough, are all intensely interested in their ancestor."

Mrs. MacSmith has five children. Her three sons run her late husband's beautiful property, "Boree," at Cudal. Her two daughters are both married, one living on the land at Daysdale, the other in the Sydney suburb of Rose Bay.

She told me she had always been interested in her husband's forefather, whose name is a well-remembered one in the district.

"He was nicknamed 'Parson' by the people in the district because he was a Methodist lay preacher. He held the first service of that faith in the area."

"Parson Tom was a Cornish Customs Excise officer,

his wife a Devonshire lass. What made him give up that post and travel out here to Australia with their three children is not known. Perhaps Ann's brothers, who preceded them here, wrote and gave a glowing account of life in the colony.

"But we do know their trip was a very rough one. Gales forced their ship, the Jupiter, to take shelter off the coast of Tasmania before it could proceed to Botany Bay. And then, when they stepped on shore, they had four children. William, who must have been born in that dreadful storm, was just five days old. The year was 1823.

"At first Parson Tom settled on land around Tarana, but the Cornishman was not satisfied with his choice, so, with his eldest two sons, John and James, he set

out west to find better pastures.

"At that time there were only a few white settlers west of Bathurst, and they were on the fringe more or less. Aborigines were still in the area and they were not averse to spearing the settlers, and the place was infested with dingoes.

"It was 1829 when Parson Tom and his boys came out west from Bathurst—the area had only been opened for settling two years before—and he kept on going west until he came upon the land in the area now known as Byng. It was the farthest any white settler had ventured.

"And, you know, the Toms were all good bushmen. When Parson Tom and his sons went to put up a house they found they had no saw

Continued on page 14



ABOVE: The Rev. J. Scott and the Rev. H. Robinson conducting the service near Parson Tom's rock at Byng, where the Tom clan held a picnic service.

LEFT: Gregory and Raymond Tom, of Orange, sitting on Bethel Rock. The twins are fifth generation, and descended from Parson Tom's son, Nicholas.

Leo Berkeley says
**ARRIVE
NOW IN
MINK!**

Free Taxi!
to Berkeley's
and back within
25 miles of Burwood.
TEL. 74 2973



GENEROUS
TRADE-IN
ALLOWANCES
AND FUR
RENOVATIONS

Highlights of our Huge Range

10% DISCOUNT FOR CASH OFF ALL MARKED PRICES OVER £10

Usually	Reduced to	Usually	Reduced to
£20 White Lucca Lamb Stole	£12	£190 Mink Cape Stoles and Semi-Straight Stoles in Azurine, Pastel, Tourmaline, Ranch and Sapphire	£79
£39 Marmot Cape Stole	£15	£200 China Mink Jacket	£89
£39 Kangaroo Jackets	£19	£248 Pale Autumn Haze Mink Jacket	£124
£49 Fitch Cape Stole	£29	£300 Ranch Mink Jacket	£149
£69 Full Length Kangaroo Coats	£39	£249 Persian Lamb Full Length Coat	£149
£78 Autumn Haze Mink Stole	£39	£638 Azurine Mink Cape Stole (Top Quality Stranded)	£319
£89 Russian Squirrel Cape Stole	£49	£800 Mink Full Length Coat	£398
£129 Deep Back Kolinsky Cape Stole	£69		

STOP PRESS!!! FULL LENGTH EVENING GOWNS £10 £20 £30

GOING AWAY OUTFITS & MOTHER OF THE BRIDE GOWNS £12 £18 £25

WEDDING GOWNS £19 £29
SIZES XSSW to XOS.

There's always a bargain in fine furs at
BERKELEY
of Burwood

146 Burwood Road, Burwood, N.S.W. 74-2973.

IN PARKES. Mr. Malcolm O'Malley, who is the youngest alderman of Parkes Municipal Council, and his bride, formerly Miss Kerry Rue, after their marriage at St. Andrew's Church, with attendants, from left, Mr. Esca Budd, Mrs. Larry Baines, Mr. Ian Chambers, Miss Jenny Rue, Mr. Robert Collins, Miss Gloria O'Malley, and, in front, Kerri Baines and her brother, Malcolm. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Rue, of "Kyles," Eugowra. The Mayor of Parkes, Mr. J. E. Scoble, and seven aldermen were among the guests at the wedding.



SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

LOOKING forward to seeing the Duke and Duchess of Bedford again is Cathy Fingleton, who left for London with Mrs. Robert Irvine on May 22. Cathy was private secretary to the Bedfords during their visit to Australia in 1963. Mrs. Irvine, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Alma Gummings, of Vauchuse, for the past couple of months, will rejoin her husband in Dublin, where they live, and Cathy, after a few weeks in London, will go to Germany to stay with Mrs. Fritz Reimann (she was former Sydney girl Carmel Edwards) in Frankfurt. She will later join the Irvines in Ireland for an indefinite period.

HOPING for sunny weather on June 1 is Mrs. Norman St. Leon, who will hold a private art exhibition and poolside luncheon party at her home at Wahroonga on that date. The artist, Betty Thompson, specialises in children's portraits and many of the seventy guests will be mothers of children who have sat for portraits.

DOUBLE celebration at the small family dinner party given by Captain and Mrs. Douglas Strath at their home at "Strathgrove," Kenthurst, as their twin son and daughter, Don and Patricia, have both announced their engagements. Don's fiancée is Mrs. Julie Vros, of "Edina," Oaklands, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tuddenham, of Oaklands, and Patricia will wed Jack Munro, of "Corinda," Oaklands, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Munro, of Oaklands.

MRS. BILL O'BRIEN will have lots of exciting news to tell about her latest grandchild, Anthony, and her son-in-law and daughter, Nicholas and Rosemary Waterlow, when she returns to Sydney on June 6 after a nine-week holiday in London. Mrs. O'Brien sailed to London after the baby was born and stayed with the Waterlows at their Chelsea Embankment home. Rosemary and Nicholas, who were married in Sydney, left here over a year ago to make their home in England.

ALSO to wed are Dana Anrath and Rodney Middleweek, who recently announced their engagement at a party Rodney's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Middleweek, gave for them at their home at Ainslie, Canberra. Many interstate friends were among the seventy guests at the party. Dana, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Anrath, of O'Connor Heights, Canberra, and Rodney travelled to Sydney to choose Dana's engagement ring.

DATE for your diary . . . the champagne reception to meet Italian tenor Giuseppe Di Stefano to be given by the New South Wales Women's Committee of the Metropolitan Opera Auditions on June 3 at "Fairwater," the Double Bay home of Lady Fairfax.

TWO thousand old girls, parents, and friends of Kambala Church of England School for Girls have been invited to attend the official opening of the school's new assembly hall by Federal Treasurer Mr. William McMahon on June 3. The Bishop Coadjutor of Sydney, the Right Rev. F. O. Hulme-Moir, will dedicate the building.

NEXT WEEK

● Puddings for the family (some cost less than 30c), puddings for guests — all together in our 16-page lift-out.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY
**50 LOVELY
HOT PUDDINGS**
FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



● They're very in in America
PAPER CLOTHES
— like the raincoat shown here
— and you'll see them in color.

● Below, one of our
SMART BAGS TO KNIT



● A young Australian journeys to England in search of his long-lost father: our great new serial is . . .
"IT'S AN OLD COUNTRY"
by J. B. PRIESTLEY



● What's new for winter parties? The Pucci pyjamas at left, perhaps — or one of the other beauties from our selection of patterns with . . .
**NEW ELEGANCE
FOR AFTER-DARK**



MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. Ted Circuitt on the steps of All Saints' Church, Woollahra, after their marriage. The bride was Miss Airlie Wall, only daughter of Mrs. J. D. S. Wall, of Edgecliff, and of the late Mr. Wall. The bridegroom is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Perry Circuitt, of "Ulonga," Hay. A reception followed the ceremony at Royal Sydney Golf Club.

AT RIGHT: Mr. Christopher Castle and Miss Peggy Pattison beside a painting of Gilbert Elliott by artist Eric Smith at the opening of his latest exhibition at the Rudy Komon Art Gallery, Woollahra. The exhibition will remain open until June 10.



ABOVE: Mr. John Moulton and Miss Pamela Osmont requesting a number from the piano-accordionist, who was one of the band which played at the Greek Night the Ragamuffin Committee held at the Athena Restaurant, Redfern. Proceeds of the dinner dance will aid the Benevolent Society of New South Wales, which works for the Royal Hospital for Women, Paddington.



ABOVE: Dr. and Mrs. Ian Thompson after their marriage at St. James' Church, King Street. The bride was Miss Alexandra Hardy, daughter of Mr. H. M. Hardy, of "Waterloo," Sutton Forest, and of the late Mrs. Hardy. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Thompson, of Bellevue Hill. Their attendants were the bride's cousin, Mrs. Peter Chambers, and Mr. Michael Shannon, of Melbourne. A reception was held after the ceremony at Mr. and Mrs. Peter Chambers' home at Winston Gardens, Double Bay. Dr. and Mrs. Thompson will make their home at Paddington.



AT RIGHT: Dr. and Mrs. John Stanbury, who were among the guests at the reception given by the Consul of the Republic of Argentina, Mr. Miguel Eduardo Manzella, and Mrs. Manzella in celebration of Argentina's National Day. It was at the Chevron Hotel.



TO WED. Mr. Jack Diamond and Miss Lyn Fraser, who recently announced their engagement. Miss Fraser, who is wearing a diamond-and-sapphire engagement ring, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Fraser, of Lane Cove, and her fiance is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Diamond, who live in Lanarkshire, Scotland.



If you can't read the future, then read this and you could save a big dent in the family finances

Not even the best palm readers can predict when you'll be hit by the cost of sudden illnesses or accidents to members of your family. Nor can we. But we can show you how to avoid being "caught short" in time of trouble.

"No Claim" Bonus on hospital benefits. Hospital benefit funds generally protect their members for 84 days' hospitalisation in any 12 consecutive months. This means that if you're unfortunate enough to need hospital attention for, say 90 days, you have to pay for the extra 6 days.

But with the H.C.F.'s "No Claim" Bonus, your entitlement is increased by 7 days for each consecutive 12 months in which you don't claim for hospital benefits, up to a maximum coverage of 126 days after 6 consecutive "No Claim" years.

A particular feature of the H.C.F.'s "No Claim" Bonus is that it applies individually to each and every member of your family. A claim on behalf of one member of the family does not reduce the additional number of days' hospitalisation to which others are entitled.

Is your medical cover big enough? Medical charges have risen considerably in recent years and G.P. surgery consultations now cost up to \$3 in N.S.W. and the A.C.T. Home visits by G.P.'s cost up to \$4.50 in N.S.W. and \$4 in the A.C.T. Specialist charges have also increased. To check the adequacy of your present medical cover, obtain a copy of the H.C.F. membership brochure from your nearest H.C.F. Agent (usually your family chemist) or branch office, and study the benefits payable under each H.C.F. medical table.

Is your hospital cover big enough? The following minimum charges for hospital accommodation currently apply in N.S.W. and the A.C.T.

	N.S.W.	A.C.T.
Public Ward	\$57.40	\$47.60
Intermediate	\$81.90	
Private Ward	\$104.30	\$81.20

Is the benefit payable under your present hospital benefit table sufficient to meet hospital costs, or should you protect yourself by transferring to a higher table right away?

Have you provided for your growing family? In young and growing families, there is a relatively high incidence of sickness or accidents requiring medical attention or hospitalisation. This risk can increase with each addition to the family. Unexpected medical and hospital expenses can seriously affect the family budget. With a slightly higher contribution, you could save yourself and your growing family from severe financial problems.

Have you provided for extra financial commitments? When you decided on your present medical and hospital benefits tables, they may have provided an adequate cover. But what's the position today? Are your earnings committed to additional expenditure, such as hire purchase, mortgage repayments, education, etc.? Few individuals and fewer families can afford to expose themselves to the risk of meeting heavy medical and hospital costs when they have other sizeable fixed commitments.

What is the H.C.F.? It is the Hospitals Contribution Fund of Australia—a non-profit organisation, registered with the Commonwealth Government to pay medical and hospital benefits. The H.C.F. is run purely in the interests of its contributors; has modern, progressive ideas on service to its contributors, such as 28 branches where they're needed in Sydney and suburbs (including Roselands and Bankstown Square). All will pay straightforward medical claims in cash across the counter. Or 48 branches in principal country centres throughout N.S.W. and the A.C.T. which will also pay straightforward medical claims in cash. Hospital claims are paid by cheque across the counter at major centres.

Head Office: 199 Liverpool Street, Sydney. Telephone: 2-0623.
Wynyard Branch: Ground Floor, United Insurance Building, Cnr. George and Hunter Streets, Sydney.



Descendants pay tribute to pioneer "Parson" Tom

● From page 11

with them, so young James, who was then only nine, was sent all the way back to Bathurst, twenty-five miles away, over rough, unexplored bush, to get one. How his parents must have worried about the lad.

"But he made it, and he and John helped their father put up a wattle and daub home—four rooms downstairs and a loft above for the boys and their tutor, George Hawke."

(George Hawke later took up a grant of land not far from Springfield and built a home there, which he called Pendarves. His descendants still live there.)

Eighteen years after he settled on his property, which he called Springfield, Parson Tom and his son William, who was by then a master craftsman stonemason, set to and, with stones quarried from the property by convict employees, built a two-storeyed home which today is one of the finest examples of colonial Georgian architecture in New South Wales.

Welcome stones

After Parson Tom's death, at the age of 90, in 1873, it passed into several hands, and, today, is owned by Mr. and Mrs. John Kouvelis. Still embedded in its stone entrance are the three round welcome stones which signify the traditional Cornish "one hundred thousand welcomes."

"It was William Tom, jun., who really made the first gold discovery in the district," Mrs. Mac-Smith said. "He and John Lister worked for Hargraves, who showed them how to build a cradle."

"Hargraves was down in Sydney when William and John went out searching for gold and found a nugget that had been washed down the Fitzroy bar. But, as Hargraves employed them, I suppose he was entitled to the reward. Still, it was a Tom that found the gold. There's no denying that."

"Of course, the most wonderful story of all is about how Mary, Parson Tom's eldest daughter, and John Smith, who was from Molong, came to marry."

"John had been courting Mary for some time, but, being exceptionally busy about his property, he had not called on her for more than six months."

"I suppose he thought Mary would understand the reason for his absence, but apparently she didn't, and in the manner of young girls on the rebound she accepted the proposal of another suitor from Bathurst."

"But the morning the marriage was due to be celebrated a man burst into John Smith's shearing shed and said, 'Did you know Mary Tom is being married this afternoon?'"

"Being a man of action, John didn't stop to ask any questions. He dropped the

sheep he was shearing, threw the blades into the corner, grabbed a coat from the wall, and, jumping on to his black horse, set off at full gallop to Springfield.

"The bridegroom jogging along from Bathurst, a wedding cake under one arm and leading a spare horse for his bride, arrived a few minutes after John, and, seeing his black horse tethered outside the house, knew his marriage was doomed."

"When Parson Tom heard the news he became very upset and, striding into the parlor where Mary, John, and the bridegroom were standing, thundered out, 'Daughter, which man are you going to serve?'"

"Mary, who was evidently a girl of spirit and who had inherited her father's determination, took hold of John Smith's hand and firmly said, 'Father, it is John Smith I intend marrying.'"

"Well, as the story goes, Mary and John did marry that afternoon. John borrowed the 'bridegroom's' finery for the ceremony, then commandeered the wedding cake for the breakfast and the spare horse with which to take Mary back to Molong. History hasn't recorded the 'bridegroom's' name, but he must have been a very forbearing man!"

Mrs. Mac-Smith, white-haired, gracious, related all this to me in the comfortable drawing-room of her home as the Tom descendants were pouring into Orange from all over Australia.

A contingent of 40 from Victoria—James, the second eldest son of Parson Tom, later moved to Victoria and settled there—included Mr. William Tom, of Chiltern Grange, who was unanimously elected leader of the clan. The Victorian descendants of the old pioneer had always been interested in their forebears and liked to keep together as a family, he told me.

And, when the Tom clan assembled that afternoon at the Infants' School, where the presentation was held, William Tom, or "Willie" Tom as he was affectionately dubbed, paid a tribute to his famous great-great-grandfather and great-great-grandmother.

"Ann must have been a remarkable woman," he said. "She came to Springfield over the mountains, over rough, tough, uncleared country, with her children, in a bullock dray."

"She wove the cloth she used for making the family's clothes, churned the butter, made the cheese, cured the hams, and brought her children up in a spartan, Christian manner."

"And the pioneers of those days were a heroic band, built in a fine mould. Parson Tom was a prince among those men. Three times he went broke on Springfield and each time

he pulled through by sheer determination."

That night the Tom clan again assembled at an Orange hotel for dinner and a "getting to know you" program which, as charming, white-haired Mrs. Alice Stillman, of Canterbury, Vic., who is 78, told me, was really quite simple. "Just call everyone 'cousin,' my dear," she said.

William Glasson, from north-west Queensland, who told me he was "75 years young," and that his father was the son of Parson Tom's youngest daughter, Annie, had a wonderful time renewing acquaintance with his schoolboy friend Raymond Hawke, grandson of the Tom tutor, George Hawke.

"I was only speaking of Raymond the other day, but I didn't know I would meet him again in this life," he said.

Sunday morning saw the clan streaming out of Orange to inspect the old church and its adjacent graveyard, where Tom and Ann were buried. The church, built by Parson Tom and his fellow settlers, sits in a little dale just below Bethel Rock, the famous site that is commemorated in Parson Tom's memory. It was on this rock that he gave the first Methodist service at Byng. As settlers moved in around him, he continued to hold services there until the church was built in 1841.

In those days most of the people had to travel a long distance for the service, so it became customary to hold a picnic lunch first. And so, this Sunday, to commemorate the memory of those days, the clan followed the tradition.

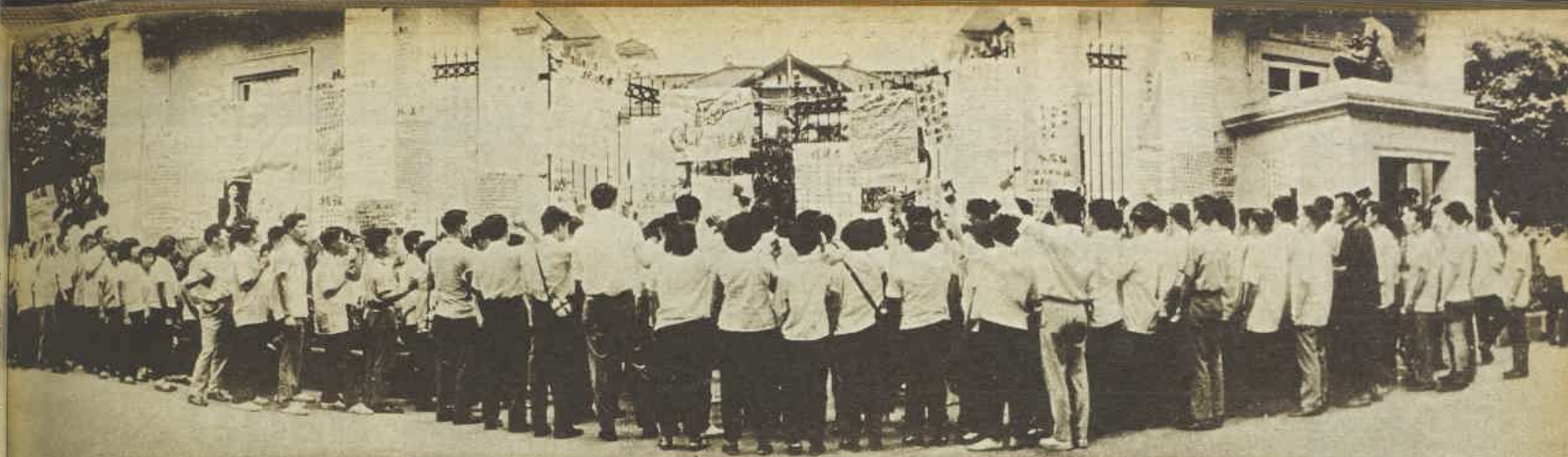
Service at rock

"It was known as the Cornish Settlement then," Raymond Hawke told me as we sat side by side on one of the solid cedar pews that had been brought up from the old church for the service. "It took its name from the settlers around here. The Toms, Glassons, Lanes, Hawkes. Why it was changed to Byng I don't know. I looked Byng up in the dictionary and it means simply, a 'heap of mine gravel.'"

Two Methodist ministers conducted a service at the foot of the rock, starting off with the appropriate "Rock of Ages" hymn.

There was some deliberation about this. Some of the clan insisted that it should be given from the rock as it had been done by Parson Tom. But, despite the stout assertion of the Rev. H. Robinson, of Orange, that as a Lancashireman he could outshout any Cornishman, the wind caused him to admit defeat.

But, who knows, perhaps Parson Tom and his indomitable wife, Ann, stood hand in hand on the rock, watching their descendants, young and old, remembering them.



BIG CROWDS

DEMONSTRATORS surround Government House, Hong Kong, shout slogans, and sing songs of Mao Tse-tung's. Posters of protest are plastered over the gates and pillars. Demonstrators numbered about 2000. But some of the students are only eight or nine years old, and Marcelle Poirier writes from Hong Kong that the anti-British posters proved only that the Red Chinese have lost their sense of beauty.

An on-the-spot report of THE HONG KONG DEMONSTRATIONS

"Almost a tourist attraction"

By MARCELLE POIRIER

I HAVE waited 21 years to get pictures like this," said a young tourist in the Hong Kong Hilton lift, just after the first and only blood was spilled in the China-inspired riots in this colony.

This was indeed the attitude of most tourists when the riots broke out.

Riots in the industrial districts of Kowloon had not affected tourists, but those on Hong Kong Island centred on tourist hotels and shops, because these were on the route to the Governor's house.

And they gave visitors a great big thrill—until they got cables and letters from home worrying about their safety and the explosive situation in Hong Kong.

During the troubles in the Central District, tourists were hung around like Christmas-trees with cameras and tape-recorders.

The patience and restraint of the Hong Kong police and riot squads were as sorely tried by the camera-happy visitors as by the demonstrators.

Indeed, had there been any real trouble, the tourists would have been in the front line, for that was where they put themselves to get best pictures.

Not that the situation, with 700 million foreigner-hating Chinese breathing down our necks, is not potentially serious and, for the moment at least, uncomfortable. Nor that the troubled fortnight through which we have lived has not done harm to the economy of the colony and the tourist trade.

The reports, however, of 200 dead and injured, in attacks by Hong Kong's police on compatriots in Hong Kong, are not just exaggerated, but downright lies.

One boy was killed by stones thrown by rioters in Kowloon, and some 60

people, including nearly 20 policemen, have been treated for injuries.

Indeed, there were large sections of the community who only learned from the papers and television about the happenings.

People on the east and west of the island and on the rural peak in whose scrub barking deer roam were unaffected.

Wives, children, and amahs went down to the beaches, or to market, at Aberdeen, without ever seeing a rioter or a riot squad.

My cookboy's children, 11- and 12-year-old girls, who go to school in the Central District, admitted, however, to having joined the demonstrators at Government House out of curiosity, and because friends wanted to see where the Governor lived.

But there was no generalised anti-European feeling.

Macao

If there had not been a showdown by power-conscious China in the tiny Portuguese enclave of Macao, on the other side of the estuary of the Pearl River, in December and January, these last riots in Hong Kong would probably not have hit the headlines.

As soon as the labor troubles started, in two factories in Kowloon, we were ready for the Macao pattern, of intimidation-rioting and threats, to repeat itself.

And it did. But with a difference.

Macao, the Monte Carlo of the Orient, is only three and half miles square, and is completely surrounded by China.

LOTS OF NOISE

COMMUNISTS wave little red books with quotations of Mao Tse-tung outside the residence of the Governor, Sir David Trench.

The Europeans and Macanese are in a minority, and entry to and from China is easy.

Hong Kong Island, Kowloon, and the New Territories on the mainland cover nearly 400 square miles and have a population of four and a half million.

Nearly all of the four million Chinese in the colony are refugees from China, having come here in the past 20 years.

In 1946 the population of Hong Kong was only 600,000.

There is in Hong Kong today a big middle-class Chinese community, and a small but very wealthy Chinese community (among whom are some of the Communist leaders), and a working class, whose standard of living ranges from comfortable to starvation levels.

The sons and daughters of the refugees, of all classes, brought up in the liberty and stability of Hong Kong, and, without any outlet for their energies and ambitions, are ready victims for propaganda from Red China—for the importance and

power given to the adolescent Red Guards in China naturally inspire the envy of certain young people in Hong Kong who would like the same role.

Hong Kong's strength in the past few days has been that British "thing," the same sort of "thing" which made Britain stand out against the Nazis in 1940, when all seemed hopeless.

Rule of law

In Hong Kong, which is predominantly Chinese, the Government is entirely British, and its strength is built on the rule of law—that is, that once the law has been contravened, the law must set things right.

Hong Kong's strength has also been the strength of its police and riot police—professional and auxiliary.

The police and riot squads have remained phlegmatic, almost without exception, in face of tremendous provocations by demonstrators and young hoodlums, who swelled the ranks of agitators.

I myself saw some gangs of ten- to 13-year-olds playing cops and robbers with the

police and the Press, outside the Hilton, for four days running.

The police bearing banners "We are about to release tear gas," or other such warnings, scattered crowds as they gathered.

The crowds scattered easily. They did not seem anxious to tangle with police.

There was also a deadpan battle of loudspeakers.

The Communist Bank of China, in the heart of Hong Kong, installed loudspeakers in its windows and incited the crowds to fight the "imperialist oppressors," relayed revolutionary songs, and even incited police to defect.

Around the bank gathered young demonstrators, and the ready-for-fun spectators.

Then the Government installed its own loudspeakers, on buildings all around the bank, and drowned it all out with traditional Cantonese songs and operas.

It was an ear-splitting experience for the passers-by, but it proved 100 per cent effective.

Hong Kong's strength has also been in-fighting, which has surprised and delighted the non-Communists.

For instance, one of the Communist leaders, Fei Y-Ming, editor of the Leftist newspaper "Ta Kung Pao," headed a Left-wing delegation to Government House to present a petition to the Governor, Sir David Trench, in a Mercedes Benz—which in anyone's book is not a symbol of Communism.

Shortly afterwards, the Hong Kong "Standard" published a picture of Mr. Fei demonstrating, and also his name, on a list of members of a very exclusive and eminently imperialistic club.

Later it was reported that Mr. Fei and other Leftist leaders had asked for police protection, which was ironic and damaging, as the police had been condemned for their atrocities by the Leftists.

A bore

The orderly ranks of demonstrators (dressed in blue skirts and trousers, and immaculate white shirts), which gathered to chant Chairman Mao's thoughts, to scream insults to the Governor and the European residents, and rhythmically raised clenched fists to cries of "Mao Tse-tung," did no more than bore everyone.

Now we are having a lull. Peking's voice is not yet silenced.

But buses are coming back on the streets, and tourists, who had cancelled bookings are changing their minds, strikers are returning to their factories and children to their schools.

For those who have planned a visit to Hong Kong and its wonderful shopping centres, and who are wondering whether they dare risk it or not, the answer is "yes."

Tourists, unlike the resident Chinese population, can get out, and would be helped out, if there is trouble.

A lot of tourists will probably come for the thrill of being near an erratic volcano.



The answer to VARICOSE VEINS

LEGS FEEL BETTER,
LOOK BETTER

It's a fact. Scholl Elastic Hosiery relieves leg pain, improves leg appearance. Medically correct, two-way control ensures proper support. Fine, seamless styling defies detection. Hides unsightly veins, smooths leg contours. No constriction at top and instep thanks to exclusive Scholl 'Soft-Grip' ribbing. Nothing equals Scholl. All fittings available in either nylon or elastic yarn.

Scholl Soft-Grip

ELASTIC HOSIERY

FROM CHEMISTS, STORES AND
SCHOLL BRANCHES

Advertisement

Prevent Wrinkles Under the Eyes

The lines round your eyes are soon smoothed away by using vitalizing cream every night. Gently circle the cream, coaxing it into the dry lines to impart milky smoothness to the skin. Press the nourishment along the deeper expression lines seven times in an outward and upward direction with the fingertips, then smooth over the face and neck to enable the Ulan vitalizing night cream to bring youth to the complexion. As you sleep, your complexion is nurtured to smooth, silken loveliness as never before.

GLAMOUR WIGS



GUARANTEED
HUMAN HAIR
SHOULDER LENGTH
ALL ONE PRICE — \$35

Country or interstate buyers please send colour sample. We will forward your wig C.O.D. and will gladly refund your money if you are not satisfied. We import and sell direct to you. Let us help you achieve a new personality at a cost within the reach of everybody.

WESLEY WIG SHOP
Wesley Arcade, Sydney.
Or write Box E167,
Bankers CBA, Park Street.

AT 79, JIM IS A "YOUNG MASTER"!

■ Some people seem to thrive on advancing years. Instead of "vegetating," their lives begin to hold more purpose and meaning than ever before.

Mr. Jim Roach, of Camberwell, Vic., is such a person.

He has carried his many life-long interests even further since he retired about 15 years ago.

A sprightly 79-year-old, he is a prolific painter, and his watercolors of Australian scenes hang in many parts of the world.

He is particularly proud that one of his paintings is in the private collection of former Archbishop of Canterbury Dr. Fisher.

Mr. Roach also plays the piano and flute, and regularly entertains under-privileged children, people at homes for the aged, and at garden parties.

He composes music, writes poetry, is an amateur photographer, and is captain of the Camberwell Bowling Club.

And that isn't the whole story. Mr. Roach is completely self-taught in all his endeavors.

● "So much to do"

"There is so much to do, I sometimes wonder how I ever found the time to go to work!" he said.

He took up painting more than 50 years ago, and recalls how he would hop on his old bicycle and go miles into the country to sketch.

He paints only in watercolors — "though I have done a little oil painting" — and he strives to capture what he describes as "the beauty of my surroundings."

Mr. Roach, who is married, with two children and two grandchildren, explained he has been fascinated by trees, sunsets, and the movement of the sea since he was a boy.

"There's too much stark reality in the world without capturing it on paper," he said. "That's one reason why I dislike most modern art—it's too depressing."

Though he gets most satisfaction from painting, his first love is music. He bought an upright grand piano and an instruction manual when he was 22.

Being a man of great determination, he struggled for several years before he could not only read music but was sufficiently familiar with it to compose.

Without further ado he seated himself at the piano and played the first few bars of his latest work, "Diversion in Autumn."

Mr. Roach also likes to spend several afternoons each week bowling, and if there is any time left over, he will probably be found either doing carpentry or writing poetry.

● Jim Roach

When the
ship sails
away . . .

DON'T
TOSS A

■ Multi-colored streamers tangling between ship passengers and their wharf-bound friends are a bit old hat, it seems. We have to report that "streamers" made of old stockings are getting a leg into the market.

Down at Sydney's Overseas Terminal recently, we were fascinated to see Something Different among the streamers snaking through the air.



NOTHING "SQUARE" WITH THIS CHAIR

★ A globe-shaped "bomb" chair, designed by famous Finnish artist Eero Aarnio, was one of the most talked about exhibits at the recent Furniture Fair in Cologne, Germany.

It is made of fibreglass in brilliant colors and upholstered in foam rubber. The sitter, depending on mood, be it sociable or contemplative, can let legs dangle, or curl up inside the chair.

There is just one possible snag to the chair finding a place in every suburban living-room. It costs \$840.

But the South Yarra (Vic.) furniture shop which imports the chair has already sold its first two, and has more on order.

ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR, WHAT'S ON!

● What, asked bemused Swiss recently, were the men in 1890s dress doing at Reichenbach Falls? In deerstalker-caps, with meerschaum pipes? It was obvious to anyone—except doctors named Watson. They were Sherlock Holmes fans, hot on the trail of the great detective. His creator, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, had the evil Professor Moriarty kill Holmes at the Falls. The fans' hunt was not entirely in vain. During their Swiss trip they visited Lucens Castle, a Holmes museum. There they met Adrian Conan Doyle, Sir Arthur's son. Holmes—alive, of course—must have smiled.



Working holiday

On June 15 one of the world's most unusual sporting carnivals is on again.

It is the annual (starting in 1937) Labor Day Sports meeting in Copenhagen, Denmark.

Hotel waiters run with trays of beer, cleaners with mops and buckets, brewers with kegs, potters with dishes, postmen with mailbags.

At last year's meeting the Danish royal family received a special award.

For being the nation's champion layers of foundation stones!

... THROW
YOUR OLD



It was a hefty rope of stockings—about 124, by our count—knotted together and weighted by an apple in the toe of the aiming end.

The apple was rather battered after a dozen unsuccessful tries to reach the ship. So we were relieved to see it land safely at last.

And the ship took off trailing yards and yards of stocking. We took off, too, in search of the stocking-streamer-maker.

We found her: Mrs. Pat McGarry, of the Sydney suburb of Kogarah Bay.

Mrs. McGarry had been saving stockings since Christmas for a final fling to her sister, Ruth Sweeney. (Miss Sweeney is now on a working holiday in New Zealand.)

Ingenious, isn't it? If you're thinking of making one, though, start stocking up a few months beforehand!

● A slight Sydney girl, who in jeans and shirt looks like a 12-year-old, rides trackwork with flighty two-year-olds.

Horses are Fiona's firm friends

By GLORIA NEWTON

ALTHOUGH Fiona Stewart has had her face "mangled" a few times, broken her leg in five places, dislocated her shoulder, broken her jaw, you just can't separate her from the horses she loves.

Almost all Fiona's life has been devoted to horses, so it was inevitable that she should buy her own racehorse, break him in, and race him — most successfully.

Fiona's father was the late Mr. Roy Stewart, for 20 years veterinary surgeon at Sydney race meetings — and for most of her life she was his willing and able assistant.

One of her earliest memories is riding to Randwick racecourse, perched in front of her father in the saddle.

Her ambition to own her own racehorse came true

only a few weeks before her father's death a year ago, when she selected and successfully bid for Caveat Emptor at Randwick.

"I had some money I wanted to invest," she said. "I knew nothing about the stockmarket but quite a lot about horses. I felt owning a good horse would be more personal than stocks and shares and give me an interest in racing, which I enjoy so much."

"I will never forget the moment Caveat Emptor was knocked down to me. I had picked out a few horses before the bidding began, but the first three were too high for me."

"When the bidding for Caveat Emptor went to \$2100 and I knew he was mine I felt a little bit sick. Visions of things I could have done with the money, like a world trip, floated through my mind."

"But I am so happy I bought him. Already he is paying his own way and is a wonderful horse."

"Caveat Emptor means 'Buyer Beware.' It stands over the Roman horse markets and my father always used the expression when someone complained to him that they had been sold a dud horse."

"But his pet name is Robbie Burns. He was called that by a Scottish strapper and now everyone in Maurice McCarten's stables calls him Robbie."

Fiona, who in jeans and shirt looks like a 12-year-old, weighs only 6st. 8lb. and is a little short of 5ft. tall.

Being such a lightweight, she is often asked to ride trackwork with two-year-olds — considered difficult mounts.

The inevitable must happen

She has ridden at the Royal Sydney Show, at country shows and country amateur race meetings.

She laughs off her accidents lightly. "For the number of horses I have ridden, I have got out of it well," she said.

"Most of my accidents happened because I can't 'chicken' out of riding a horse."

"Any horse other people won't ride, I will — and so the inevitable must happen. All my own fault, of course."

"At one country show a woman asked me to ride her horse in an event. I did and was placed third."

"Afterwards other riders told me I was stupid. Evidently the woman had asked just about everyone there to ride the horse, but they knew he was a rogue and refused."

Six years ago, riding at the Bong Bong (N.S.W.) Cup meeting, her horse careered wide at a corner and slipped. Fiona broke her leg in five places and dislocated her shoulder.

It was some months be-



● Fiona Stewart with her successful three-year-old Caveat Emptor.

fore she could get on a horse again and even today she doesn't ride a horse that throws his head up.

Fiona broke Caveat Emptor in, but an accident at Randwick prevented her training him.

"I was exercising a two-year-old when he slipped," she said. "His front legs went right back between his hind legs and I came off and broke my jaw."

"When my mother rang the doctor, he said, 'Oh, no, not Fiona again!' He did a wonderful job of plastic surgery — but I still have a scar on my chin."

"Oh, that broken jaw. It was wired for ages and all I seemed to be able to eat was egg-flips — the thought of them now makes me feel terrible. I never want to see another."

Fiona lives with her mother and her three brothers, Andrew, 20, Malcolm, 19, and Rowan, 16, in the Randwick house her great-grandfather bought when he arrived from Scotland to practise as a veterinarian in 1840.

Then it was surrounded by 11½ acres. Today, this has dwindled to less than one acre.

The tree-covered grounds,

guarded by a large alsatian, hold rows of stables where horses, their heads framed in the openings, nod a greeting as you pass.

Fiona's greatest disappointment was that she could not become a veterinary surgeon.

"Maths has always been my biggest bugbear," she said, with a rueful expression in her calm, blue eyes. "For Matriculation, maths was a must, and I just couldn't do maths."

So Fiona tried office work for a while, but it wasn't for her.

"My father was ill for a long time and I had to help him. I didn't mind. I just couldn't sit in an office all day long."

Present life pretty solid

Last year she enrolled at Sydney Technical College to study agriculture and woolclassing. To cut the woolclassing course down from four to two years, she attends Tech. each day from 9 a.m. to 9.30 p.m., and last year won distinctions in both wool and agriculture sections.

"I would like to get a job with a Sydney woolbroking firm, a job that would take

me out and around the country," she said.

"At one time I thought about training horses, but I realised that although it sounds good, what really happens is that you are full of tension and worry always waiting to win a race."

"My life at the moment is pretty solid, I admit. I work around our stables in the morning before I leave for Tech., do a little trackwork at the weekends for Mr. McCarten, and study every night."

"But I wouldn't have it any other way. To me it is a wonderful way of life."

As her mother said, "Fiona has had the best of both worlds. She was brought up with animals of every kind, and yet she lived in the city."

"But keep her off a horse, never. I can remember standing at the window watching her climb on to an old grey horse we had. She was too small to mount him, but she would put one small foot on his knee, grab his mane, and somehow slither on."

"He was a crotchety old horse, too. Wouldn't let anyone else ride him. But he would stand motionless as Fiona and her brothers drove their little toy cars right underneath him."



● Racegoer Fiona in a feminine, flowered hat.

JOIN THE G-E FLOOR CARE REBELLION!

Down with old-fashioned floor-care methods! Here are the two appliances which have swept America and the world—the appliances that have brought new ease and leisure to over seven million housewives! Why settle for less? Join the rebellion! Demand the finest in a Woman's World — General Electric.



COMPARE THESE TWO, ALL-NEW, 1967 G-E "FLOOR CARE" APPLIANCES WITH ALL OTHERS, THEN STRIKE A BLOW FOR FLOOR-CLEANING EASE!

MOST POWERFUL OF ALL!
Biggest power (350 watts) for most thorough polishing! Yet lowest noise level!

NEW REDUCED HEIGHT
for effective use, no matter how low your furniture.

FLOATING BRUSH ACTION!
Brushes 'float' over uneven surfaces—can't 'buck' or run away!

MORE ACCESSORIES!
Most complete set of accessories ever, including shampoo-scrubbing brushes

MOST POWERFUL OF ALL!
Up to 75% more power for real deep-down cleaning!

JUMBO-SIZED BAG!
Up to 2½ times larger! Saves you hundreds of emptying trips!

EASIEST TO USE
Swivel top lets you reach every corner without dragging! Special castors glide at a touch!

PUSH-BUTTON WANDS!
Can't stick, can't rust like old-fashioned push-in types!

SPECIAL 'DEEP GROOMING' HEAD!
'Floating brush action' cleans on both forward and backward strokes! You finish faster, fresher!



FLOOR POLISHER & VACUUM CLEANER

See both these years-ahead appliances—now at your favourite G-E dealers!

GENERAL ELECTRIC*

* Trade Mark of GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, U.S.A.
— WORLD'S LARGEST ELECTRICAL ENTERPRISE

AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC (APPLIANCES) PTY. LTD.
NOTTING HILL, VICTORIA

Television



● That is Jack Palance, at right, flinging himself in the air, and what he is trying to represent by mime is being worked out by, from left, Beverly Garland, Sebastian Cabot, and Ross Martin, in TCN9's new "Stump The Stars" show beginning on June 9.

A NEW FUN SHOW COMING UP

By NAN MUSGROVE

THE regular team in "Stump The Stars" includes Sebastian Cabot, Richard Long, of "Big Valley," Tommy Noonan, and Beverly Garland.

Guest stars for the first show are Jayne Mansfield, who has been so much in the news recently, and Gene Barry, the suavely handsome Ames Burke, of "Burke's Law."

The compere of the show is Mike Stokey, and he introduces the two teams each week. The teams battle against each other to guess the mime the other enacts. The quicker team wins.

Each team mimes a quotation, poem, nursery rhyme, book title, or what have you, sent in by viewers. The teams must present the quotation in mime within two minutes.

Viewers have a secret blackboard glimpse of what is being mimed and can be very snug about the whole thing. It is said to be a real fun show and so it should be with some of its contestants.

● "Stump The Stars," a gold-plated adult edition of the afternoon show "Letter Charades," begins on TCN9 on Friday, June 9, at 7 p.m.

I'm looking forward to the "Perry Mason" edition of the program when the old team, Raymond Burr, William Hopper, Barbara Hale, and William Talman, pit themselves against the regulars.

Another very interesting thing about "Stump The Stars" is the presence of Beverly Garland as a regular. You may remember Beverly in "Decoy," in which she had a star role as a policewoman.

Beverly has only starred in that series as far as I remember, but she has guest-starred in many series, and is regarded by Hollywood producers as a lucky talisman.

They say Beverly has that touch of luck, that certain

something that makes a show go, and it is regarded as very good if Beverly makes even only a fleeting appearance in a pilot of a new show.

With Beverly a regular, it sounds as if "Stump The Stars" may be here to stay.

"Robin Hood"
still at top

THE most successful program ever shown on TCN9, "Robin Hood" has started its sixth repeat on the channel and is more popular than ever.

"Robin Hood" (starring Richard Greene) made its first appearance on TCN9 in the 1956-57 season, showing at the prime, prime time of 7.30 p.m.

Over the years of TV, though, adult taste has become more discriminating, more demanding, and "Robin Hood" is now shown at 6 p.m. in a different kind of prime time.

It is prime for the kids, and it enables early-home dads to get a quick look at Robin and his merry men.

"Robin Hood," which is screened Mondays to Fridays at 6 p.m., always rates

higher than any other show ever shown in this time slot.

TCN9's Chief Executive, Bruce Gyngell, told me when I interviewed him on the channel's tenth anniversary last year that he wouldn't be surprised if "Robin Hood" was showing on TCN9 on its 20th anniversary.

"The secret of it is that not only is it a good show, but every year a new batch of kids gets to the 'Robin Hood' age," he said.

★ ★ ★
EVEN the most ardent fans of the great detective Sherlock Holmes could not quarrel with the BBC's adaptation of the famous Conan Doyle stories now being televised on ABC-TV.

They are delightful productions that stick strictly to the original stories.

Conditioned by years of TV's detectives and the detecting/security work of the super spies of such TV shows as "The Man From U.N.C.L.E.," I find Sherlock refreshing.

He takes viewers back to an era of butlers and dog-carts, governesses and baying hounds, when people had leisure time, too, for thinking, cogitating on events.

Sherlock, unlike today's TV model, is no do-it-yourself sleuth. He extends the gracious living of his era into his detecting.

When the game's afoot, Dr. Watson (Nigel Stock), his well-trained helpmate and companion, attends to pedestrian details like bringing the weapons.

"You have your Service pistol, Watson?" Sherlock says. "Good. Don't fire till I say so . . ."

READ TV TIMES FOR
FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

Beauty Advice

It is now possible with the aid of a remarkable new skin therapy cream to erase age lines, blemishes and to end wrinkle dryness.

New Facial Therapy Banishes Lines and Wrinkles

THE development of a remarkable beauty cream by a cosmetic chemist, that feeds nourishment to the tired plasma colloids (skin cells) owes its existence to war-time experiments with Isotonic solutions on the severely burnt skin of men of the three fighting forces.

One day a Doctor immersed a critically burned airman in a bath of isotonic fluid, which proved remarkably effective in the healing and rapid rejuvenation of the skin tissue and promoted healthy regrowth of the damaged skin area.

This led to the isolation of the isotonic solution in the cosmetic form of a skin beauty cream; a wonderful aid in replenishing moisture lost from the skin cells.

When smoothed on to the skin the millions of tiny cell-like particles of the Iso-Cazell cream, on contact with the skin's warmth, penetrate deep into the skin tissue, feeding and nourishing the colloid cells, with hydrophilic elements filling them out to a round, dewy-soft moistness. Women of all ages can now rejoice: for a tired lifeless skin will soon take on a new beauty and healthy glow as all wrinkles and age lines fade, leaving a soft, smooth, youthful appearance.

This Iso-Cazell Therapy cream is available in Australia at chemists and most beauty stores.



PERIOD PAIN?

Subtly packed like a lipstick, powerful D&M Tablets are specially formulated to relieve severe periodic pain — quickly. To also help overcome associated feelings of depression, nervousness and fatigue.

D&M TABLETS

Sold only by chemists. 55 cents.



TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Momma once said, "Have you ever got into an argument with your spouse about who has the more sense, men or women? Who won? He says, 'Well, you've never heard a man called a dumb blonde.' Then you say, 'I've never seen a woman get a hair treatment from a bald barber, either.' Then he says, 'If women are so smart, why do they sit down in the movies and then try to take off their coats?' I guess this battle of the sexes will never end."

MOMMA'S MORAL: "Diamonds are a girl's best friend and dogs are man's best friend. So now you know what sex has more sense . . . or do you?"

rats and mice
go!
raticide

A NEW KIND OF POISON, SIMPLER,
CLEANER, TOTALLY EFFECTIVE

You'll buy it in a roll. Ship off 3 to 6 single corrugations as you need it. Rats and mice cannot resist it, and the way it works there's no smell over. CHEMISTS • HARDWARE STORES • DEPARTMENTAL STORES
Trade Enquiries: RATICIDE COMPANY, 129 Castlereagh St., SYDNEY, N.S.W. Phone: 26-2133



WHY?

Because Elnett[®] is made to a French formula which demands the most expensive ingredients, top manufacturing techniques.

The result?

Elnett really holds hair.

Gently. Firmly.

All day.

Then brushes out at night.

Elnett cares for hair.

Keeps it shining.

Never stiff or sticky.

Elnett's mist is really fine.

Sprays evenly. Lasts longer.

Cheap hairsprays can't equal this performance.

That's why Elnett is worth \$1.55.

Elnett Satin hairspray
regular and superhold.

She sailed to Australia as a "galley slave"

In an all-male crew, they called her "The Duchess"

NOT long ago my youngest son decided to migrate to Australia with his wife and two daughters. I was very upset, but later thought that it would do no harm if I did the same before I was too old.

I applied to Australia House in London, and was waiting for my flight date when I saw by chance an advertisement in a London paper saying, "Wanted, professional experienced crew for small ship — voyage to Australia."

I had always wished to go to sea, so rang up and said so. I informed the captain, who answered the phone, that I was willing to take any job—not knowing what I was letting myself in for.

He told me afterward that, as it was Christmas time in London and the weather was bad, he could not get a trained crew (with the exception of the chief engineer), so he took young men who had some sort of experience on small ships—and he took me.

I was willing to work my

passage without pay, but eventually received an amusing letter offering me the job of "galley slave."

The ship, it seemed, had been bought in Holland and was to be delivered to its new owner in New Guinea, after calling at Darwin.

I crossed the English Channel in a British rail ferry. It was so comfortable that, as I went to sleep in my cabin, I was thinking, Well, if it is like this all

By
LANSLEY GERA

the way I cannot complain.

From Amsterdam I travelled to Harlingen, a charming port with net-draped fishing-boats ranged along the length of the harbor. Here was the ship, and here, with a thrill, I signed the Articles with the British Consul. I was to get \$50 Australian a month.

The ship proved to be a little coaster of less than 500 tons. To reach it I had to walk on planks over four other ships. I pretended not to notice, but I was terrified. When I got on board and was told that my cabin was

"down there"—by way of a companion ladder—I looked and thought, I shall never get down there.

I was feeling very tired and upset — I had left my home, another son, and all my friends and had been packing for weeks. I decided that to pluck up the courage to go down to my cabin I would have to rest, so stayed at a small hotel for the weekend.

Then I got down that ladder in fear and trembling, but was very pleased when I saw the cabin, as it was very clean and painted white.

When the ship sailed, I found I had a lot to learn about life at sea. In my cabin I opened the hand basin and propped up the cover (which should have had a catch on it). While I was washing my face the cover came down and hit me on the head. Everyone was amused when I told them.

In bad weather, I had lots of fun getting into the bunk, and usually knocked my head, but I always slept well.

I never thought I would

Continued on page 44



WASHING DAY on board the ship in which Lansley Gera served as "galley slave," working her passage to Australia from England. She is washing a blue sheet on the narrow deck of the little 500-ton craft in which she travelled to Darwin, flying on to Perth, Western Australia. The first long voyage of her life, it proved to be full of interesting experiences and adventures.



ON A VOYAGE in which the little ship battled storms and headwinds and had strange encounters with riff-raff and officials in Mediterranean and Suez Canal stopping places, there were rewarding sights of sheer beauty. This is one, as the writer of this article photographed a school of dolphins leaping and splashing ahead of the vessel's bows like an escort specially provided by Nature.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 7, 1967



SUNSET at sea, with glowing colors flooding sky and water, made another lovely memory for the traveller. The calm seas were welcome, as the little coaster, even when carrying a cargo of arms and ammunition to Aden, was a "light" ship (not fully loaded) and tossed heavily in the bad weather. She was well handled by an Australian captain who had only a scratch crew.

FLOWERS (tissue paper) THAT

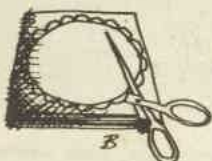
Now, with a minimum of time and talent, you can fill your house or flat with scrumptious (and non-wiltable) paper flowers.

Here's all you have to buy: Tissue paper in lush colors for the blooms, plus light and dark green tissue paper for the leaves; a roll of green tape (florists'); long wooden wands made from $\frac{1}{2}$ in. - diameter dowel stick; thin wire (about 22 gauge) for additional binding (both sold at hardware stores). Then gather together a stapler, scissors, and pencil; a few round objects (bottle, tin can, saucer) to be used in tracing flower outlines; a jar of rubber cement and a small brush (sold at artists' supply shops); suitable containers to plant your paper flowers in (flower-pot, glass bowl, basket). You're ready to begin.

1. Choose a color of paper for your first flower and one of the round objects to use as a pattern. Cut the paper in 24 squares, all exactly the same size and slightly larger than the round object you'll be using as a pattern. (We chose a tin can $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. across, but any object with a diameter of 3 to 6 in. will do.) 2. Place the bottle, tin can, or saucer on top of the 24 squares of tissue paper, all stacked on top of each other (figure A), and circle it in pencil.



3. Draw a scalloped edge along the outside of the circle and cut round it with the scissors all the way through the 24 squares of tissue paper (figure B). Of course, you'd discard the top tissue that shows pencil marks.



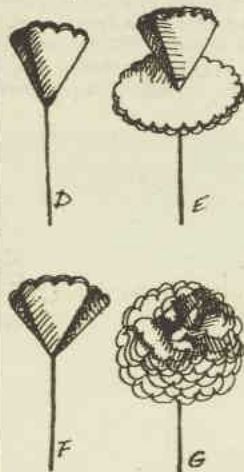
4. With the scissors, cut off a 5 in. length of wire and knot it at one

end, making sure to trim away any wire that protrudes through the top of the knot. 5. String the scalloped circles through the straight end of the wire one at a time (figure C), but



don't limit yourself to the same color. All the tissue circles in one flower must be the same size, but you can get smashing effects by alternating (blue, purple, blue, etc.) or combining (8 layers of pink tissue followed by 12 of red) different shades. It's all up to you!

6. Push up the first eight circles to the top of the wire and fold them into gathers over the knot. Then staple the base of the gathered tissues across the knot (figures D, E, F). In exactly the same way,



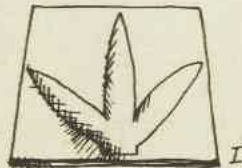
arrange the rem. twelve circles over the first eight, placing the second staple on top of the original one. 7. To give flower a full-blown look, separate the layers one at a time (figure G).

8. Snip off the desired length of wooden dowel to make your stem and wrap it with florists' tape. Then twine the wire extending from the base of the flower round one end of the taped dowel and secure the wire to the newly formed stem with still another layer of tape (figure H).

9. Now you're ready to make the leaves. Cut out one 6 in. square of light green tissue paper



and two of dark green. Glue the three squares tog. with rubber cement, placing the light green on the outside. 10. When the rubber cement has dried, draw a leaf shape and cut it out (figure I).



11. To attach, twist the bottom of the multiple leaf round the stem until the tops fan out. Then secure the leaf to the stem with florists' tape (figures J and K).



12. Now choose your containers. (We used small terracotta flower-pots, spray-painted in bright colors.) Wedge a square of children's modelling clay into the bottom of the pot or basket, and stick the flower stems into it at decorative angles. Then fill the container with soil, sand, small river stones, or marble chips — and you've completed your artificial garden!



BLOOM IN THE WINTER!





"EVERYONE KNOWS...

Waltons are Australia's largest Carpet Retailers!

At Waltons you can choose from an incredible range of patterns and colours, including plain, tone-on-tone, floral or contemporary designs. Over 200 stock 12' wide carpets from £10 yard to £22 yard, complete on your floor. Whether your home needs Wilton, Axminster, Tufted or Bonded carpet, Waltons have the largest range.

All the traditional, all the brand new fibres, including Acrilan, Caprolan, Courtelle, Evlan, Bri-Nylon, Polypropylene, Wool, and other fibre combinations including new Tri-Blend.

WALTONS LEAD IN SMOOTH SURFACE:

Waltons have the biggest selection of smooth

surface, and are the largest retailers of Inlaid Vinyls, cushion Vinyls and Linoleums in Australia. Come in and see our huge range. Also all forms of tiles and adhesives.

SUPER SELECTION OF RUGS:

See our huge range of local and imported rugs, shaggy-piles, doormats, sliprugs, TV mats.

YES, WE KEEP CARPETS IN A BIG, BIG WAY FOR YOU!



Page 24

This is a photograph of Waltons Chullora Warehouse, second largest warehouse in the Southern Hemisphere. Occupying some 250,000 square feet, it could store two hundred and fifty 10-square homes on the ground floor. This mammoth building is the N.S.W. carpet storeroom and headquarters for the State's modern cutting and making department. Waltons have similarly equipped workrooms in Victoria and Queensland. Yes, we keep carpets, in a big way!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 7, 1967

THREE 12' WIDE CARPETS TO BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME!

Illustrated Opposite:

"HI-SIERRA"

Superweight tufted carpet with famous 100% Caprolan continuous filament Nylon pile. Will give a lifetime of wear and satisfaction. Reinforced double back for added life. In 8 attractive decor colours.

£19'10'
(\$39) yd.

PRICE INCLUDES heavy quality branded underfelt and craftsman guaranteed laying.

Below Left:

"AVALON"

Heavyweight tufted 100% Acrilan carpet has amazing resistance to soiling, tracking and wear. Has double back for extra life. Pile just bounces back. Seven decorator shades.

£19
(\$38) yd.

PRICE INCLUDES heavy quality branded underfelt and craftsman guaranteed laying.

Below Right:

"KURLAND"

Superweight 100% Acrilan pile Wilton with specially pre-twisted pile to resist crushing and tracking. Over 50 tufts per square inch. Super soil resistance. 11 new shades.

£19
(\$38) yd.

PRICE INCLUDES heavy quality branded underfelt and craftsman guaranteed laying.

IT'S SO EASY TO SHOP AT WALTONS

You can buy for cash or use our convenient All Purpose Charge Account which allows you to pay in 30 days or over an extended period of up to 8 months . . . what could be simpler?

Waltons Easy Payment Plan enables you to pay in easy weekly sums to suit your budget. Our Add-On Plan entitles you to additional purchases with little or no extra weekly payments.



68 WALTONS STORES TO SERVE YOU

QUEENSLAND: BUNDABERG, FORTITUDE VALLEY, IPSWICH, MT. GRAVATT, NUNDAH, REDCLIFFE, ROCKHAMPTON, STONES CORNER, TOOWOOMBA, WOOLLOONGABBA AND SOUTHPORT.

VICTORIA: BOX HILL, BRUNSWICK, CAMBERWELL, COLLINGWOOD, CROYDON, DANDENONG, 210 BOURKE ST., MELBOURNE; FOOTSCRAY, GEELONG, OAKLEIGH, PRAHRAN, RESERVOIR. NOTE: IN SOME CITIES, WALTONS HAVE SEVERAL STORES.

NEW SOUTH WALES: AUBURN, BANKSTOWN, BATHURST, BLACKTOWN, BONDI JUNCTION, BURWOOD, CARINGBAH, CANBERRA, CHATSWOOD, COFFS HARBOUR, DUBBO, ENGADINE, FAIRFIELD, GOSFORD, GOULBURN, GRAFTON, HURSTVILLE, KATOOMBA, KEMPSEY, LIVERPOOL, MANLY, MUSWELLBROOK, NEWCASTLE, NEWTOWN, NOWRA, PARKES, PARRAMATTA, PENRITH, ROCKDALE, SUMMER HILL, CNR. PARK AND GEORGE STREETS, SYDNEY; TAMWORTH, WEST RYDE, WOLLONGONG, INVERELL, LITHGOW, ORANGE, TUMUT, WAGGA.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - June 7, 1967

SERVICE AREAS:

Even though there are 68 Waltons Stores in Queensland, Victoria and New South Wales, there may be areas where we cannot provide the high quality making and laying our "satisfaction or money back" policy demands. If in doubt about installation and delivery in your area ring the nearest Waltons Store (see them listed at left). Alternatively, write Box 3875, G.P.O., Sydney; write box. 1869R, G.P.O., Melbourne; write P.O. Box 38, Fortitude Valley, Brisbane. Delivery, making and laying extra in some areas.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED:

Waltons policy is satisfaction or your money cheerfully refunded. This guarantees you enduring service from your purchase. Waltons only stock quality carpets that we know will uphold our guarantee.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
WALTONS
OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED

We talk quite a lot about meat-keeping, don't we.



FROST-FREE FRESH MEAT FOR 7 DAYS

Imagine a meat-keeper that works just like your butcher's own coolroom and keeps your meat just as full-flavoured and fresh. Westinghouse alone has it. This specially refrigerated compartment keeps your meat fresh, juicy, tasty, for a whole seven days and always ready to cook because it's

not frozen. Fan-forced air, at a controlled low temperature, continuously flows around the porcelain enamel meat-keeper—just as it circulates in your butcher's coolroom—and preserves the meat weight that is usually lost in "thawed out" frozen meat.

Don't you?

Someone had to start something new in refrigerators.

Something bigger than just another face-lift. Someone had to start thinking about the most precious of all your foods—your meat. The most difficult of all foods to keep just the way you bought it—tender-fresh and unfrozen.

Westinghouse, not content with producing the first completely frost-free refrigerator, thought quite a lot about your meat-keeping needs. That's how Australia's first and only complete food-keeper started. The new frost-free Westinghouse will probably change your shopping habits. (With the Westinghouse 7-day fresh meat-keeper you have so much extra room for other foods in the deep-freeze compartment.)

If you think about it you'll understand why we like to refer to our big, new, frost-free Westinghouse as a food-keeper and not just another refrigerator.

STEP AHEAD WITH
Westinghouse
THEY'RE ALWAYS STARTING SOMETHING



AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

• A weekly series by Bill Beatty

JUNE 4

1629 Wreck of the *Batavia*, followed by mutiny, murder, rape, and retribution, making the story one of the most bizarre in Australian history. The Dutch ship struck a reef on Houtman Abrolhos, about 40 miles from the present town of Geraldton, W.A. While she was grounded, the commander, Pelsart, with the captain and a few officers, made a search for water on the mainland. Finding none, Pelsart left for Batavia (now Djakarta) in a small boat.

When he failed to return, Cornelius, one of the officers, planned to build a smaller vessel from the timbers of the wreck and with a few others sail away on a career of piracy. The rest of the castaways, 100 men and women, were massacred. A few of the attacked passengers escaped to adjacent islands. In the midst of the slaughter, Pelsart, who had reached Batavia, returned with help and, in the hand-to-hand fight that ensued, all the mutineers were captured. The ringleaders were hanged on the spot.

1789 First theatrical performance in Australia. "The Recruiting Officer," a comedy, was played by 11 convicts "in a mud hut, fitted for the occasion." Colored paper was used for decoration and a few oil lamps for footlights. Governor Phillip and his officers were present in the audience of some 60. Admittance was in kind, and rum, wine, tobacco, corn, and wheat to the value of £20 were taken at the door.

1810 A meeting of subscribers was held in the Officers' Mess in Sydney to raise funds to establish a racecourse. As a result, a Bachelors' Ball took place, attended by the Governor and Mrs. Macquarie. What is now Hyde Park was selected as the first racecourse. For the opening of the grand event, three public holidays were declared so that laborers should not be debarred from attending. But they were warned "to conduct themselves in a sober, discreet, and orderly manner." During intervals, foot-racing, throwing-the-hammer, and impromptu contests completed the entertainment.

JUNE 5

1819 First savings bank founded at a meeting, presided over by Governor Macquarie, at the General Hospital, Sydney. It became known as "Campbell's Bank" (after one of the founders) and allowed 7½ percent interest.

1827 Darling Downs, Qld., discovered by Allan Cunningham. Botanist and explorer, Cunningham spent two years in Brazil collecting plants before coming to Australia. He was attached to Oxley's expedition of 1817 and King's surveys of the Australian coast between 1817 and 1822. In later years he discovered Pandora's Pass across the Liverpool Ranges and found a way to the Darling Downs from the shores of Moreton Bay.

Cunningham died in 1839 in a cottage at the Sydney Botanic Gardens.

1854 For the first time in any city of the world, wood-paving was used in the New Markets, Hobart. The toughness of Australian timbers led to the idea of wood-paving for streets. Thirty years later Sydney adopted the scheme, King Street, between Pitt and George Streets, being so paved. Timber used was bluegum.

1896 First performance at Drury Lane, London, of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," based on the Australian novel by Fergus Hume. It ran for 500 performances in London and was later produced in Australia.

JUNE 6

1835 John Batman's treaty with the Aborigines at Port Phillip signed.

1856 The first New South Wales Ministry formed with Sir Stuart Donaldson as Premier.

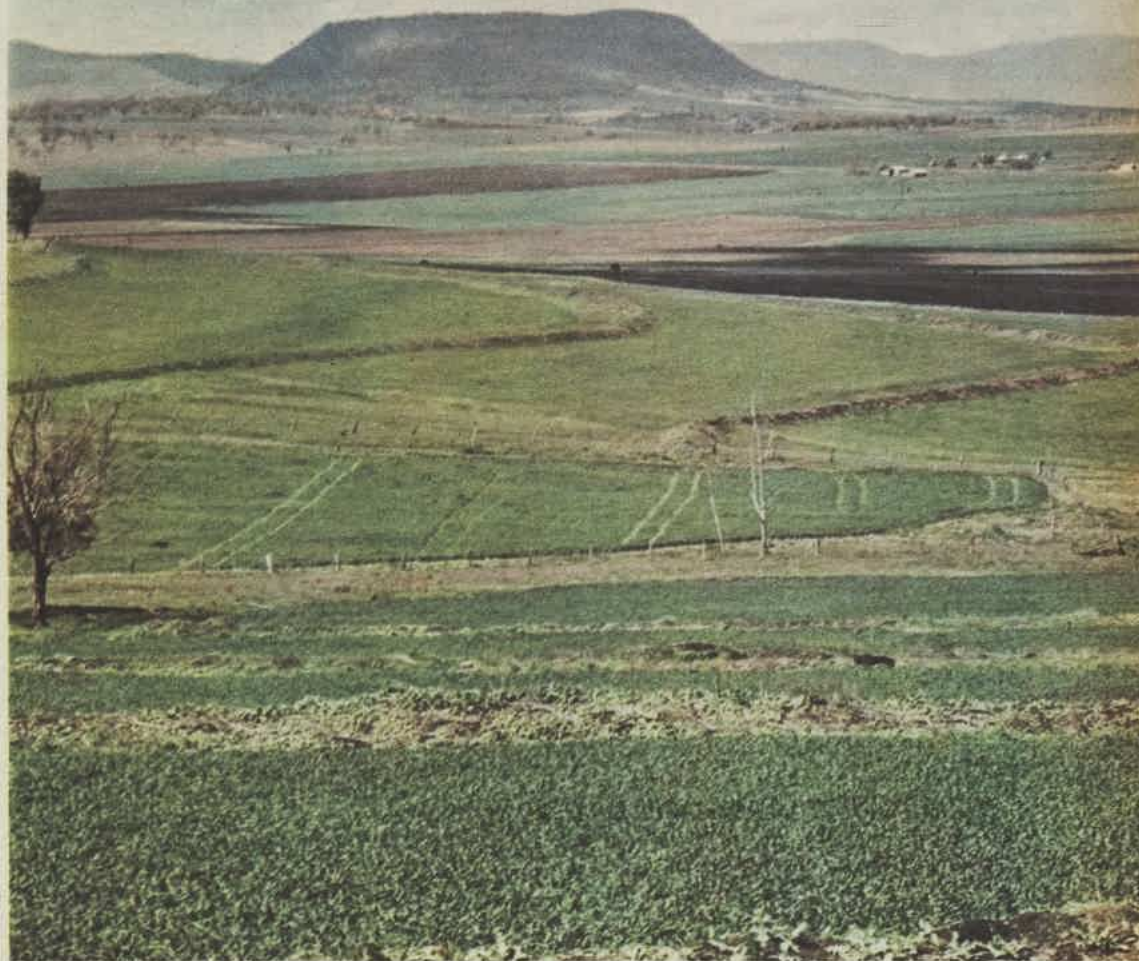
1856 The town of Beechworth, Vic., celebrated its first election for the Legislative Assembly. The Beechworth miners resolved to be represented in Parliament, and contributed the necessary funds for their candidate to qualify. Their contribution was a box of gold-dust. Donald Cameron, the miner's candidate, was elected, and, to celebrate his victory, they presented him with a fine horse with golden shoes. After the ceremony of fitting the golden horseshoes, Cameron rode triumphantly into the town, followed by a great concourse of miners.

The climax came when, at a given signal, the miners lit their pipes with pound notes. During the revels at the hotels that evening one of the miners, who had been a shepherd receiving 1/- per week with rations, shouted his pals 12 dozen bottles of champagne at £1 a bottle.

1884 To mark its inaugural issue, the *Cooktown, Qld., "Independent"* was printed on four pages (one side only) of white satin with red edges.

JUNE 7

1855 George Coppin opened a prefabricated theatre in Melbourne. Known as the "Iron Pot Theatre," it was imported complete from Manchester and was officially called the Olympic. The theatre, which was placed at the



DARLING DOWNS wheatlands with Mount Sturt in the background, photographed by Mr. Cliff Postle, of the Premier's Department, Queensland.

corner of Stephen and Lonsdale Streets, was a huge success; so much so that favorite artists were frequently showered with nuggets of gold.

1872 Women battle with Chinese at Clunes. The mine-owners of Clunes, Vic., decided to economise by supplanting white labor with Chinese. It looked as though the experiment would succeed, but the women of Clunes descended en masse to the mines and beat up the Chinese until all orientals were driven out of town.

JUNE 8

1849 The last convict ship, *Hashemy*, arrived in Port Jackson. A burning question of the period was the proposed resumption of convict transportation. The squatters were anxious to have convicts as assigned servants, but there was a strong body of opinion opposed to the system.

Viscount Robert Lowe, a member of the Legislative Council, made an eloquent speech at a public meeting of protest held near Circular Quay when the *Hashemy* arrived, and was one of a deputation of six who waited on the Governor, Sir Charles Fitzroy. The protests of this meeting virtually put an end to convict transportation to New South Wales.

1928 Kingsford Smith reached Brisbane on his trans-Pacific flight.

JUNE 9

1838 The Myall Creek Massacre. "One of the blackest stains that ever disgraced the pages of British history," was the description on the title-page of a report published the following year. During the years 1837-1838, two hut-keepers and two shepherds were killed in northern New South Wales by wild natives. On Myall Creek station, near the present town of Inverell, 12 station-hands, mostly convicts, during the superintendent's absence, decided to get rid of a tribe of Aborigines camped on the station. The men forced the natives into a hut at gunpoint, bound them, and drove them to the outskirts of the station, where they slaughtered the whole tribe.

On his return, the superintendent counted 28 beheaded bodies. Seven of the guilty men were hanged, despite many public protests.

1873 Sir Anthony Musgrave became Governor of South Australia. Many important measures were passed during his term of office, including those which enabled the Government to borrow largely for the development of the colony's resources. In later years, he was appointed Governor of Queensland.

1885 First Seventh Day Adventists arrived in Sydney.

JUNE 10

1858 Finding of the Welcome Nugget at Bakery Hill, Ballarat. It weighed 2217oz. with an estimated content of 2195oz. of pure gold.

1921 Death of hoaxer Louis de Rougemont, whose real name was Grin. Until bitter criticism arose of the alleged truth of his book "Adventures of Louis de Rougemont, as Told by Himself," he was taken so seriously that he even gave lectures and read papers before members of the Geographical Society and the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

The author claimed to have lived for 30 years among the Aborigines of unexplored northern Australia, and to have married, according to tribal law, a full-blooded lubra. Indeed, he dedicated his book "To my devoted wife, Yamba, the noblest work of the Creator." Although the book contains many absurdities, it is a splendid tale of adventures. Oddly enough, the public was gullible about stories of cannibal feasts, flying wombats, and snake charming, of the author sleeping inside a dead buffalo to cure himself of fever, and of being unable to emerge when the hide shrunk.

Nor were the accounts disbelieved of the faithful Yamba never leaving his side on his wanderings in Central Australia and elsewhere, bearing him numerous children, and obligingly consenting to his taking the half-caste daughter of the lost explorer Leichhardt as a second wife. The items that happened to be true made people scoff. When de Rougemont told of riding on the backs of turtles — today commonplace with tourists on some of the Great Barrier Reef islands — they refused to believe it.

He died in poverty.



● One of the most amazing panoramas of the inland seen from the air is the giant group of rose-colored domes of the Olgas (above), west of Ayers Rock. The rains, which have brought new life to the inland, lined the valleys with green.

● Last-minute check (left) on the flight plan from Bourke, on the Darling River in the north-west of N.S.W. Here the strange succession of parched deserts and seas of flood water ended in civilised scenery. Bourke has ample water supplies for irrigation and local agriculture.

● Ruth Ross (right) inspects some of the Aboriginal paintings at Ayers Rock in the Cave of Old Mala (Hare Wallaby Man), the large figure on the left of a human form wearing a ceremonial headdress. Other drawings are of an emu's tracks.

Pictures by JOHN BROWNLIE



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - JUNE 7, 1965

Touring Australia by plane

By RUTH E. ROSS

● *Three men and a girl flew on a holiday over Australia's dusty deserts, vast seas of flood waters, wild inland scenic spots.*



In a fortnight's tour of Australia by plane, we saw landscapes of bewildering and dramatic variety, sensed the eeriness of endless empty spaces, watched willy-willies circling under us from drought areas, were bogged down in floods.

Thargomindah cut off by water from all roads. Then back over the more peaceful irrigation areas and farmlands of New South Wales and Victoria to Melbourne.

The flight to Ayers Rock was our first away from obvious landmarks, but we landed just before dark at Curtin Springs homestead and spent the night under the clear starry sky.

Up early next morning and the Rock came into view. Although it was a cool morning with no direct sun, the brilliant coloring was there in all its magnificence.

Alice Springs and Ayers Rock and the Olgas we saw just in time — before flood rains bogged us down, cut our party in halves for six days.

We had come down at Henbury Station airstrip to wait while rains cleared over the Alice. But the roads were disappearing under water. John and I managed to get a lift into town. The vehicle that picked us up was probably the last to cross the raging Fincke River for a week.

Meanwhile, Neville and Geoff had remained at Henbury homestead with the plane stuck in the mud on the airstrip. All they could do was watch the rain. For six days we saw the "dry inland" a seething ocean of muddy waters.

● *Seas of brown flood waters completely surrounded Thargomindah when the party called there. They were able to land on the airstrip though all the roads were cut. Thargomindah, in the far west of Queensland, is on the Bulloo River, some miles to the east of the famous Channel Country.*

Reunited at the Alice, our next "scenery" was desert again, the flat, bare, bone-dry menacing Simpson Desert, as we passed over it into northern Queensland.

Then on to Cloncurry in the Gulf Country. Heavy rains had made this part lush green. Cranes nested in the marshy recesses at the edge of the airfield.

More floods beset us as we flew past the Channel Country of western Queensland. Thargomindah was surrounded by endless seas of water from the Bulloo River. All roads were cut and supplies were being flown in.

Townfolk greeted us at the airstrip and drove us into town. One little boy aged eight had just seen rain for the first time. He couldn't understand how water could fall from the sky!

After Bourke, the silver lines of the railways made the route homeward easy to follow.



● *Preparing for the day's flight from Oodnadatta (above) in the glowing light of the "Piccaninny Dawn" (first light). Oodnadatta, on the North-South railway, was once a staging place for camel teams before the railways opened.*

● *Among the charms of Ayers Rock is the contrast between the bare, massive monolith and the delicacy of the wildflowers that surround it. Picture below shows some of the broad-leaf Parakeelya (Calandrinia balonensis) in bloom.*



12345678910

10 REASONS FOR USING TAMPAX

1. INVISIBLE IN PLACE.
2. UNFELT IN PLACE.
3. NO BELTS, PINS, PADS.
4. NO ODOUR.
5. NO CHAFING, IRRITATION.
6. BATHE WEARING TAMPAX.
7. FREEDOM OF ACTION.
8. FREEDOM FROM WORRY.
9. NO ONE CAN KNOW.
10. IT'S THE MODERN WAY.

YOUR CHOICE OF 2 ABSORBENCIES (REGULAR AND SUPER) IN STANDARD 10% AND THE ECONOMY 40% AT SUBSTANTIAL SAVING.



If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) send name, address and 6c in stamps to: The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

Advertisement

End Dry Skin

Wrinkles form in the colder weather because the skin contracts, making it hard for the little oil ducts to feed and protect the surface skin. Those of you with dry skins should take a little extra care at this time of the year by smoothing oil of Ulan over the face and neck daily before you make-up. This hygroscopic (moisture attracting) oil will give the complexion a healthy, peaches-and-cream bloom, even in winter and is the finest protection against wrinkle dryness. It is also excellent for night-time nourishing.

Margaret Merril

MONEY GIFTS TO CHILDREN

TO "Give and Take," who complained about money given to children as a gift being banked for them, I would like to say that I consider this a very sound idea. The day after I was born a special bank account was opened in my name, and all money given to me at birthdays and Christmas was put in this account. It was jokingly said that it was to spend when I went to England. Last year my husband and I did go to England—a lifelong ambition—and took the \$400 to spend on souvenirs. I get much more pleasure from these than I would have, as a child, from books, sweets, or similar gifts.

\$2 to Mrs. Margaret Thompson, Box Hill North, Vic.

MONEY is sometimes given to my two children for their birthdays. If there is something they want, it is bought with the money. Otherwise it goes into their own bank accounts. When our son was born a friend gave me money to buy a gift for him. I couldn't think what to get, so opened his own bank account. The friend said he thought it a good idea, as the money would grow with the baby.

\$2 to "Mum" (name supplied), Middleton, S.A.

AS a child, when I received money gifts, I was allowed to spend all if it was a small amount, a portion if it was a large amount, or I could put it all in my school bank. Well, sometimes I did buy myself a gift, but quite often I was just as pleased to see it raise the amount in my bank account.

\$2 to "Save 'n Spend" (name supplied), Reservoir, Vic.

OBVIOUSLY, the giver of the money could think of no gift that the child needed, but the mother, in her desire to safeguard her daughter's future, saw how the money could constructively be used. In banking the money for the child's future education, the mother was teaching the child to appreciate the ideal of learning and so helping to set the child's priorities on at least one of the important aspects of life. Please don't resent the fact that your gift may be the equivalent of a school book. Be happy that in a small way you have helped to equip a child with the important gift of an education.

\$2 to Mrs. Cara Beed, Carlton, Vic.

WHEN making a gift to a child I have noticed that many people choose clothing. But, in my experience, a child old enough to enjoy opening a parcel feels nothing but disappointment at such a gift. Until adolescence they are apt to consider clothes in the same category as food—something which is normally provided by their parents, but not pleasurable and exciting as a gift.

\$2 to "Sally" (name supplied), Monbulk, Vic.



LETTER BOX

● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

21st birthday query

AT the end of the year my son is having his 21st birthday. If I could afford it, he would have the works, because I love him very much. I shall buy him the best gift I can think of, and can afford. But the thing that has me worried is to what lengths one is expected to go to do the right thing. It hadn't really worried me until a friend, whose son is also 21 soon, said she has planned a party (at a hall) at a cost of \$500. I was staggered. Please, will someone tell me if this is the usual thing? I should hate my son to feel let down.

\$2 to "Perplexed" (name supplied), Balwyn, Vic.

Baggage blues

IF there's one thing that really annoys me, it is to find that the large lady with a small suitcase, weighing-in at the airport baggage counter, has to pay nothing extra, while SSW me, with a large suitcase, has to pay excess baggage. The combined weight of her and her luggage would be equal to the combined weight of me and my luggage. If the airways saw it this way, it would be a wonderful diet incentive to all those large travellers with small suitcases.

\$2 to Mrs. A. N. Davis, Lindisfarne, Tas.

Gifts misused

SOMEONE once said that we were given a sense of humor to compensate us for what we are, and an imagination to compensate us for what we are not. But I sometimes wonder if we don't use these gifts the wrong way round. Instead of laughing at ourselves, we laugh at others, and our imagination is used to feel sorry for ourselves and not for other people.

\$2 to "Live and Laugh" (name supplied), St. Ives, N.S.W.

Outdone by a teddy bear

EVERYONE has his Waterloo, and I, who rather fancy myself as having a way with babies, met mine. The baby took one look at me and screamed blue murder. When I climbed into her playpen and sat there cross-legged, she decided she was right the first time. One by one I went through all my tricks, to no avail. In desperation I took my glasses out of my pocket and put them on her teddy bear. She burst out laughing. Babies! I love them.

\$2 to Mrs. Joyce King, Gladstone, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

WHAT'S IN A SURNAME?

MRS. HOPKINS' daughter Amber, 17, said to her mother: "Can Geoffrey come to dinner on Sunday?"

Her mother said: "Geoffrey who?" "I don't know his other name, Mum," said Amber. "But he's very nice."

"Have you known him long?" "Of course I have! Geoffrey's been going round with our crowd for months."

"But you don't know his surname?"

"Why should I, Mum? Everyone just calls him Geoffrey."

Her mother said resignedly: "All right. You can ask Geoffrey Something along."

Whether their elders like it or not, surnames are rapidly going out of use among younger people. They

live in a world of Jennifers and Johns and Craigs and Julies and Dianes.

Various entertainers, like Peter, Paul and Mary, are going along with the trend.

However, this first-name living does have certain snags. That was made apparent by the romance of Gary and Pam.

They had been going steady for three months without knowing each other's second names.



Then Gary asked Pam to marry him. She accepted with alacrity. She liked the idea of becoming a Mrs., though she did not bother to ascertain Mrs. Who.

The wedding went off well. The officiating clergyman said: "Do you, Gary, take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?"

Gary said, "I do."

In her turn Pam said likewise. The reception was very informal. Noeline and Joan and Des and Patty and Neville and Peta and Charles

and Darlene and Andrew and Katie and the rest were all there.

When introducing had to be done, Pam said: "Hi! This is Gary." Gary said: "Hi! This is Pam."

Then they went to a hotel for the honeymoon. While Gary brought the luggage from the car, Pam went to the reception desk.

"My husband has reserved a suite," she said.

"What name?" asked the receptionist.

"Gary and Pam," said Pam.

"Yes, but Mr. and Mrs. What?" said the receptionist.

Pam had to say: "I don't know."

"Are you sure you're married?" said the receptionist suspiciously.

"Of course we are!" said Pam.

"I'm Mrs.—er—" She was becoming very embarrassed.

Then Gary came in and she asked: "Gary, what's your other name?"

"I forgot to tell you," he said, "The name's Frankenstein—Gary Frankenstein."

The situation was too much for poor Pam. She broke down and sobbed: "I d-didn't want to be the bride of Frankenstein."

But it was too late. She was "Pam Frankenstein" from then on.

The moral is: However friendly you are, find out a person's second name before marrying him.

A WOMAN'S WORK...

Stove needs cleaning,
Cupboards should be done,
Covers want washing
(Must have wind and sun),
Saucepans looking dingy,
Likewise the floors,
Books rather dusty,
Oh, the endless chores!
Verse to be written,
What about? No clues.
Best postpone the problems
And have a little snooze.

—Dorothy Drain

Set an example

WE oldsters are quick to complain about lack of manners in young people. But what example do we give them? Recently a young man held open a heavy swing door for me, and when I thanked him, he said, "Thank YOU for saying 'Thank you.'" Apparently he had not received much recognition in the past for gentlemanly acts.

\$2 to K.R. (name supplied), Perth.

Not the aim to be pretty

WHILE talking to my teenage granddaughter about the present trend of young fashions in clothes, make-up, hair, etc., I made the comment that the girls did not look a bit pretty. "But, Nan," came the startling reply, "that's the whole idea. The in thing is to look weird." And how!

\$2 to "Nan" (name supplied), Budgewoi, N.S.W.

New from **Master Foods**

Marmalade you make yourself in 15 minutes



Great new idea. Marmalade Mix. Contains its own shredded oranges. Simply add water and a 2 lb. bag of sugar. Makes 3 lbs. of country style marmalade for about 15c a pound. Your family will love its fresh fruity taste. Delicious! Try it now.

MINI-PANTS, BLOOMERS ARE NEW SPRING GEAR



● Dior's one-piece pants-dresses (above). Both designs are in exotic cotton prints. Left, a dress in orange-and-white; right, a design in navy-and-white. The dresses are worn with ultra-large saucer hats in fine white straw.



● Green-and-white check wool tunic dress is worn over green silk bloomers. The tunic has a stand-up mandarin collar, a four-button trim, and is slit at each side. Design is by Laroche.



● Bloomers are frankly on view in this after-five dress made in flowery chiffon. The dress has a high neckline, long sleeves, and a self-material sash softly tied at centre front. Design by Castillo.

● The next big fashion revolution will erupt with bloomers and mini-pants. Like all ultra fashions, bloomers have been met with the usual "I'll never wear them," but it's a logical fashion because it solves the brevity problem with modesty.

What happens when you raise your arms in a mini? I'll tell you—your skirt runs thigh-high. If bloomers are not your dish, there are Ricci's



safari pants-suits, Dior's delicious pants-dresses, and Ungaro's kinky little pants-suits worn with matching mini-coats. The fashions are for young swingers and are super-chic.

N.B. It is reported that bloomers are among the biggest buys in London. So it's back to school in fashion. Again youth wins out.

—BETTY KEEP

● Mini-suits teamed with mini-coats (above). Left, the outfit is in beige with a white trim, at right the ensemble is in navy-blue and white. Both suits are worn with ribbed knee-socks and white low-heeled shoes. Designs by Ungaro.

● Red wool tunic dress (right) has side vents slit high to show matching bermuda pants. The tunic is slit at the collarless neckline and trimmed with a neat braid rosette. The rosette is repeated on the short-cut pants.



● Safari suit by Ricci (above) consists of a bush jacket, cuffed bermuda shorts, and a white silk shirt. The suit is beige, the skirt is belted. The wide-brimmed, on-safari hat shades the wearer's face.



DRESS SENSE by BETTY KEEP

- The double-breasted coat (below, right) with slim, full-length sleeves and wide, standing collar has been chosen to answer a reader's style query.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"For my going-away outfit I intend wearing a white wool coat and a small white hat made in the coat fabric. Could you suggest

a striking style to suit a tall, slim brunette? I like your Vogue Paris original patterns, so please could you let me have one if they're in size 14?"

Illustrated below, right, is the coat I have chosen for your

going-away outfit. The design has a side closing and is cut on the bias in front and straight in back. The wide bias standing collar is new and modern. The coat is a Vogue Paris original, designed by Pierre Cardin. Underneath the illustration are how-to-order details.

"What is the right way to take my measurements to buy the correct pattern size?"

Wear your usual girdle or foundation garment. Measure your waistline at the smallest part and measure your hips 8in. below this point.

"Could you let me have a pattern for an A-line skirt? I don't want the design to have a waist belt, just to be smooth and well fitted."

Our pattern department includes a perfectly tailored A-line skirt. To order, please quote

Vogue pattern 7008 and state size required. Pattern price 70 includes postage. It is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O. Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"I have been asked to formal function at 8.30 p.m. What would be the correct attire?"

For a formal function at the hour you mention, it is usual to wear a floor-length evening dress. However, I think it would be a good idea to consult your hostess because it could, for some occasions — for example, a party at home — be permissible to wear a short-skirted evening dress.

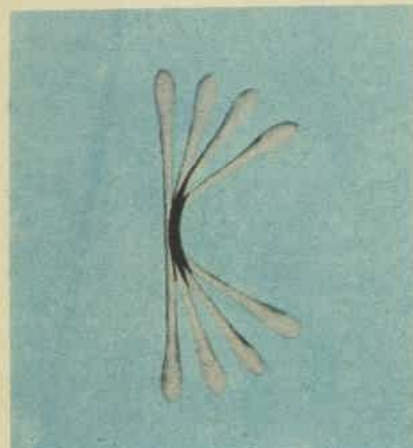
"Is it correct for a widow to wear a formal gown at her second wedding?"

It can be formal, but not a formal wedding gown. You can be a bride only once.

"What type of hat could wear with a purple wool suit? The suit has a short jacket and pleated skirt."

My choice would be a pillbox in the same wool as the suit.

Johnsons Cotton Buds are flexible. (100's of uses.)



Johnson's flexible Cotton Buds.



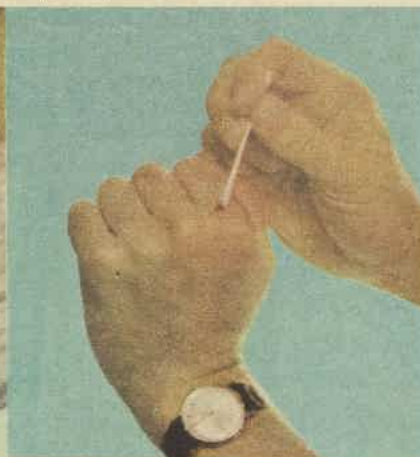
They're inexpensive* and convenient.



They help hide a spot.



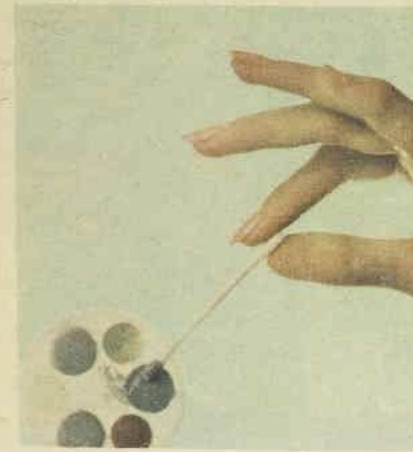
And they can clean a baby's ear.



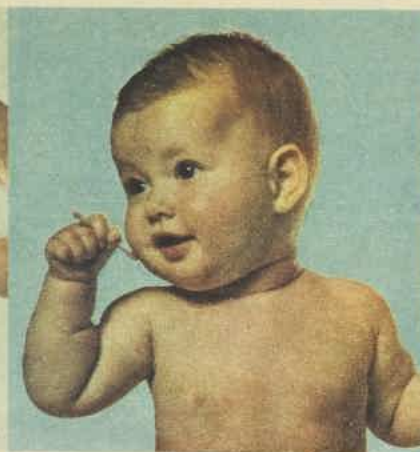
Or a cut.



Apply a lip gloss.



Brush on eye shadow.



They were invented for babies.



But grown-ups like them, too.
(Like most of Johnson's baby things.)



1712.—Coat in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust, Vogue Paris original by Pierre Cardin. Price \$1.60 includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

RIVETS



* 25c for 50, 45c for 100.

Johnson & Johnson

LESSON IN CREATION (or, sex lectures for primary school)

Sydney mother **HEATHER BROWN** found it an enlightening experience when **SHE** had to take her boys to a father-and-son showing of sex-education films at the local primary school.

A FEW days ago the Father and Son Movement came to school.

"What's that?" I inquired from my ten-year-old twin boys.

"Oh, films an' that . . . about things."

"What things?"

Vaguely, "I dunno . . . babies I think. We know all about that anyway."

I was not so sure. Films can be more educational than diagrams and discussions, be you ever so objective. They have the added emotional content which you need when dealing with an emotional subject. And besides, being a teacher myself, I was anxious to see how sex was put over in the primary school in Australia.

"When is it?" I asked. "I'd like you to go."

"You can't go without a father if you're a boy, and mothers are only allowed with their daughters. So said . . ."

Dilemma. Father was away in the bush on business, and not expected back for days. I checked on the phone.

"Darling, I suppose you couldn't get back in time for . . . of great educational importance . . . moral duty . . . visual aids . . . oh, well, it can't be helped . . ."

All I got was the anticipated, "You take them, dear," true to the formula of This is Women's Business. Anything that let's you out, I thought. One mention of the birds and the bees and you've got pressing business in the study. I asked the P and C.

"You mean, you want to bring the boys? Oh, I don't think you could do that. You see, it might embarrass the other fathers."

How muddled can you get? I thought the idea was to prove ourselves above embarrassment! I tackled the Movement itself.

"Of course, come along by all means . . . oh, yes, we encourage the fathers naturally, but if you haven't got one, come yourself

I went, disguised as a book-case, and sat at the back of the crowded school library behind a large, kindly father who wouldn't have been embarrassed by Lady Godiva herself.

The boys lost themselves at a discreet distance, pretending they belonged to any one of the intent, black-suited, solemn proponents endeavoring to comport themselves in a suitable manner. Some decided on a paternally protective attitude to their young, asking them if they could see the screen, and were they comfortable, and it wouldn't be long.

Some chose the church as the nearest sexual experience, and sat in reverent silence.

Some had had time to gather the gist of things from Mother, who had rushed home from her session with Daughter in time to review the plot and main characters while brushing Son's hair and seeing Father had enough change to buy literature afterward.

Some looked apprehensive, some interested, but all sat under a heavy sense of duty and responsibility. Truly, the Western attitude to sex is ponderous.

The lights dimmed. The American commentator's voice rose above the heraldic music, and the facts of life began.

First, a colored movie empha-

sizing the importance of the family from the social, emotional, and practical point of view, with some delightful photography of animals and a sense of humor which immediately relaxed the children.

Paterfamilias sat in frozen concentration, afraid of missing something, and it was left to the next generation to roar with laughter, and react naturally to the commentator's suggestions.

The emotional climate was restored to normal before we proceeded to the biological details. These were treated with animated diagrams, correct terminology, and well-chosen descriptive phrases.

We not only saw the creation of a new person ("you or me or Johnny-next-door"), from conception to birth, but we saw and heard children of mixed races discussing it all in an American classroom.

The audience sat silent and absorbed. You could have heard a pin drop in the many prolonged silences. Afterward I learned that the Mother and Daughter session had been lavishly punctuated with giggles and whispers.

Evidently the mother-daughter relationship contains less reserve

(or is it more embarrassment?) toward the facts of life than the stolid, father-son, shoulder-to-shoulder attitude.

Unabashed, we had an interval with the lights on and a short, straightforward talk from the organiser. He was listened to attentively, and hands went up to answer his questions. I had the feeling that the children weren't the only ones learning.

The second film was also excellent, this time mostly stills and cartoons, and covering roughly the same field. The repetition made us all more sure of ourselves, and by the time we'd all said it ourselves again afterward, it became common, acceptable knowledge, of no particular drama.

The picture I liked best was one of the "many ways father shows his love for mother" — the happy pair tackling a mountain of washing-up with seraphic expressions of shared martyrdom.

You can laugh (the fathers didn't), but it does make the point that the facts of life are not only biological, and can explain why you sometimes feel kind or protective or worried about your pimples or disposed to show off, as well as how babies are born.

" . . . it's funny, Mummy, but now I'm thirteen I want to grow my hair long again . . . I never thought I'd change my mind . . ."

The lights went up again, along with a paternal sigh of relief. The emotion of sex for children had proved quite socially acceptable, after all. Faces showed admiration and critical curiosity, a satisfactory answer to the past, and a confidence about the future.

I hastily extricated myself from the enlightened fathers before the old embarrassment should set in. In any case, there was a rush for the doors as an ABC feature program unit had closed in and was inviting volunteers to give their comments and answer questions. They'd have done better to ask the Mums, I thought, as I fled into the darkness with an inquiring twin on either hand.

"It was a gas film."

"Wish they'd shown twins!"

"Were we two eggs?"

"Well, then, what about trip-

lets? Or quins?"

"Supposing you don't have a wife?"

I think I'll leave that one for Father. It'll be something to look forward to when he comes back from the bush.

A reader has formed a one-woman . . .

EXTRAVAGANTS ANONYMOUS

I AM extravagant. According to my extravagant dictionary, this means "wild, absurd, wasteful." Somehow I have never thought of myself as wild. Absurd? Well, most people are a little absurd. Wasteful? Probably.

But extravagant—yes. I'm extravagant. It's like an incurable disease. I have tried one cure after another, but now just shrug my shoulders and say, "I was born extravagant, my whole family is extravagant, it's in our blood." Nevertheless, I never give up trying a new cure.

I envy my friends who can walk into a frock salon and immediately be attracted to the cheapest item there. I never check price tags, but you can

By **LEANNE ROBERTS**

bet the frock I select will have the highest price attached—or none at all, so that you have to ask the price and then become too embarrassed to say "No, it's too dear, thank you."

I eagerly scan published articles on how to stick to a budget. I try all methods, but somehow they never turn out as described. A Budget Stew turns out to be a dish fit for a king—with enough to feed the whole palace.

"Knit Your Own Winter Wardrobe"—I've tried that, too, and then halfway through a badly needed jumper I see just the one I want in a shop window,

buy it, and then it doesn't seem such a matter of urgency to finish the knitted one.

I've tried sewing, too. THAT cured me of attempting a budget for some six months. Somehow or other, everything turned out three sizes too large.

Now, like most couples, we have a joint home savings account and joint cheque account. Each pay night, we divide up the weekly earnings. Money for bills goes into the cheque account, housekeeping and spending expenses are extracted, and the remainder goes into the savings account.

All very organised and systematic, and it has cured my extravagance to a degree, as I always make sure I am able to manage without eating into the bank accounts.

Then I discovered all my friends were able to manage on far less. I wasn't cured at all. To enter the clan of thrifty housewives I had to manage on less. How?

Well, I have found the solution. Each week when I collect my housekeeping funds I go straight to the bank. I don't enter any shops, and I don't look in any windows. I deposit a small portion of my funds. I have done this for eight weeks, and now have the enormous sum of \$21 in a special bank account—my Extravagants Anonymous account.

At last I have joined the ranks of the thrifty housewives—wonderful, wonderful cure. And just think, next time I go on a shopping spree, I will have \$21 to spend on something nice and . . . nice and . . . well, nice and extravagant.

Beauty Cleanse for Oily Skins

Skins which carry too much oil can now be cleared to normal radiant loveliness with a wonder-acting pink milk. This Entration milk absorbs excess skin greasiness and, on contact with water, drains it from the complexion in seconds. It refines enlarged pores, cleanses oily patches, and corrects greasy skin conditions that lead to blemishes, blackheads, and keratinisation. To give your complexion a peaches-and-cream softness, ask your chemist for a supply of deep - cleansing Entration milk.

If your child misbehaves . . .

Try this for
overnight recovery

There are days when even the most placid children become almost impossible to handle. Wise mothers suspect childhood constipation. It's usually Mother Nature's job to keep your children regular. But, when Nature forgets, remember Laxettes. Each milk chocolate square contains an exact dose of a mild laxative. Laxettes, given at bedtime, work gently to correct irregularity while your kiddie sleeps. Next day the constipation attack is over. Always keep Laxettes handy.

Only 35 cents (3/6).



But you can rid yourself of stomach discomfort with the balanced formula of

DeWitt's
ANTACID POWDER OR TABLETS.

SPRING WIGS BEAUTY

Mail Order Service 100% Human Hair Wigs, Wiglets and Bandolas. Best quality, natural lustre, genuine value saving up to 40%. Send for free literature today. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope to **SPRING BEAUTY, BOX 3081, G.P.O., SYDNEY.**

BACKACHE

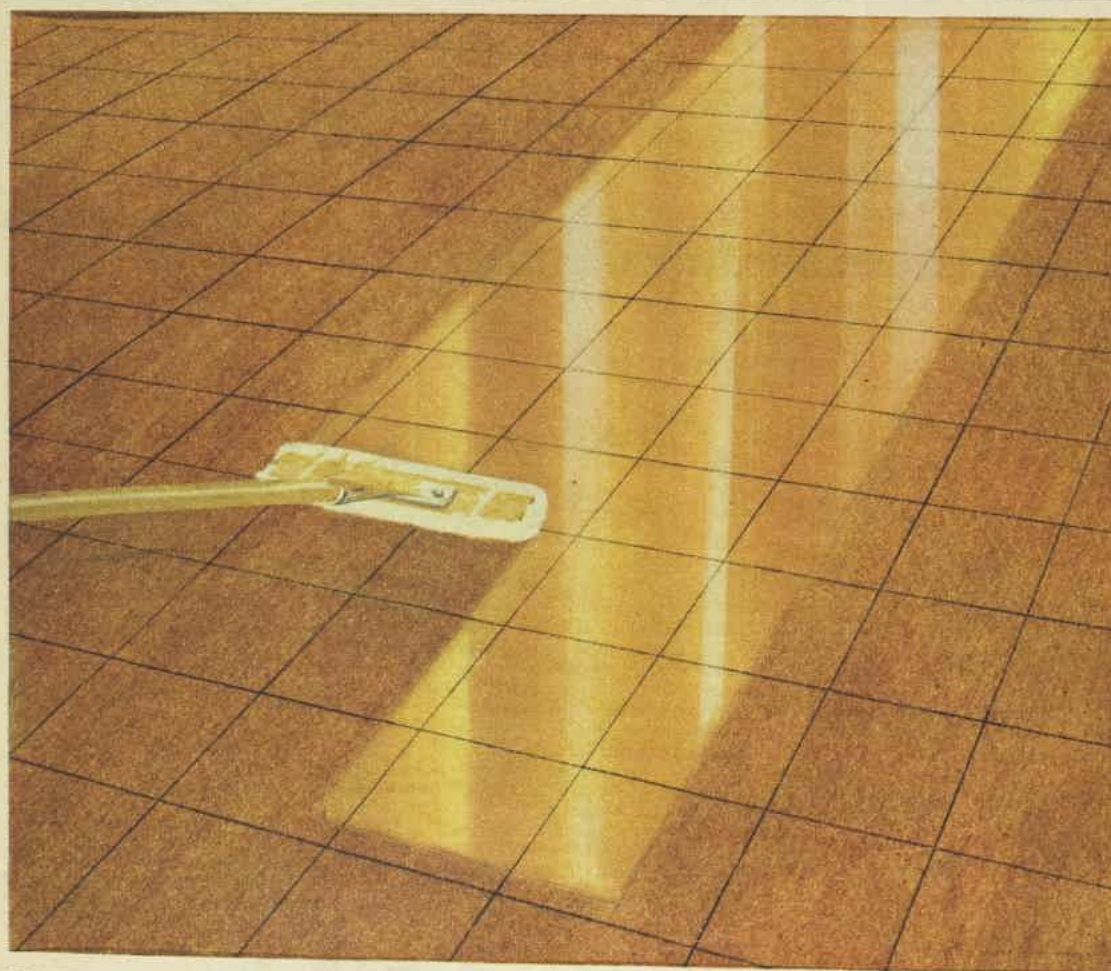
If your back aches like sin and rheumatism, kill your work and fun, take New Improved CYSTEX to wash away the acids and pain. Peel young and fit again. Get Scientific Laboratory-tested acid Certified CYSTEX from your chemist for fast help. Only 6/6.

KIWI
cleaning
products
your home's
brightest
friends!



"Beautifully clean!" A compliment to you when you use double action Chief Wash n' Wax on all floors. Chief Wash n' Wax acts fast — **cleans** as it **shines** in only one

application, and leaves a bright hard wearing surface. Save time and money — look for double action Chief Wash n' Wax in the distinctive pack.



Get that 'look like new' look with **CHIEF WASH N' WAX**
ANOTHER FAMOUS KIWI PRODUCT 

• Concluding the autobiography of ballerina Elaine Fifiield

IN MY SHOES



PART 2 ELAINE FIFIELD with KEVIN PERKINS

THE STORY SO FAR: Australian Elaine Fifiield has become a much-praised dancer at Covent Garden, having made good the promise she showed when, in Sydney, she won a £250 dancing scholarship to London. In her early childhood her parents, strict Seventh Day Adventists, had been against even dancing lessons, but they finally decided that her natural ability for ballet should be developed, and helped all they could. In London, ballet success followed success for Elaine, but her emotional life was less satisfactory. After an unhappy love affair with another man, she married conductor Jack Lanchbery — wondering if she were doing the right thing by her career. But after their daughter Margaret was born, and more ballet triumphs, and a holiday in Spain with Jack, the world seemed rosy indeed. Now read on . . .

WE both returned to London refreshed and optimistic about the future. I was longing to dance again. Then the most important thing of my career happened, early in 1956.

I was to be launched in "Sleeping Beauty." It meant a great deal to me. Not only is "Beauty" an exacting marathon technically—it is in three acts—but it demands high acting ability, too. For these reasons it is the most difficult of all ballets to dance.

Perhaps a ballerina can get away with dancing "Giselle" without warmth, but she must have it for Princess Aurora. Five ballerinas had just been launched in "Sleeping Beauty," but at that point I had not reached ballerina status.

As the ballet was already in performance that season, there was no necessity to hold a dress rehearsal for me. So I had to go on without that final run-through, which is so valuable as a last-minute test.

Frederick Ashton, who had helped Margot Fonteyn achieve her eminence in the role, rehearsed me thoroughly. Aurora was Fonteyn's forte, therefore it gave me added incentive.

David Blair was my partner when I made my debut, and I approached the role with a great deal of reverence because I knew it was the most important step of my life.

But that night, as the lights gradually dimmed in the Royal Opera House and Tchaikovsky's lovely music filled the expectant theatre, I began to feel I actually was Aurora the Princess.

The feeling I had that night was uncanny. I felt a powerful certainty in what I did. It felt as though something was holding me up, some hidden force.

My dancing came so simply and easily that it was like magic. The feeling I had that night was the most important thing in my whole life.

I had to talk about it. The sensation was so unusual and so intense that afterwards I was afraid of it. But I felt I had to communicate with someone. Who better than my mentor, Frederick Ashton?

"I enjoyed that more than anything else I've ever done," I told him.

"Well, you shouldn't. You are a very naughty girl," he answered, to my astonishment.

"But why not? What was wrong?" I cried.

"Because nobody else enjoyed it," he said. And the conversation was over.

I couldn't believe it.

Madam de Valois (director of the Sadler's Wells Company) was away from London and did not see the performance. If she had been there I would have gone and seen her.

That night, when I went home, Val Foster (my Australian friend who looked after my small daughter, Margaret) filled the bathtub with roses. I was so elated I could not sleep.

Next morning I was deeply hurt when I read the reviews. I felt their comments showed they had not understood the way I was trying to interpret a role. I felt they were most unfair.

And why wouldn't Mr. Ashton let me talk to him about my performance?

But he struck a more encouraging note a few days later. "Now you and I will work on 'Giselle,'" he told me.

That was all, but it raised my morale. "Giselle," which all ballerinas wish to interpret well, has been the touchstone by which they have been judged for more than a century, because of its huge dramatic demands.

A week after my first performance of "Sleeping Beauty," I danced it again, this time with Michael Somes, who was then Dame Margot Fonteyn's partner.

I danced well enough, but I had the feeling that my confidence was destroyed. Something was missing. I was Fifiield interpreting Aurora. Not Aurora herself.

Madam de Valois was present this time. By a lucky chance Val was seated in the back row of the auditorium and Frederick Ashton leant over the rail just behind her to watch me during the Rose Adagio.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 7, 1967



ELAINE with her daughters after a performance at the Elizabethan Theatre, Sydney, in 1964. Joydi, then 2, is on the left, Louise, then 4, holds her mother's hand, and Margaret, 10, adjusts her shoes.

Val's description of their reaction pleased me, of course. But it puzzled me even more.

"Madam looked just like a child who has been given the fairy off a Christmas tree," she said. "They were both tickled pink. Several times she exclaimed, 'Wonderful! Wonderful!'"

"When you finished the adagio and ran off the stage, Frederick Ashton turned to Madam, and said, 'I told you she could do it superbly.' Then they left."

Even allowing for a bit of exaggeration on Val's part to please me, she couldn't have made it up. Why did nobody say anything to me?

I tried not to dwell on it. But worse was to come. Soon afterwards, perhaps a fortnight, I was scheduled to do "Sleeping Beauty" at Covent Garden again.

It had gone up on the cast list on the notice board for the following week.

Then it was suddenly withdrawn. A performance of "Swan Lake" by David Blair and Nadia Nerina was substituted. There were no explanations and no apologies.

David Blair came to me. "Why don't you say something about your performance of 'Beauty' being cancelled?" he asked me.

"I'm so hurt I can't bring myself to say anything to

anyone," I said, and I rushed up to my dressing-room.

In the months after dancing "Sleeping Beauty" I was very unhappy and alone. I was full of tragic self-pity at what I took to be an unwarranted snub at the Garden, and I dwelt on this and on my own personal problems to the exclusion of almost everything else.

Sometimes I sat in my room for hours, brooding, and darning my tights and repairing my clothes.

I always spent a great deal of time backing my shoe ribbons with tape, a secret I learned from Margot Fonteyn.

Could I be sure that if I gave up dancing and concentrated entirely on my home and marriage I could make a success of it?

Religion became a basis for remorseless self-argument. Why was I here on this earth? The good that is put into us must have an outlet, I thought, and I have only one, ballet.

My burning problem was with Margaret. She was having a most abnormal home life. She only ever seemed to see her father, whom she admired, conducting an orchestra, or her mother dancing.

To celebrate the silver jubilee of the Sadler's Wells Company, Mr. Ashton created a new ballet, "Birthday

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

IN MY SHOES

PART 2 ELAINE FIFIELD with KEVIN PERKINS



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

Offering." It was performed before members of the royal family in May, 1956.

I was given a place of honor by leading the other six ballerinas on to the stage. They were Violetta Elvin, Svetlana Berisova, Fonteyn, Beryl Grey, Rowena Jackson, and Nadia Nerina.

Within a month or so things looked better for me at the Garden and I was finally elevated to the status of a ballerina.

I succeeded Violetta Elvin, who married in Italy and announced her retirement from the stage.

My debut as a ballerina at Covent Garden was in the full-length "Swan Lake." The dual role of Odette-Odile on the large

Covent Garden stage is a marathon.

When the great night arrived, I am happy to say it was a triumphant debut and I had many pleasing reviews.

But one evening, quite out of the blue, Jack came home and told me he had found a new girl.

He was embarrassed telling me, but not desperately upset.

I was, I suppose I should have been prepared.

While I was at the theatre I managed to cope quite well, but the breakup of my marriage had repercussions on every side.

Eleven years is a long time to be away from home. My own parents had not seen me dance,

and only once in those 11 years had I seen Mother, apart from the very beginning when she accompanied me to England.

I was homesick.

I had danced all the classical ballets except "Giselle" at Covent Garden, had created 18 ballets and *divertissements*.

No other Australian had ever reached ballerina status with the Royal Ballet Company. In fact, no Australian girl had sustained any of the full-length classics at Covent Garden.

The reward was spiritual rather than financial. I never earned much more than £30 a week.

A group from the Royal Ballet was to tour Australia as

guest artists for the Borovansky Ballet. Dame Margot, one other ballerina, and two male partners were to go. I set my heart on this trip.

I confidently anticipated that I would be chosen as the second ballerina.

Then I had a crushing let-down. I was not asked to go on the Australian tour.

The other ballerina was to be Rowena Jackson. The male partners were Michael Somes and Bryan Ashbridge.

It made it worse because Rowena was one of my best friends.

I felt no animosity toward her personally, but it did seem logical at the time that because Margot was dancing only in Australia, the second role might have been given to an Australian dancer.

Then I thought of my disappointment over "Sleeping Beauty." I had never been able to get to the bottom of that. Once or twice, when I had raised the subject, I had the feeling that some people were anxious not to talk about it.

And there was "Giselle." It was more than a year since I was promised that role at the Garden, and still I had not danced it.

Fate took a hand almost at once. Anna, the teacher at West Street, where I took my classes, came to me and said: "Sir Frank Tait asked me to speak to you. He wants to know if you are interested in going out to Australia as guest artist for six months with the Borovansky Company. If you are, go and see him."

No goodbyes

The very next day I agreed to sign for a six months' engagement in Australia. It was all so quick, and I was so impulsive. But I was convinced that it was the right thing to do.

That evening I composed this note: "Dear Madam, I wish to terminate my contract. I do not wish to sign a contract here for any further work. I have finished. Sincerely, Elaine Fifield." And I gave it in. It was as simple as that.

Madam began: "Child, child, do you know what you're doing? Think what the company has done for you! We have made you an artist. You are now at the most crucial stage of your career. Surely you can't be serious in wanting to give it up at this point?"

"Elaine, I beg you to reconsider this. You do realise that you are behaving in a way which means you can never come back?"

But I left, with Margaret, within a week of the last performance. I didn't say goodbye to a soul.

Jack took us to the airport. It was a warm homecoming. A small army of Press, television, and radio men were at the airport in Sydney to interview me.

For more than an hour I talked of what I'd left behind, what I'd tried to accomplish, and, most of all, what I hoped to do for ballet in Australia.

My parents, brother Ray, and a few relatives were there to meet me.

I was thrilled to be back among my own people in those first few days. And yet I didn't feel at home.

I missed London. I missed the Company. I missed Covent Garden and all that went with it. I missed the atmosphere.

I couldn't admit immediately that I was a fool. That I'd left my life behind in London. That Australia wasn't me any more.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39



WAKE UP TO THE HAPPY SOUND OF Kellogg's RICE BUBBLES

Every Snap! Crackle! Pop!® you hear, is a grain of nourishing rice bursting with hearty goodness and fun and crisp, delicious flavour!



TO BE HAPPY TO KNOW THAT KELLOGG'S RICE BUBBLES® GIVE YOU THE RICH AND CRISPNESS OF VITAMINS AND MINERALS, CALL: (02) 921-1111, (02) 921-1112, (02) 921-1113.

*REGISTERED TRADE MARK. RICE BUBBLES IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF KELLOGG (AUST) PTY LTD, FOR ITS KELLOGG BRAND OF CEREALS. RICE BUBBLES IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF KELLOGG (AUST) PTY LTD, FOR ITS KELLOGG BRAND OF CEREALS.

Page 38

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 7, 1967

IN MY SHOES

PART 2 ELAINE FIFIELD with KEVIN PERKINS



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

I should have had the sense to realise that the Borovansky Company was not the Royal Ballet Company, Covent Garden.

There was no Frederick Ashton, no Ninette de Valois, and, of course, the wardrobes were different, and the headresses and tutus were not so beautifully made.

I began a tour of the Australian States, dancing "Swan Lake," "Giselle," "The Nutcracker Suite," and "Les Sylphides."

I got great pleasure out of showing Australian audiences what I had learned in my 11 years in London, and I think my name was a draw, so it helped the Company as well.

I kept Margaret with me all the time. I had missed so much of her first two years in London and was determined never to let it happen again.

I completed my six months' contract, and Borovansky decided that, because the season had been so successful, he would extend it if I would stay with him.

The day after I signed I received a letter from Jack which might have changed the course of my life had I reacted to it the right way. "For God's sake, Elaine, write to Fred and de Valois and ask if you can come back. Now is the right time."

"Bad speller"

Apparently, if I had written then, I would have been accepted back at Covent Garden.

But I had my commitment to fulfil for Borovansky, and besides, I felt I would rather see Madam face to face. I knew she would be in Australia with a group from the Garden within a few months.

I am a poor letter-writer and an awful speller. I felt that if I waited until Madam came to Australia I would have a better chance if I apologised to her personally for my mistakes.

It was almost a year before the Covent Garden group arrived in Australia. Madam was with them.

And, more vital for Margaret and me, so was Jack.

My career as a ballerina in Australia was coming to an abrupt halt. It seemed likely that the Borovansky Company would disband after their season.

I decided in my mind that, if Jack wanted me to, I would give up ballet and make a proper home for him and Margaret if I could only persuade him to stay in Australia. I did not think I could face being a housewife in London.

But I was in for a rude awakening. When I saw him he said at once that he had only come out to Australia to get a complete separation and divorce.

He wanted to marry again.

So I put a brave face on the matter, and decided I would have to face Madam de Valois and ask her to take me back to the Garden.

I was very nervous. So much hung in the balance. And when the time came, I just couldn't face her. So I rang and postponed my appointment for 24 hours.

When I saw her, I plucked up all my courage.

"Madam," I said, "I do realise that I've made a mistake. An awful mistake. I should never

have left Covent Garden. It was the worst thing I could have done coming out here.

"I wanted to ask you, Madam, if you would have me back. I would like to get back to the Garden more than anything else in this life. Will you take me back?"

"Elaine," she said, looking

straight at me. "It is quite out of the question. I never take dancers back once they leave of their own accord."

The next few hours in my life are a blank. I wandered the streets of Sydney only knowing that my life's work was over, that I was alone with Margaret, almost without a job, and that Jack had asked me for a divorce.

I hated ballet. I would escape from it. I could not face having any more to do with it.

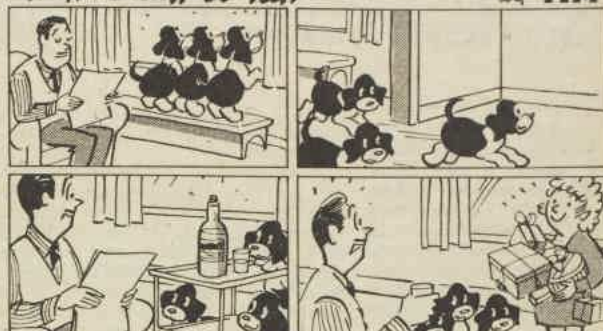
It did not occur to me that I could branch out into some other aspect of ballet like choreography or teaching.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



Rosella's Golden Age for Soup Lovers!



New Gold Label Cream of Chicken

Plump, tender chicken - simmered and seasoned to rich creaminess

Plump, prize poultry, rich dairy milk, just the right touch of seasoning - this is the full strength flavour secret of Rosella's new Gold Label Cream of Chicken soup. Rosella uses all the good things you'd use yourself for home-style goodness, smooth, rich creaminess in a new Cream of Chicken soup so perfect it warrants a Gold Label.

Look for new, interesting recipes on the back of all Gold Label cans.



Also try Rosella's new Chicken and Vegetable - full-strength chicken stock brimming with vegetables, tasty noodles.

AS1/30WWJPC

Page 39

IN MY SHOES

PART 2 ELAINE FIFIELD with KEVIN PERKINS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

The Borovansky season had ended. I had found work with dancer Robert Pomie, who had the bold hope of establishing in Sydney a permanent Little Theatre devoted to ballet. He called it the Robert Pomie Ballet de Francoise Company.

I was to earn only about £20 a week, hardly enough to keep Margaret and myself. Kathy Gorham, the Australian dancer, whom I had known in London and whom I regarded as one of the best technicians, temporarily took me to live with her.

I was to dance with Pomie in a duet arrangement of "Giselle," Act II, and "Nutcracker," and I was to perform the "Dying Swan." The great Russian ballerina Ulanova had made a film of the "Dying Swan," which I thought was showing at the seaside suburb of Manly.

But when we arrived I found that the film was off. So I took Margaret to Manly's ocean swimming-pool instead.

I was lost in my own thoughts, when a male voice said pleasantly, "I've been watching you playing with the little girl. Would you like me to take her for a boat ride?"

He introduced himself. His name was Les Farley and he was a planter from New Guinea.

I found him interesting and refreshing, and he had been sweet with Margaret.

Fascinating

He began taking me out to dinner and we exchanged information about his life and mine. He was down in Sydney on a holiday, he told me, and would soon be returning to the plantation which he managed.

He made New Guinea sound fascinating.

I was still filled with a blind, unreasoning hatred of ballet. "I hate ballet for what it has done to me. I hate it. I hate it," I said vehemently.

"Why not come to New Guinea with me?" Les suggested.

I needed a father for Margaret and more than anything I needed security. Les seemed to offer both. Les was the only person who seemed to need me.

He was kindly and considerate. I could get a divorce and we would be married. I would start a new life with him, with Margaret.

Six weeks after meeting him — just after Christmas, 1959 — we left Sydney. My parents didn't see me off. Beforehand they wished us well and said they hoped I'd be very happy.

Just as we left, Mother received a poison-pen letter which upset her dreadfully. It was very unkind. I wished they had sent it to me.

At Port Moresby we boarded a flying boat to Samarai, about 180 miles to the east, and at Samarai we

joined a cargo boat for the trip to the plantation back along the coast.

It took two whole days to get to the plantation at Mogubu.

From the beach my new home looked large and stately and had a veranda running all round it. It was my tropical dream come true. I thought it was the most beautiful sight I had ever seen.

But as we got nearer, I realised it wasn't exactly what Les had promised. It was old and ramshackle and painted a dull green.

It was built about 1920 or earlier. The veranda was heavily shuttered with plaited cane for protection against bad weather. The floors were ridden with borers, and the paint was flaking off.

But I didn't care.

There were practically no kitchen utensils except a beer-can opener, which I found was the most important piece of equipment in the Territory.

The mosquito nets were filled with such big holes that even I, with all my experience in darned tights, paled at the sight.

But I would not be beaten. Perhaps Les had romanticised "the mansion," but I was eager and willing to turn it into a home for us. Les was equally keen, and turned to with a paintbrush.

He did the front of the house a fiesta-red. We ordered new mats and some essential items for the kitchen, and I tried to make curtains. It was amateur, but it was fun.

The first few months I was completely wrapped up in my new life. I wanted to learn everything, and help in every way I could.

And I decided I must try to be domestic. So I tried my hand at bread-making. We only had fresh bread when a boat arrived.

It was very hard work in the heat, but it was a great success. Even the natives bought it from me, and I made it every day.

Les decided I should have something to keep me interested, so we decided to open a little trade store selling goods I ordered from Port Moresby.

It was a small tin shed on low stilts with an awning over the front. It had a door which lifted out from the floor and was propped up when we were open for business.

I stocked tobacco, rice, tinned fish and meat, beads, combs, big tins of sweets, knives, Jews harps for the boys to play, guitars, footballs, hairpins, skirts, blouses, T-shirts, diving apparatus and goggles, flippers, envelopes, ball-point pens, torch batteries, bulbs, torches, scuffs, and white rami material which came from Japan.

Sometimes the boys cut themselves with their long-bladed *sarafs* and came to me for iodine, cottonwool, and bandages. I administered first aid as best I could.

In the mornings there was the *sked* — the scheduled

PLANTER Les Farley, Elaine Fifield's second husband, with Elaine and their second daughter, Joydi.



two-way radio call provided by the Administration from Port Moresby and relayed to us from Samarai.

Each day there were two calls, in which any local SOS was given air time, and messages and telegrams were relayed from Port Moresby.

It was our only direct link with the outside world.

Les loved children and I wanted desperately to have a child for his sake. He was obviously meant to be a father because he was so kind and considerate to Margaret.

There was no social life at Mogubu. We were the only white persons on the plantation. There were 1000 natives in our area, and I was surrounded by jungle on three sides.

Adamant

After three months in Mogubu, with very little to do and an awful lot of time to think, I realised I had once again made an error of judgment. I couldn't give up ballet.

One evening I gathered my courage to tell Les how I really felt about living in the Territory.

Les was adamant. "I need you here," he said. "We agreed together. You're not wanted back there."

I began to smoke again and drink beer to pass the time and to enter into the accepted life of the Territory.

But one night it struck me I would never dance again if I indulged myself. So I gave it up overnight.

To make things more difficult, the Europeans in the district began telling me how foolish I was to have come up to Mogubu. "What on earth did you give up ballet for?" they asked.

After four or five months I wrote to Mother, for the first time admitting how unhappy I was.

Some weeks elapsed, then I had a letter from Jack. Mother had written to him. Jack sent me a cheque for £100 toward fares and told me he would take Margaret and me back to London.

Les and I had some sharp words, but my mind was made up; I would leave.

Little did I know how long it was going to be before I got away.

One morning Les and I were standing as usual at the two-way radio set waiting to see if there were any messages on relay for us from Samarai.

"Mogubu, Mogubu," said the operator. "We have one for you this morning. How are you reading us?"

Les flicked down the control switch. "Strength five," he said.

The operator continued: "The message for Mogubu is from Health. Going ahead with the message it reads, 'Farley, Mogubu. Test positive. Signed Health.'"

I was pregnant. Les danced with joy. He was so happy he behaved like a crazy man. For a second or two my heart leapt with his.

Then I realised what it meant. I would have to stay.

I wrote to Mother. I said I would not be coming home after all, that nature had been mapping out my future for me.

I had already written to Jack and told him how keenly I was looking forward to returning to London.

Les dictated my second letter saying that I was staying in New Guinea. I returned Jack's cheque.

The one thing that pleased me was that Les was deliriously happy. And I tried to let his happiness be enough for both of us. I would stay, and bring the child up as he wished.

I neither wanted to stay in Papua nor to get married. But Les had a strong personality and I decided to do both for the child's sake. I thought marriage was the only way out.

One evening I said to Les, "If we're going to stay up here let's try to better ourselves. Let's get a plantation of our own and not just work for others."

I reasoned that if Les were sufficiently interested in his own plantation and had a future of his own, it might one day give me the freedom I needed.

In December, 1959, as the time for the baby's birth drew near, news of my divorce action leaked out. There were lurid headlines. I felt sick at heart when I read them.

Hugged

I had the baby in Port Moresby. We called her Mary, after Les' grandmother, and Louise, my favorite name. This child I would love and cherish and bring up properly.

But when the time was ripe, I would return to ballet.

When Les took me home, both our hopes, for different reasons, were high. He had found land at Cape Rodney, and we were to move there almost at once.

Our new home was literally one room, without water or electricity. And it was several miles inland. "It will be fun," I said. "I've never lived in a shack before."

Les hugged me. He was relieved.

He got to work straight away to develop the plantation and build a house. He literally had to begin from scratch.

Just before the house was finished we decided to marry. I was still not keen, but had made my secret plans and did it for the sake of Mary Louise.

We were married in the small weatherboard office of the District Commissioner in Port Moresby.

We went immediately for a ten-day honeymoon tour of the New Guinea highlands. We stayed a few days at the Lae Hotel in Lae.

One night, we sat in the lounge of the hotel. We watched people walking through to a reception. Matronly women were dressed in their best gowns, men in white dinner jackets.

Les and his friend talked about places in the Territory they had visited and people they knew. They went on about the good old days, and some of the marvellous parties they'd been to together.

What hit me hardest was that I had no outlet to talk about the thing I most passionately loved.

And then I thought of what I had left behind.

At this moment a good-looking girl went past our table and Les and his friend laughed and made the usual kind of male remark.

I got up from the table. "Good night," I said. I went to our room.

I went to Les' bag. I was looking for his razor blade.

I held the blade tightly in my right hand. Deliberately I slashed my left wrist as deeply as I could. Then, holding the blade in my left hand, I slashed my other wrist.

I put the razor down, walked on to the veranda, and hung my wrists over the wooden railing.

There was no moon. I could hear my blood dripping on to the shrubs below like muffled drumbeats.

"Elaine, what on earth are you crying for?" It was Les.

Les was very shaken by my action. He did his best to cover up for both our sakes, and told everyone that I had had an accident.

When I realised what I had tried to do, and recalled how admirably and sympathetically he had behaved in the most painful position I had put him in, I felt I must make our marriage succeed for his sake.

Back at Cape Rodney, I decided to make a fresh start and devoted myself to Les and the children.

I tried to improve the house and took up sewing and made dresses for the children.

One of our neighbors had a good collection of classical records. He also liked painting and ballet. I enjoyed visiting him most of all.

Les was always morose on our way home after an evening there. "I would prefer you not to talk to him," he said.

It made things very difficult.

"Foolish"

On one occasion this man asked us round after he had been to England.

"Don't let me down by talking about ballet," Les cautioned as we reached the gate.

But I couldn't help myself, and when Les was out of the room asked him if he had seen any ballet or been to Covent Garden.

He had, and also met Madam de Valois and Frederick Ashton.

He had even more thoughtfully been to see Jack to tell him how Margaret was faring.

When he told Madam he was from New Guinea she had asked him if he knew me, and he had answered that we were neighbors.

Madam's only comment was, "Foolish child, foolish child."

Les was proud of me, of course. He rarely left me to talk on my own. Especially if any young single men paid me any attention.

He would immediately come across the room and say, "I'm keeping an eye on you."

It wasn't long before Les' block was by far the best of the soldier settlements. You could drive past and see it was neat, the trees well pruned, with a good

CONTINUED ON PAGE 41

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 7, 1967

IN MY SHOES

PART 2 ELAINE FIFIELD with KEVIN PERKINS



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

cover crop in. His coffee was in good order.

Although Les was a tough man, he had a great streak of tenderness in him. He was always willing to lend a helping hand to underdogs and those down on their luck.

I learnt all that I could about the native people working for Les. They seemed more real than many of the Europeans, and much of their simplicity appealed to me.

One of the first things that kept me occupied in the early months was teaching Margaret by correspondence.

I obtained the courses from Brisbane and I think I learned more than she did.

Les sometimes had to go away for several days in connection with the plantation, and I was always afraid while on my own.

He always left for me a loaded, heavy .303 rifle in my room. I wasn't sure how to use it, but it was a comfort.

If a native came within a few feet of the front door I was supposed to tell him to go away. If he took further steps into the house I was to shoot him.

Fortunately I never had to face that situation.

Football field

Early in 1961 I received a letter from the Red Cross Association in Port Moresby on behalf of Lady Cleland, wife of the Administrator. They wanted to know if I would dance at a charity performance.

"I don't want you to dance," said Les.

I tried to control my excitement. "I'd like to try," I said calmly. "It will give me something to do."

I arranged for some dresses to be specially made in Sydney and flown up.

The performance took place in Port Moresby in May, on a football field before a mixed audience of several thousand. I shared the program with rock-'n'-roll artist Col Joye and his Joy Boys.

I danced the "Dying Swan" and an excerpt from "Coppelia."

It was dark and moonless. The hills behind the open, makeshift stage provided a black backdrop, but the twinkling lights from houses perched around the hills lent an ethereal brilliance to the scene. A single spotlight illuminated the stage.

Oh, the ecstasy of dancing again. I was elated.

"I must get back," I told myself. "I must get back."

To my surprise and pleasure, Les enjoyed watching me. I caught sight of his face in the light and he had a curious expression — as if he saw me as a different person.

"I've never seen you looking so happy," he said. I just looked at him. Could I really make him understand that I felt like a starving person without ballet?

Our second child, another girl, arrived early in 1962.

We were disappointed she wasn't a boy, but as soon as we saw her, we adored her just the same.

Les had a sister he was very

fond of named Joy. He called her Joydi. So we christened our tiny, blonde daughter Joy.

When Joydi was about three months old, Les surprised me. "If you want a holiday, as you say you do, why not give another charity performance?"

I wasn't really very keen. Not only was I out of form but I

feared that if I did just one more performance the compulsion to dance again seriously would be too strong.

I would have to go, despite Les and the babies. I had a wonderful mission-trained nurse for them, so I did not really have to worry about their day-to-day life.

Les sensed my unhappiness. He knew the day of my departure was only being postponed. And I think he hoped if I danced locally I might not need to go.

A year after Joydi's arrival, in January, 1963, Les and the three children accompanied me for performances at Rabaul, Lae, and Sohano.

And as soon as I danced I knew I could not stay in New Guinea long.

But I was not to leave for more than a year.

My parents came to stay with us, and I told mother I was unhappy at Cape Rodney and still wanted to get back to dancing.

"Will you and Dad stand by me if I take this step?"

"Of course, Elaine," she said. "I'd rather see you happy back dancing than unhappy here."

"I desperately want my children, but I don't think it would be fair to Les even to ask for them," I told Mother.

"In any case, I am sure he would not let them go. Joydi is old enough for me to leave now, and I know Les and the nurse will love and look after both of them. I couldn't go unless I were sure in my mind of this."

"Perhaps Jack would like to have Margaret with him in England for a while? And then when I have settled in and started working again, she and Mary Louise can both go to school in Sydney."

So when my parents returned they took Margaret with them. I promised her that I would soon join her, and she loved her grandparents.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

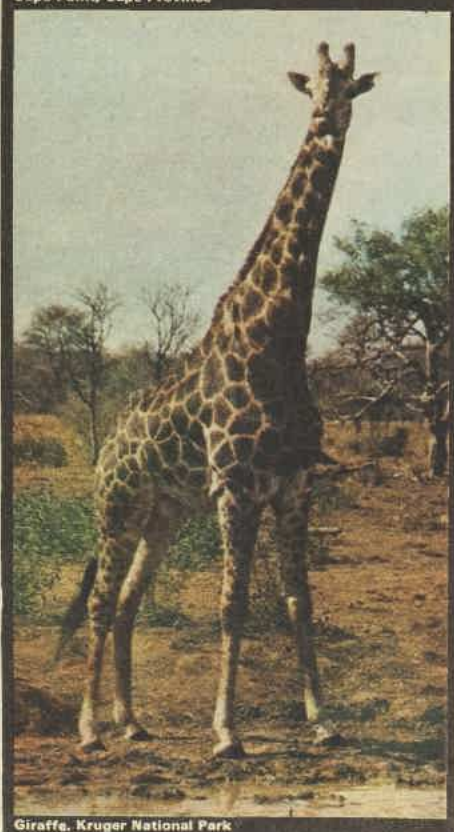
Said the 'I've-been-there'

to the 'what's-it-like'

"South Africa is the one country you simply must see"



Cape Point, Cape Province



Giraffe, Kruger National Park

Everything that highlights an overseas trip — variety, interest, colour, excitement — you'll find in South Africa. Every corner of South Africa is different, from her towering mountains to her great golden beaches, her lush fertile valleys to her unspoiled game reserves.

Everything you see and do is full of interest, from inspecting fortunes in diamonds at Kimberley to gazing across the fabled Cape of Good Hope, where the Indian Ocean meets the Atlantic. Everything is colourful — the birds, the myriad flowers, the clothes worn by the native peoples.



Union Buildings, Pretoria

There's a ton of excitement in South Africa!

Tracking down wild game in Kruger National Park.

Shopping for souvenirs, feasting on venison with fine wines.

This is a warm, friendly land. You'll enjoy the hospitality, the fine hotels, the excellent service. As part of a world trip, visiting South Africa costs so little more. Why not talk it over with your travel agent?



Ricksha boy, Durban

Touring in South Africa is inexpensive. Accommodations are excellent, and there are no language or currency problems. For fully illustrated literature, contact your travel agent, or send this coupon.

TO SOUTH AFRICAN TOURIST CORPORATION, 90 Pitt St., G.P.O. Box 4889, Sydney, N.S.W. Aust.

Please send me details of travel in South Africa.

NAME
ADDRESS

STAMP HERE

If under 21, please state age



quickly, safely and pleasantly

**In minutes, you feel elegant
carefree — more confident**

Veet 'O' is the feminine way of removing unwanted hair. Simply smooth on lanolin-enriched Veet 'O' — see how minutes later every trace of hair has melted away leaving underarms soft, smooth and shadow-free; arms and legs immaculate and satin-smooth.

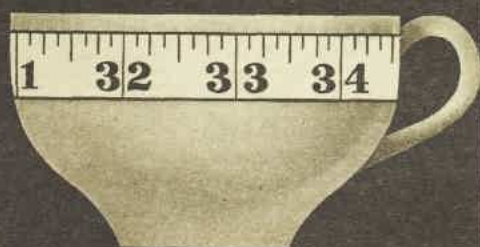
Buy Veet Odourless today. The hair remover that is really kind to your skin because it contains gentle lanolin.

Tubes 45 cents and 68 cents at all chemist and cosmetic counters.

Veet Odourless
the modern way to remove hair

VO.82.WW

Reduce the
high cost of
slimming with
**FAULding
SACCHARIN
TABLETS**



200 TABLET SLIMPACK DISPENSER OR HANDY PURSE-
SIZE BOTTLE ONLY **25 CENTS** ALSO IN BOTTLES
OF 500 AND 1000 TABLETS

FST 6A

IN MY SHOES

PART 2 ELAINE FIFIELD with KEVIN PERKINS



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

For the last time Les said, "Are you quite sure that this is what you want?" and I answered, "Yes."

"You had better go then," he said.

Back in Sydney, I had nothing concrete to return to.

The Australian Ballet Company, formed late in 1962 by Peggy van Praag, might have an opening, but I could not bring myself to ask. What if they didn't. Or said no?

I was even too nervous to ring Peggy, and asked Mother to do it. She did, and arranged an appointment.

I started the very next day. Peggy spoke to Mr. Geoffrey Ingram, the administrator of the Australian Ballet, and it was agreed to pay me £25 a week just for training. It was a magnanimous gesture, one I appreciated greatly.

It was hard slogging work trying to get back into condition. It was five years since I had done any serious training.

I did three *barres* a day as well as attending classes. And at night, after watching the performances to try to learn the new Australian ballets, I travelled home to Wentworthville, more than 20 miles in the train, walking about a mile in the darkness to reach my parents' home.

My morale had a boost in April when Dame Margot Fonteyn arrived in Sydney for guest appearances, accompanied by Rudolph Nureyev. Margaret and I met her at the airport.

She was delighted to see me and I was so grateful when she said, "I'm sure you'll be able to get back."

I spoke to Nureyev. "I'm Elaine Fifield."

"Oh, yes," he said, "I know you by repute. I've heard a lot about you."

I was terribly thrilled. But my action in leaving Les and the children excited a lot of comment. Several anonymous callers were very vitriolic and I had a letter from a mother of three which upset me a great deal.

"You must be the cruellest woman in the world," she wrote.

When Les wrote from New Guinea to say the children were missing me, I was in hell emotionally.

Was I cruel and heartless?

In July, just a little more than four months after I went into training, I was scheduled to make my comeback appearance in Schumann's "Carnaval" at the Elizabethan Theatre in Sydney.

I was with the Company rehearsing in Brisbane when Les rang to say that Joydi had been admitted to hospital in Port Moresby with pneumonia and Mary Louise was also admitted suffering from nervous exhaustion.

I flew to Sydney at once without a word to anyone. "It's no use, Mother," I said. "I can't go on. I'm desperately worried about the children all the time."

"You can't let the Company down like this," she said.

"Elaine," my father said. "You've got to make a decision once and for all and stick by it. It isn't helping anyone to keep changing your mind like this. Either you go back to Les and the children or you continue dancing."

I went back to Brisbane. The children were discharged after two days. Then I spoke to Les myself and he agreed to bring the children to Sydney.

To my excitement they arrived in time for my first performance.

When the curtain went up and I appeared in my costume, Mary Louise cried, "That's my Mummy," and a ripple of laughter went around the theatre.

It took me almost a year to feel I was on top of things again. I knew I was really back the night I danced "Giselle" in Sydney.

That night, kissing my photographs of Joydi and Mary Louise, I said: "My darlings. It's so good to be back. I only hope one day you will understand what it means to me."

I knew where I was heading: Covent Garden.

Big test

After the 1965 Australian season the three-year-old Company set out on its first big test — a six months' tour of Britain, Europe, and America. The highlight was to be three appearances at Covent Garden in the Commonwealth Festival of Arts.

The Company's repertoire consisted mainly of two new Robert Helpmann ballets, "Yugen," and "The Display." The other main ballet was "Melbourne Cup."

I was one of the *ballerinas*, with Kathy Gorham and Marilyn Jones.

First stop for the 53 members of the Company was the Baelbeck Festival in Lebanon, where Eric Bruhn was to be guest artist with us. I was to dance the *pas de deux* from "Casse Noisette" with him.

It was a thrill to work with Bruhn, the only man whom Rudolph Nureyev considers can teach him anything.

In Nice we were joined by Margot Fonteyn and Rudy, who were to be guest artists on tour.

Rudy, who was to dance with each of the *ballerinas*, worked us very hard. We began by strenuously rehearsing "Don Quixote."

But then the Company decided to drop this and do "Raymonda," Nureyev's production of the three-act nineteenth-century Russian ballet, instead.

He proved a relentless taskmaster, as difficult as he was inspiring. He told the Company exactly what he thought of them.

He would say to some of the girls, "You danced like a cow," or "You danced like a pig."

Generally his comments weren't appreciated, and I personally thought he swore too much.

For me, however, the main thing was to show that I was ready to go back to Covent Garden if I were lucky enough to get the chance. But I knew I did not have any particularly showy roles.

My main one was in "La Conservatoire," which was difficult enough, but one that is dated and not brilliant.

I was at a reception at Australia House when Garth Welch, one of the principals in the Company, came across to talk to me. "Madam de Valois is over there and wants to see you," he said.

"Hello, Madam," I said. She kissed me. "Elaine, it's lovely to see you. And you look so well."

"And how are the children? Where are they?"

"They're fine and they're being very well looked after. My mother has Margaret in Sydney. The other two children are fine."

But the truth is I did not know exactly how the children were. And saying they were fine made me wonder immediately if they really were.

That was the only time I saw Madam.

Not long after I arrived in London, Jack came to see me.

We talked about the possibility of Margaret joining him in London for a while later on. He said he wanted to help with her education.

Later, for my first London performance, Jack sent me roses.

At Covent Garden, where I was to dance "La Conservatoire," I had one of my old dressing-rooms, Number Six.

When my dresser came in she was the same woman who had dressed me the last time I appeared there in "Sylphides," and she remembered me. It was like a dream.

At the end of the performance I met Frederick Ashton in the crush bar. He was with Margot.

He kissed me and said, "How nice it is to see you dancing again." But that was all.

After London, on to Paris, Berlin, and Copenhagen. In Paris I was thrown into doing "Corsaire" with Nureyev at two days' notice.

I learned the whole ballet in one rehearsal with Garth Welch. Then next day Margot and Rudy joined us in the afternoon. I had about one hour's rehearsal with Rudy.

Margot helped me on one particular point and that night we performed it.

After the performance Rudy kissed me on stage on both cheeks and exclaimed, "Very good, very good."

In Paris I bought two cuddly white elephants. It was Mary Louise's birthday, but I decided to send one to Joydi also.

I also bought them each a toilet set and colored pencils, a Churchill cigar

and a book for Les, and sent them as Christmas presents, with all my love.

Before leaving London finally, I went to Frederick Ashton.

"Mr. Ashton," I said, "do you think it is possible for me to return to the Garden?"

"Well, my dear," he said after a moment. "Don't you think you are better off where you are?"

"There are so many young ones here. So many have talent."

"They are all waiting for the retirement of the established stars. But, of course, Margot, Nadia, and Berio-sova are still reigning."

But later he said: "In what capacity would you want to come back?"

"That would be entirely up to you," I said at once. I was prepared to work my way up again.

"It's the training at Covent Garden that I need," I told him.

"Well," said Fred finally, "if that's what you want, I'll do my best for you. I'll put your name before the Board if you'd like that, and give some support to your application."

The last thing he said was, "Now, keep in touch, won't you?"

I tried to forget about my aspirations and threw myself into a strenuous tour.

From Paris the Company went to Los Angeles. A gala dinner was presided over by Bob Hope and Danny Kaye, and we played to packed houses.

Margot Fonteyn's parting words in Honolulu had a strangely compelling effect on me. "Dance as much as you can," she told me. "Just dance as much as you can."

We arrived back in Sydney after what had been a highly successful tour for us all. I was lovingly reunited with Margaret and my parents.

The Company was developing its own individual style and seemed certain to grow in stature. In a year or two we would be able to attempt the classics.

My own personal future was still undecided. I was lucky enough to have the opportunity of dancing with the Australian Company and be part of a young and vital group who were on their way up. But that wasn't Covent Garden.

In my heart I knew I would never give in. I would keep trying, trying and hoping to get back.

I knew that if ever I despaired of the effort, if ever I was told I wasn't wanted, there was one place I could go. On a plantation 10,000 miles from Covent Garden, a man and two little girls would be waiting.

THE END

(Condensed from IN MY SHOES, Elaine Fifield with Kevin Perkins, published by W. H. Allen, London.)

FOOTNOTE: Latest news of Elaine Fifield, as we go to press, is that she and dancer Miss Bessie Gilpatrick have founded the North Queensland Ballet Academy in Cairns, giving regular instruction as well as special classes for housewives and business girls. Fifield has her three children with her, and Mr. Farley comes to Cairns frequently from New Guinea.

Who said women don't make good admirals?



Even if the cap doesn't fit, mothers who suddenly find no man at the helm must take over full responsibility for the family and home. It can be difficult for a widow if the possibility of her having to command has never been considered. Running a tight ship can be even tougher when food bills, mort-

gage payments, furniture payments and costs of educating the crew come in. A wife knows that her husband cares about his family's security when he calls in an A.M.P. man for an A.M.P. Family Security Check-up. This helpful service is free and entirely without obligation.

ACCEPT
NOTHING LESS
THAN
'BLUE CHIP'
PROTECTION



AMP

Every A.M.P. member enjoys the unquestioned security afforded by assets exceeding \$1700 million which the Society seeks to invest to the greatest benefit to members.

A U S T R A L I A N M U T U A L P R O V I D E N T S O C I E T Y

(Advertisement)

Protect Your Home From Winter Insect Pests

To effectively eliminate insect pests such as cockroaches, silverfish and carpet beetles which are attracted into the home during the winter by the warmth provided by hot water storage tanks, stoves, radiators, etc., spray regularly with a safe, powerful insecticide. It is important to kill these annoying pests and to destroy their nests by spraying in and around all likely places where they may be lurking with safe, powerful Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide. The wide umbrella-spreading action of Pea-Beu penetrates into every corner of the room, reaches into cupboards—even into the backs of drawers, effectively eliminating all insects, no matter where they hide. The pleasantly perfumed Pea-Beu is guaranteed safe to use anywhere in the home, even near children, pets, and food. Supplies of the new Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide are available through leading chemists and stores.

(Advertisement)

Lemons for Beauty

TO keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamour of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.



OF JOINT PAINS?

Ease the pain fast with De Witt's Pills. De Witt's are bringing blessed relief to untold numbers of people in more than 80 countries of the world. It's the tried and trusted remedy for the relief of joint, back, muscle and rheumatic pain.

De Witt's Pills

PAX LINDSAY*

One of Australia's best gardeners—see his busy gardeners' guide each month in the

AUSTRALIAN HOME JOURNAL.

SHE SAILED TO AUSTRALIA AS A "GALLEY SLAVE"

Continued from page 21

get used to the galley. It was a hot place, next to the engine-room, and with a ghastly oil-fired range.

When it was rough it was nothing for the soup to rush at me off the top of the stove while I slipped on the greasy floor. I realised why they have men instead of women on small ships—it is a work of art to stay on one's feet.

There were nine men on board and I was to cook and wash-up for us all—except for breakfast, which the captain cooked, for it was eaten at 5.30 a.m. He never went to bed at night, as he felt his place was in the wheelhouse, the crew not being fully trained.

When I arose at 6.30, he always made me a pot of tea.

The captain was a tall Australian of Irish ancestry, with a wonderful laugh which rang all over the ship. After I had been on board a few days I noticed he was repeating certain words of mine; for instance, "extraordinary." He was always laughing at what he called my cultured voice, and I sometimes had difficulty understanding his Australian.

Ship seemed to be shaken by giant

The crew had already christened me "the Duchess."

We sailed to another European port, where we loaded ammunition. I didn't know about this cargo and, walking out of the galley in the dark, bumped into a policeman with a loaded revolver.

Now we sailed into a gale, of force 7, if that means anything to you. It did not to me until I saw the table and chairs sliding all over the saloon. As the typewriter came at me I wondered whether to try to catch it, but at that moment an armchair hit me and I fell on my face.

She was a narrow little ship and pounded dreadfully, as if being shaken by a giant. I was grateful that she was all steel and had a wonderful engine; at the same time I felt terrified in the storms and did wonder if we would get through.

In the Bay of Biscay, we bucked through two more gales, of forces 8 and 10. Then we put into a Spanish port. Here an inexperienced member of the crew was told to run up two signal flags, red and yellow. He ran up two yellow ones, which meant we had an infectious disease on board, and we were inundated with radio calls from shore.

In this port we loaded more ammunition, but remained "lightship," not fully loaded, and that was not good for a ship of our size.

It was cold and raining but we ran short of water. At Malta we weren't allowed to berth because of the ammunition, so water was brought out to us, but it was too rough to get it on board.

I washed-up in sea-water until we reached Port Said. There they had just had a sandstorm, so we were kept waiting two-and-a-half days for water, in spite of repeated requests. (I still remember the captain's voice from "on top": "Tell the

Duchess to go into the saloon—I'm going to use some foul language.")

Although we couldn't get water, Arabs were climbing all over the ship with their suitcases full of "treasures" to sell. It was a job to keep track of them. When I went below to make sure everything was all right in my cabin, I found that my travelling alarm-clock had been stolen through the porthole.

Arabs were all round us in their boats and, when I closed the porthole, they laughed uproariously.

I bought a wooden camel and one of the Arabs said he would bring me a small brass bell to tie round its neck. I went below in the evening, and before I could get into my cabin this man pushed his way in, too.

I said, "Get out." He said, "You want five bells, eh?" I said "No. One will do." But I bought two.

By then I was pushing him with all my strength. I got him out of the cabin but he was still clutching the door.

I pushed the door on to his hands. This must have hurt him, but he kept fighting until, fortunately, I won the battle. I locked the door, but soon heard someone tapping at the closed porthole.

The captain had a ghastly time. He was responsible in the wheelhouse, of course, but at the same time had to cope with all the nonsense that was going on. He had to have six Arabs as watchmen and signed a form saying he would feed them.

They all seemed to follow different religious sects and consequently ate different food—some had rice, some wanted fish, some wanted potatoes, and some wanted to come into the galley and cook their own, while demanding sugar, tea, jam, honey, and tinned fish. They were praying and washing everywhere.

We went through the Suez Canal and our next stop was Aden, where we had to unload some of the ammunition. Marines came aboard and were very charming and helpful.

After Aden, a mine-sweeper kept watch around us for three days. It was fascinating to look out of the porthole first thing and see her always circling us.

At Karachi, in Pakistan, officials put our cameras into bond until the ship left.

Of course, every port we entered entailed a lot of work for the captain. This was an education to me, as I knew nothing of sea life. I found it very interesting to get into a port and meet agents.

I was amazed in Karachi, however, when a man came into the galley and said: "Could you let the captain know that it is customary for officials to receive cigarettes and a bottle of gin, and for the Customs official to receive a bottle of whisky and cigarettes?"

Another man came on board when I was alone on the ship and asked me for a roll of cloth to make himself a suit. I said I hadn't one and he said, "Then what will you give me?"

I said I had nothing to

offer him and he said, "The Americans give us anything we ask for." So I said, "The Americans have lots of money." He replied, "And the British, have they not a lot of money, too?"

Feeling really English, I replied, "The English need their money."

At that he disappeared. An official who was very fat and wore a white suit and white topee and had one tooth, came into the galley when I was cooking steak. He stood near for some time, then alternately stroked my arm and then the steak, saying, "Give me a piece."

I sent him packing, but laughed about that for days.

Another day a major, a cultured Pakistani, in charge of the removal of the ammunition, came to the galley and said, "You work very hard." (I provided them all with cups of coffee and tea in port.)

"May I take you round Karachi in my car?" and then, "My wife would like to give you a meal."

Now I saw Karachi through different eyes. He drove me around the city and the countryside, helped me to do some shopping, and took me to his home.

His wife was a Doctor of Literature and his brother a medical doctor. His wife's brother was also there. We talked about a lot of interesting things, including music. The brother had spent nine years in Germany and adored Beethoven.

These charming people gave me three paintings which the major had bought in the Congo. His wife's brother wrote on one: "Remembrances are like beautiful flowers in the garland of time" (Goethe). I was touched and thought how sad it was that we could not really be friendly with every nation.

She got a "very good" discharge

I enjoyed Colombo. I went to a lovely new hotel and had a beer with the captain. We looked around the shops and bought some presents for friends.

At this port we picked up four men who were desperate for a lift to Australia. This made us rather short of food, so we stopped at Christmas Island and a boat brought out some stores. The little island is a charming green.

At last, on my birthday, we landed at Darwin. I signed off and was given a seaman's discharge which said that my work and behaviour had been "very good"; and I was paid my salary and half my air-fare to Perth.

The voyage had taken three months. I felt quite the weatherbeaten sailor and had lost nearly a stone in weight, so can thoroughly recommend the life for anyone wanting to lose a few pounds.

I shall never regret going on the ship, as I saw so many lovely sights—dolphins playing, beautiful ships of all sizes and colors, the sea in all her moods, the wonderful sunsets and sunrises. I also learned a lot about human beings of various nations.

first thing in the morning

(when winter's at its worst)



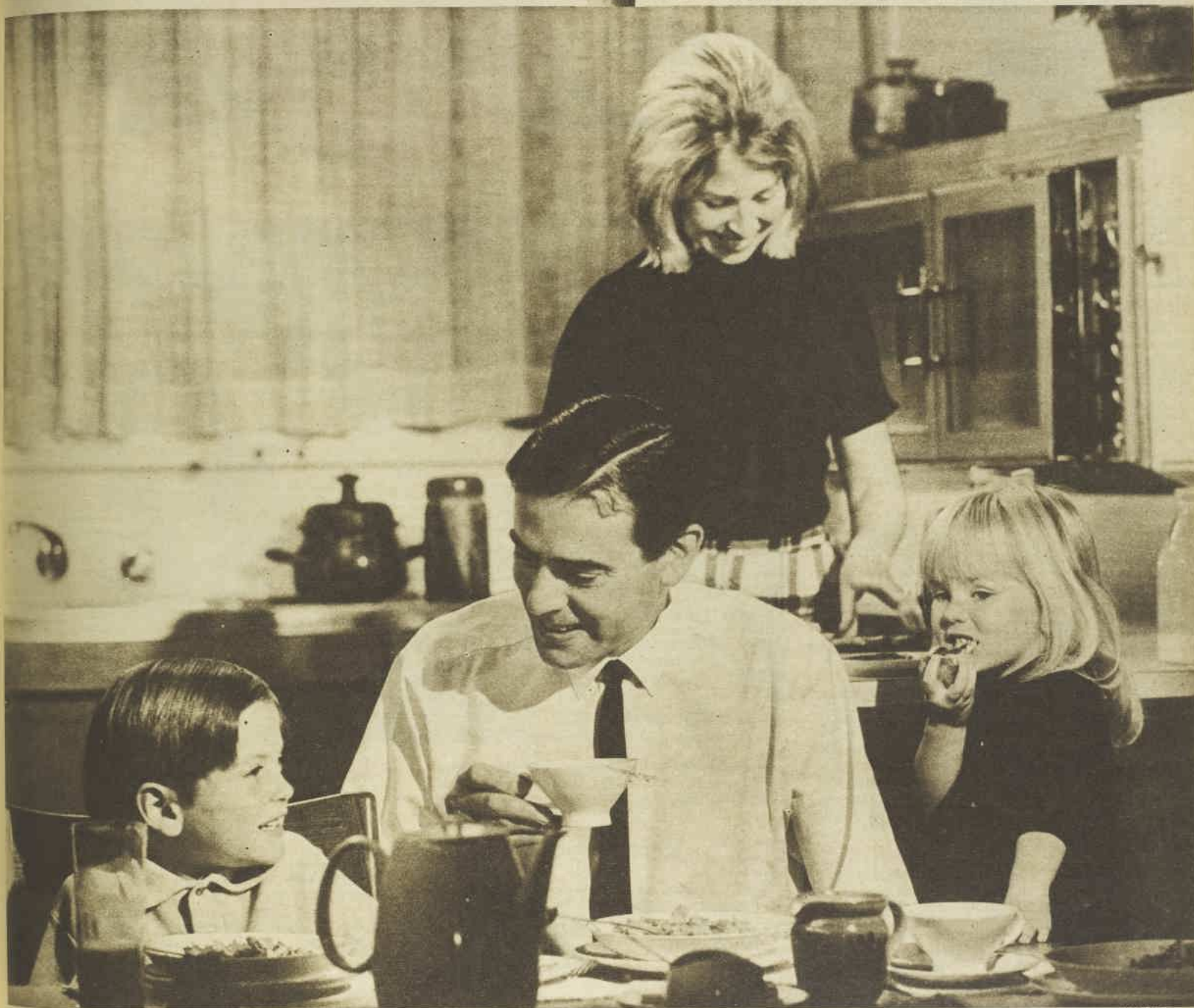
Overhead Sunray's direct penetrating infra-red rays, beaming down from super efficient silica-sheathed elements, warm you right through in seconds. And, remember, Sunray is mounted overhead, safely out of the children's reach. So first thing on a cold winter morning, switch on Sunray.

SC503/L

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 7, 1967

Sunray warms you in seconds

(with deep, penetrating infra-red heat)



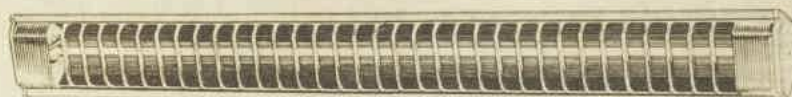
SC503/R

Overhead

Sunray

warms you best —
when you need it most!

For illustrated brochure, send to Southern Cross Electric Co. Pty. Ltd., 329 North Road, Huntingdale, Vic.



SR12 1100 watts \$19.00, SR12 1500 watts \$21.00.



SR12 750 watts \$15.25.



* with pull switch \$1.00 extra.

SR12 550 watts \$13.00.

- Meet George Best, the U.K. football star here soon — off the field he runs a mod boutique...

**The
Soccer**

**idol
they**

**hail
as**

**'THE
BEATLE'**



GEORGE BEST, the world-famous Beatle-haired Soccer genius (who will visit Australia in June with England's Manchester United team), body-swerved through the pack that faced him and accelerated hard, beyond the grabbing hands.

Suddenly he was safely in the clear.

But the scene this time was not a football field. It happened, as it does everywhere he goes, on the street outside his boutique in a Manchester suburb, only four miles from the Manchester United stadium.

The pack was made up of girls... Girls who hero-worship this 20-year-old Irish winger. Girls who besiege his shop every day of the week. Girls who write love-letters to him by the thousand. Girls who send him gifts, who stick his photographs to their bedroom walls. And who scream from the terraces of football grounds, expressing their love of George...

Those spindly legs that bewilder world-class full-backs and speed him past hordes of admirers are priceless to Manchester United. But they are worth \$140,000 to George—that is the figure he has insured them for.

Not only are his legs his fortune. His face and his business mind are, too.

● Bags of fan-mail

His legs earn him around \$200 a week with red-shirted Manchester United and \$120 each time he plays for Ireland. His face earns him more than 1000 letters a week, mostly from girls who think him the most handsome man in the world. And his business mind brings him in around another \$200 a week.

He owns a mod-gear boutique stacked with the latest Carnaby Street style fashions. When he opened it, the place was jammed to the doors. He signed more than 500 autographs—and sold only one pair of trousers, for \$8.

The stream of autograph hunters to the shop has ebbed a little now, but his clothes are selling as fast as he can fill the racks with them.

George designs most of the clothes himself. Otherwise he collects styles from abroad, from the European cities where he plays football for Manchester United.

But his business dreams do not end with the shop. He has just opened a swinging discotheque in the city centre and it is crowded with teenagers every night.

Now he is planning a big supermarket for teenagers—a place where they have hairdos, buy clothes and records, and sip coffee, all under the same roof.

His ambition is simple and down-to-earth: "I want to be a millionaire by the time I'm 30. Money means everything to me."

The letters of girls who pour out their affection for George are stuck to the walls of his boutique.

But it is not conceit that makes him paper the walls with what are often love-letters.

He explained: "I get so many I hardly know what to do with them. I know the girls would hate to think I threw them on the fire—so I do up the walls with them."

Every girl who writes gets a signed photograph by return. George's fan club secretary—pretty 19-year-old Valerie Barlow—sends out something like 500 a week.

Valerie is George's much-envied business secretary as well as being the "brains" of his 2000-strong fan club.

Added George: "I get about 100 proposals of marriage every week. It's all very embarrassing."

Marriage is out for George. But not girls. They are an essential part of life for Britain's most eligible footballer. And one of his favorite dates was former Miss World, Ann Sidney (now engaged to singer Tony Weston).

George, the master of devious runs and with a finishing



● In his Manchester, England, mod-gear shop — George Best, with his fan club secretary, Valerie Barlow (right), and a customer. George is 20.

shot that turns a football into a blur, is literally one of the seven wonders of the Soccer world, in the view of many fans.

Two others play for United—Dennis Law and Bobby Charlton, England's magnificent World Cup star.

In the world's football polls George stands side by side with the others—England's Stanley Matthews, Pele, of Brazil, Eusebio, of Portugal, Albert, of Hungary.

At his World Cup headquarters in England Pele said: "Best is one of the world's greatest players." And you could not have greater praise than that unless you had heard Eusebio talk about him.

The Portugal and Benfica club ace said: "He is fabulous now—and he is only 20. As he matures he will get even better."

"If there was a Great Britain team instead of separate teams for England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales he would be an automatic first choice. What a pity he is not Portuguese!"

And 80,000 fanatical Benfica fans will back him up on that. For only about a year ago, in Lisbon's fabulous Estadio da Luz, Best almost single-handedly destroyed the might of the top Portuguese side.

United thrashed Benfica—and Eusebio—by five goals to

one. Best, who had the fanatical fans in a mixed state of agony and ecstasy, scored the first two and set-up the others.

For the rest of United's stay in Lisbon, Best was feted and followed. Newspaper headlines screamed praise and dubbed him "El Beatle."

Among the letters plastered all over the Manchester boutique walls are many from Portugal begging him to join Benfica, and one that says:

"I have a goldfish that I christened Eusebio—but since seeing you play football I have rechristened him George."

Best, who would earn Manchester United around \$400,000 in a transfer fee, says there is no other team in the world he would play for. And that must make manager Matt Busby a very relieved man indeed.

● Recording offer

The only point that worries Busby is Best's liking for girls—and he has warned his wing wizard to take it easy.

Best, idolised like a pop star the length and breadth of Britain and all over Europe, was invited by a recording company to make a disc. But at that stage Busby vetoed the plan.

Best, of the dimple-chin and film star looks, is looking forward to United's Australian tour.

He said: "I've been most other places in the world, but never Australia. I can't wait to get there."

And with that mischievous twinkle he added: "I'm told the girls there are really great."

One thing seems sure: There will be a new branch of the George Best fan club after Australians see that floppy mop of hair and those talented legs bobbing and weaving among green-and-gold defenders.

And the members won't all be male Soccer fans.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 7, 1967

For teenagers

Back to the Middle Ages

● Thumbing through an encyclopedia, I read under Dancing Mania: "A form of hysteria prevalent in the 14th and 15th centuries. Those affected threw themselves into wild paroxysms of excitement, in which they danced, gesticulated, and screamed. Large numbers were affected simultaneously, and danced wildly through the streets. The condition was often looked upon as the manifestation of diabolic influences. Another view attributed it to the bite of the tarantula." Now, who says our ideas and dances aren't regressing?

— "SWEET SIXTEEN," Dandenong, Vic.

Face of happiness seldom seen

HAVE you ever noticed how seldom you see people smiling? I travel by train and bus twice a day, and during my whole lengthy journey I never see anyone who looks even vaguely happy, much less smiling. Of course, you would look ridiculous if you just sat there with an inane grin. But surely it doesn't take much to have at least a pleasant expression instead of the usual grim, gloomy look. If people made an effort, they would find themselves feeling happier, as well as looking more agreeable. — M. Quick, Punchbowl, N.S.W.

Showing talent

TO raise funds at school, run your own exhibition or show. We had on display model ships and planes, needlework, art, schoolwork, craftwork, and cooking, with the sweets and cakes sold afterwards. Our class committee of boys and girls made the rules, charging 5c for each exhibit entered and an admission fee of 5c to see all the articles on display.

Two of our teachers judged the entries, for which there were first and second cash prizes. — S. Dalzell, Too-woomba, Qld.

Cutting comment

WHILE looking through some old cuttings collected by my father, I came across this: "Will the persons who removed the four wheels and gearbox from my truck kindly send me their address and I will forward the rest of the truck at my expense. They must be handicapped without it." — "Reader," Caulfield, Vic.

Individual touches

INSTEAD of throwing away scraps from a new dress, or the hem of an old one that you are shortening, keep them to make matching watchbands and bows to be attached to a pair of plain shoes. These two cute ideas will brighten your wardrobe and make it really individual. — Beverly Templeton, Welshpool, W.A.

BEAUTY IN BRIEF

Unveil your face

A FACIAL has three purposes — to cleanse, to tone, to lubricate the skin. The result is a finer complexion and a smoother base for make-up.

The face mask or pack has a special job to do. It is the quickest "lift" you can give your face and get that cherished million-dollar feeling.

A simple milk or buttermilk pack is fine for girls deep in their teens, since it whitens (a little), refines (somewhat), and leaves the skin surface with a velvety feel.

After cleansing your face and neck, pat all over with a gauze pad soaked in milk or buttermilk. Use a little almond meal with the milk if you like — and in this event make the pack do double duty by giving your elbows a facial at the same time.

Leave the milk-and-almond-meal pack on for 15 minutes. You'll get the best results with this, or any "mask-type" pack, if you can lie quietly with your feet higher than your head while it is on.

Rinse off thoroughly with warm water, then cold.

— Carolyn Earle

LETTERS

Now or never

YOU often hear people running down the younger generation: The boys for having long hair, and the girls for wearing bikinis and mini-skirts. But how would men look at 60 with long hair, and Grannies with bikinis and mini-skirts? Sounds outrageous. Everyone has to live it up sometime. It may as well be while they still have the appropriate shape. — "A Teenager," Comboyne, N.S.W.

CITY BEAT

■ Undoubtedly Melbourne is the centre of the pop business, and not many people think of Adelaide as a talent bin. But from Adelaide came the Twilighters, Bev Harrell (rating very near the top), the Clefs, the Blue Rags, and Hollers, who are just beginning to taste success. There are also new groups, like the Vibrants and the Master's Apprentices, who have recently gone to Melbourne. Tony Shep also hails from Adelaide, but did not start singing until he moved to Melbourne. With all this talent, surely Adelaide should receive more recognition as an "in" place. — Philip Saj, Elizabeth Vale, S.A.

Evils of boredom

IF the police want to keep the teenage problem under control they should organise more clubs, where the kids can mix and enjoy themselves at weekends. Half the problem with teenagers today is that they are bored, and when they go looking for something to do they end up in trouble because they have to make their so-called enjoyment. Parents should encourage (not force) the kids to join these clubs. — Carole Bate, Willoughby, N.S.W.

I KNOW several young people who, although not born in Australia, have lived here most of their lives, and can speak English better than the language of their parents. They will not call themselves Australians, though they cannot remember the country in which they were born. Although they enjoy all the benefits of a free world, they will not admit to being one of its citizens. I am proud of being called an Australian, and think that anyone who has chosen Australia for his country should feel the same way. — "Aussie," Cheltenham, S.A.

BEATNIK



HERE'S YOUR



ANSWER

from Louise Hunter

SHE CAN'T BE SERIOUS!

"I AM only 15, but a boy of 21 is taking me out. He loves me, but I know my kind of love isn't like his. He knows my age and writes to me while I am at school. Although he has practically arranged my next holidays, I'm worried because all the parties we go to are for older people of 23 to 26. I am the youngest girl there by about six or seven years and I always feel left out. I don't want to be so serious with him and I want to go to parties for people my own age. How do I do this? He was thoroughly bored when he came to one of these parties last Christmas. Shall I just tell him to break it off? If I were older I would probably love him, but I don't believe that I know what real love is yet." — "Juliet," Qld.

● While six years isn't such a wide gap when both partners are in their 20s, the

difference can be enormous when one of them is in the mid-teens. Explain to this boy that you want to mix more with people your own age and do not want arrangements made for you. Indicate plainly, in a friendly way, that you are not prepared for a serious attachment at 15.

Make-believe

"I AM 15 and still go to school. All my friends have boyfriends and are always talking about them. I don't have a boyfriend, so I invented one and now all my friends want to meet him. I keep putting them off, but I don't know how long I will be able to keep this up. Please tell me what to do." — "Distressed," W.A.

● Don't you think it's about time you had a "lovers' tiff" with your make-believe boyfriend and sent him on his way? If you were not at school, I'd tell you to make a full confession to your friends. But their school-

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

girlish teasing would be too severe a punishment for what was only an immature way of keeping up with the Joneses. Besides, you know now that deception costs too much emotionally.

Love and alcohol

"I HAVE been going out with a boy for six months and we are both very much in love. (We are 17.) The trouble is that my boyfriend drinks — not a great deal, but it worries me to see him do so at such an early age. I do not touch alcoholic drinks and I was wondering if it is my duty to try to get him out of this habit. If so, how do I go about it?" — "Worried," Qld.

● You can tell him that you don't like to see him drinking at such an early age. If he likes you a great deal, he may take notice. For your own sake, you must refuse to drive with him if he has had any alcohol.

VENI, VIDI, VICI—MINI!



MINI-SKIRT "inventor" Mary Quant must have been inspired by fashions worn by Ancient Greeks and Romans. And worn by males, at that!

An American expert in Ancient History claimed this in a recent lecture at a university.

He said Miss Quant was clearly influenced by Roman soldiers' "mini" tunics, and Greek men's "skirts" that can still be seen in exhibitions of national dress.

His view caused quite a stir. Several colleagues criticised him, saying that the old boys did not wear short gear for the same reasons that girls do today.

But, looking at historical references, I find that there is evidence to support the original claim.

Trojans can argue until they're hoarse, but what about the old saying "Beware of Greeks wearing shifts"?

ROUND ROBIN Adair

Roman history provides even more thought-provoking material.

Excavations have shown that many people in Pompeii at the time of the eruption of Vesuvius were wearing what we now would call mini-skirts and thongs.

So, there were, even then, Thongs for Swinging Lavas. Senate records show that civic fathers argued about the skimpy dressing of women.

As with today's fashions, I imagine some were against them and some Forum.

It is also very interesting to consider that the Latin word meaning "how much"—a very important aspect of mini-skirting — is *quantus*.

And I recall from my Latin classes the story of Theseus and the Minotaur.

Perhaps it was really a Mini-taur?

Even fashion models of minis today obviously had their ancient forerunners.

Cassius had a lean and hungry look long before Twiggy. All this, despite the fact that Rome wasn't built by a dame!

If we are to take seriously the theory that mini-skirts are revivals of Roman fashions, particularly, a boy should be warned not to take the business too far.

Attracted by a lass in a mini-skirt he should not Caesar.



"San Rafael," home of Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Deans, Norman Park, Brisbane.

STRONG SPANISH INFLUENCE



New courtyard entertaining area (above) adjoins the sitting-room and replaces what was previously the backyard. A long arched entrance (left), covered and paved with porphyry stone, leads to the front door and creates a cool atmosphere on harsh sunny days.



The Deans' daughter, Carita, has a bedroom with a balcony that looks out to the Brisbane River. A winding staircase which recesses into this room is camouflaged by a bunk, at right, which is used as a spare bed.

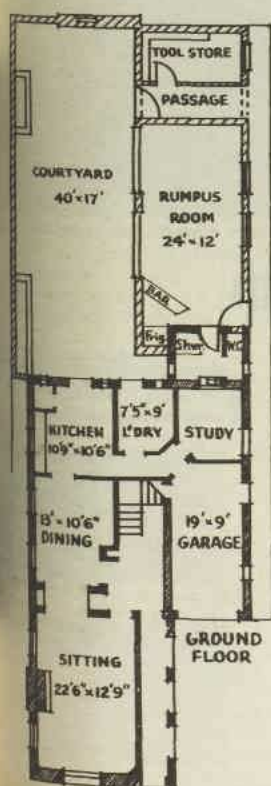
Story by Jean Bruce

Photographs by Bob Millar

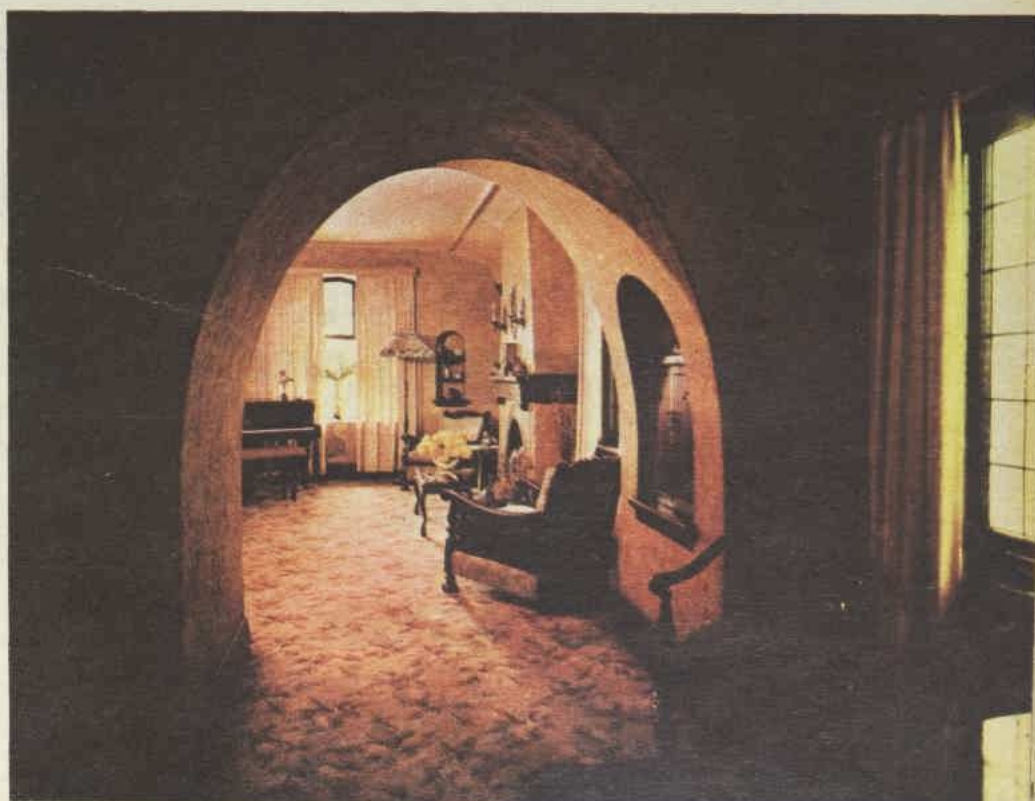
A SPANISH villa, "San Rafael," on one of Brisbane's busiest suburban thoroughfares in Norman Park, successfully shuts out the noise of passing traffic and inside discloses distinctive charm. The owners, Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Deans, have recently added an extensive mosaic tiled courtyard entertaining area at the rear. Mr. Deans originally brought the design for the house from California, where he was very taken with the strong Spanish influence in the architecture.

The two-storey house is very solidly built of double-cavity bricks and is now 33 years old, but Mr. Deans says shows no signs of deterioration. The architects were Hennessy and Hennessy (main architects for the Queensland University at St. Lucia) and the builder was Mr. S. S. Carrick, of South Brisbane, a leading builder of that time. The exterior is white in color and the main interior rooms a light golden brown. The walls both inside and out are of a texture finish,

characteristic of Spanish architecture. At the stairway and entrance hall is wrought ironwork which was designed specially for the house. There are also attractive brickwork recesses in the walls and hallway, and decorative brick was used in an arched fireplace in the sitting-room. The recent extensions to the house include the courtyard entertaining area, a barbecue, a rumpus-room, an attractive small kitchen, and a tiled shower-room.



Four-foot-deep archway wall between sitting and dining rooms has an unusual recessed cocktail cabinet of cedar. Cabinet work throughout the house is of cedar.





Heirloom "Kings Walk" — 100% Acrilan fibre — plushy soft in Monaco, one of the many modern colours in this range.

Bring a fresh, clean sweep of colour into your home with Heirloom—the new easy-care family of carpets!

Once upon a time carpets were designed to get up off the floor and hit your visitors in the eye.

Now, a group of modern designers at Felt & Textiles has changed all that. They've created Heirloom — an exciting new family of carpets that brings a clean, quiet sweep of colour into your rooms which is a *background* for all the possessions you treasure and enjoy. Chairs, curtains, lampshades, ornaments, pictures—all of them come to life for the first time.

Heirloom carpets come in 12 ft. widths (so you have few if any joins), some patterned, some clear, some interestingly textured, in many, many fresh-faced colours. And they're timeless: they look right with everything from Queen Anne to Scandinavian Modern.

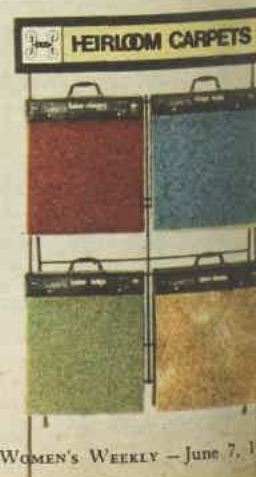
Practical, too — Heirloom offers you a choice of carpets in durable Acrilan (the wonder acrylic fibre exclusive in Australia to F. & T.), tough Caprolan Nylon, and 100% pure wool.

Heirloom's bouncy pile is child-proof, fights back against feet and furniture, cleans up in minutes after a spill, looks immaculate year after year.

Best of all, you can Heirloom an average room for around \$120, plus underfelt and laying. Isn't that a small price to pay for a real family Heirloom?

Head for the Heirloom Carpet Stand in all the good stores now

HEIRLOOM CARPETS



Make room for Heirloom Carpets—new products of the Carpet Division of Felt & Textiles of Australia Ltd.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 7, 1967

STEAK DIANE

• Wherever famous chefs gather, the argument rages — "Steak Diane — is a classic dish, or not?" But, classic or otherwise, they all agree that Steak Diane is one of the most frequently ordered dishes in hotels and restaurants.

STEAK DIANE, cooked by Mr. Peter Goderie, of The Garden Court, Wentworth Hotel, Sydney. All ingredients are at hand — steak flattened, garlic crushed, and vegetables chopped.



Compiled by our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

STEAK DIANE (pronounce it Dec-ahne) was originally introduced into Australia by Tony Clerici at the old Romano's Restaurant in Sydney; it soon became a dish widely discussed in gourmet circles.

Apart from its good taste, it had other things to commend it: it cooked in minutes — and, because it was usually prepared right at the table, with flourish and finesse, by the *maitre d'hôtel*, young men found it an easy way to win friends when they ordered it for their impressionable female dinner guests.

And it is an impressive dish — guaranteed to set the table-buds working overtime.

If you're serving it at home, make sure everything is prepared beforehand: the meat flattened, the garlic crushed, the butter, sauce, and pepper mill close at hand, plus any other ingredients you may choose to use. Then watch the faces of your guests brighten with hungry, delighted anticipation as the rich combination of cooking smells rises from the sizzling pan.

Below we give Tony Clerici's recipe for Steak Diane; many chefs use this same recipe.

We have also included Steak Diane recipes from other hotels and restaurants in Australia, and one from America. It is interesting to see how individual chefs can interpret and adapt a recipe to suit their own creative taste — and the taste of their customers.

• From Tony Clerici, Chiswick Gardens Restaurant, Sydney

Mr. Clerici credits the continuing success of his Steak Diane to his use of the right ingredients in the right quantities in the right way; he makes sure his steaks are always exactly the same shape and thickness, so he knows how long to the second each steak will take to cook.

FOR EACH PERSON:

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 10oz. fillet steak | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt |
| 3oz. unsalted butter | 1 clove garlic |
| 1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce | 1 tablespoon chopped parsley |
| 5 fresh ground peppercorns | |

Have butcher cut steak $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, then pound steak to about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness. Shape steak into an oval. Put butter in frying pan. Add the worcestershire sauce, rub garlic on the steak with wooden spoon, season each side of steak with salt and pepper. Lightly cook few minutes on each side. Garnish with parsley. Serve pommes parisiennes and fried beans (recipe on this page) with the steak.

• From Mr. P. Goderie, Garden Court Restaurant, Wentworth Hotel, Sydney.

Mushrooms, shallots, and cream are all added to the basic steak recipe in this recipe from the new Wentworth Hotel.

FOR EACH PERSON:

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 flattened piece of fillet steak | finely chopped shallots |
| pepper, salt, crushed garlic | finely sliced mushrooms |
| | worcestershire sauce |
| | finely chopped parsley |
| | cream |

Melt butter in frying pan until it is very hot; while butter is heating, sprinkle the steak with salt and liberal amount of freshly ground pepper, then rub in crushed

garlic generously. Spread finely chopped shallots over steak and press in well. Place steak in hot butter, keeping dressed side uppermost until underneath side is cooked, so shallots and garlic won't burn. Carefully place mushrooms in the butter round the steak. Turn steak, pour worcestershire sauce over top. Cook few minutes, sprinkle with parsley, then pour in the cream, mixing it into the sauce. Place steak on hot plate, swirl sauce round pan, and pour over.

And Mr. Goderie's suggestion for an unusual accompaniment to Steak Diane? Fried rice! "Delicious!" he says. "It soaks up every drop of the rich sauce!"

• From America

In this interesting version, sherry and brandy replace the more traditional worcestershire sauce.

FOR EACH PERSON:

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 10oz. sirloin steak, well trimmed | 1 tablespoon sherry |
| 1 tablespoon butter | 1 tablespoon extra butter |
| 1 tablespoon brandy | 1 teaspoon chopped chives |

Pound meat very thin with mallet or steak hammer; heat butter. Fry steak quickly in the butter, turning it once. Add brandy, flame. Add sherry, and extra butter which has been creamed with the chives. Place steak on warm plate, pour gravy over.

• From Antonio's Restaurant, Melbourne

Crushed peppercorns are pressed into the steak with the garlic for Antonio's Steak Diane; demi-glace sauce and red wine are added to make a rather different sauce to be served with the steak.

FOR EACH PERSON:

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 tablespoon butter | 1 tablespoon red wine |
| 5oz. fillet steak | 1 tablespoon demi-glace sauce |
| fresh peppercorns in a grinder | liberal dash worcestershire sauce |
| 1 clove garlic, crushed | |

Melt butter in pan first, but leave no surplus oil. Then melt butter in pan. Salt the steak, then grind pepper on to steak and press in slightly. Spread a little garlic on one side of steak; cook on that side, cooking quickly in very hot butter to seal. Repeat with salt, pepper, and garlic on uncooked side, then turn steak. In the side of the pan put demi-glace sauce and red wine, add worcestershire sauce. Reduce sauce over heat until there is about a tablespoonful remaining, then serve the steak and spoon sauce over.

Note: Demi-glace is a rich, brown sauce, sometimes with wine added, well reduced to give concentrated flavor.

Below is a simplified recipe for this sauce:

DEMI-GLACE SAUCE

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 2 tablespoons butter | 1 tablespoon tomato paste |
| 1 tablespoon flour | or 2 peeled, chopped, seeded tomatoes |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ pint beef stock | |

Melt butter in a pot and add flour, stirring well. Cook over gentle heat until it browns, stirring all the time to prevent flour burning. Stir in the stock gradually, then add tomatoes or paste and continue stirring until sauce comes to boil. Then simmer without stirring for 30 minutes, skimming frequently to remove fat from surface; strain. The sauce should thicken, but not become too thick.

This recipe makes about $\frac{1}{2}$ pint. Store in the refrigerator, where it will keep for a week.

• From Herman's Haystack Restaurant, Sydney

Finely chopped shallots and beef stock are added to the basic recipe and a little cream is stirred into the sauce in this interesting variation.

FOR FOUR PERSONS:

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 4 fillet steaks (each weighing 8oz.) | 8 shallots |
| finely chopped garlic | 2oz. worcestershire sauce |
| 4oz. butter | 4oz. beef stock |
| | little cream |

Pound steaks until quite flat. Rub lightly with a little chopped garlic. Brown butter in frying pan, add steaks, and cook until tender and well browned on both sides. Add finely chopped shallots to pan, together with worcestershire sauce and stock. Simmer a moment or two, then add cream; simmer until sauce thickens slightly. Serve at once.

• From Renzo Romano's Restaurant, Sydney

At Renzo Romano's, only three, or perhaps four, pieces of steak, cut from the centre of the fillet, are used for Steak Diane. They are then flattened with a mallet, in a special way, to the size of 8in. plate, and to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, without losing any of their juices.

FOR EACH PERSON:

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 piece centre-cut fillet steak | liberal dash worcestershire sauce |
| 2oz. butter | black pepper |
| 1 clove garlic | finely chopped parsley |
| salt | |

Flatten steak to size of 8in. plate and $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Melt butter in pan over high heat, and when it is sizzling add worcestershire sauce. Then add the steak, and, while it is cooking, rub the raw upperside with crushed garlic and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Turn steak, sprinkle cooked side with more salt and pepper. When cooked to taste, sprinkle with parsley and serve immediately with pommes parisiennes (potato balls, parboiled, then sauteed until golden) and fried beans.

FRIED BEANS

- | | |
|--------------|-------------|
| french beans | beaten egg |
| salted water | breadcrumbs |
| flour | oil |

Trim beans but leave them whole. Parboil in boiling salted water; drain and dry. Roll in flour, dip in beaten egg, roll in breadcrumbs. Fry in very hot oil until crisp and golden.

• From the Jade Room, Australia Hotel, Sydney

The method, rather than the ingredients, is unusual in this recipe.

FOR EACH PERSON:

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| fillet steak, flattened | 2 tablespoons cream |
| 2 tablespoons butter | 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley |
| 1-2 tablespoons worcestershire sauce | salt |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ clove crushed garlic | |

Melt butter in chafing-dish pan or frying pan until hot and turning brown. Add steak, cook quickly until brown on one side. Turn steak and cook other side. Add salt and garlic to cooked side. Add worcestershire sauce to lower temperature of butter and avoid burning garlic, and turn steak again in the sauce. Add cream, stir well into sauce. Put steak on hot plate, sprinkle with parsley, pour the sauce over.

Continued overleaf

● **From The Chelsea Restaurant, Sydney.**

Sirloin is the steak chosen for Steak Diane at the Chelsea Restaurant, because it is considered to have more flavor. Shallots and a piquant, fruity sauce are added to the basic sauce ingredients.

FOR TWO PERSONS

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 tablespoon chopped shallots

- 2 pieces sirloin steak (pounded and trimmed)
- 1 tablespoon chopped chives
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
- 1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce
- 1 tablespoon thick fruity sauce
- 1 extra tablespoon butter
- salt and pepper to taste

Melt butter in heavy pan and saute the shallots gently until golden. Put in the 2 pieces of steak, sear on both sides. Add chives, parsley, worcestershire sauce, fruity sauce, and butter,

and mix well over heat. Sprinkle steak with salt and pepper and continue to saute until done to taste.

● **From Pfahler's Hotel, Sydney**

An interesting variation in the recipe below is the white wine, added to the Diane sauce.

FOR EACH PERSON

- 8oz. fillet steak
- 2 tablespoons worcestershire sauce

- 3 tablespoons white wine
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- salt and pepper
- finely chopped parsley
- 3 tablespoons cream

Beat steak to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness with steak mallet. Rub chopped parsley and crushed garlic into steak. Place 1 large tablespoon butter in frying pan, and heat. Add steak, cook 2 minutes on each side. Add wine, cook until reduced by half; add worcestershire

sauce, cream, salt and pepper. Shake pan until sauce thickens, then add remaining butter. Swirl until butter melts, then serve at once.

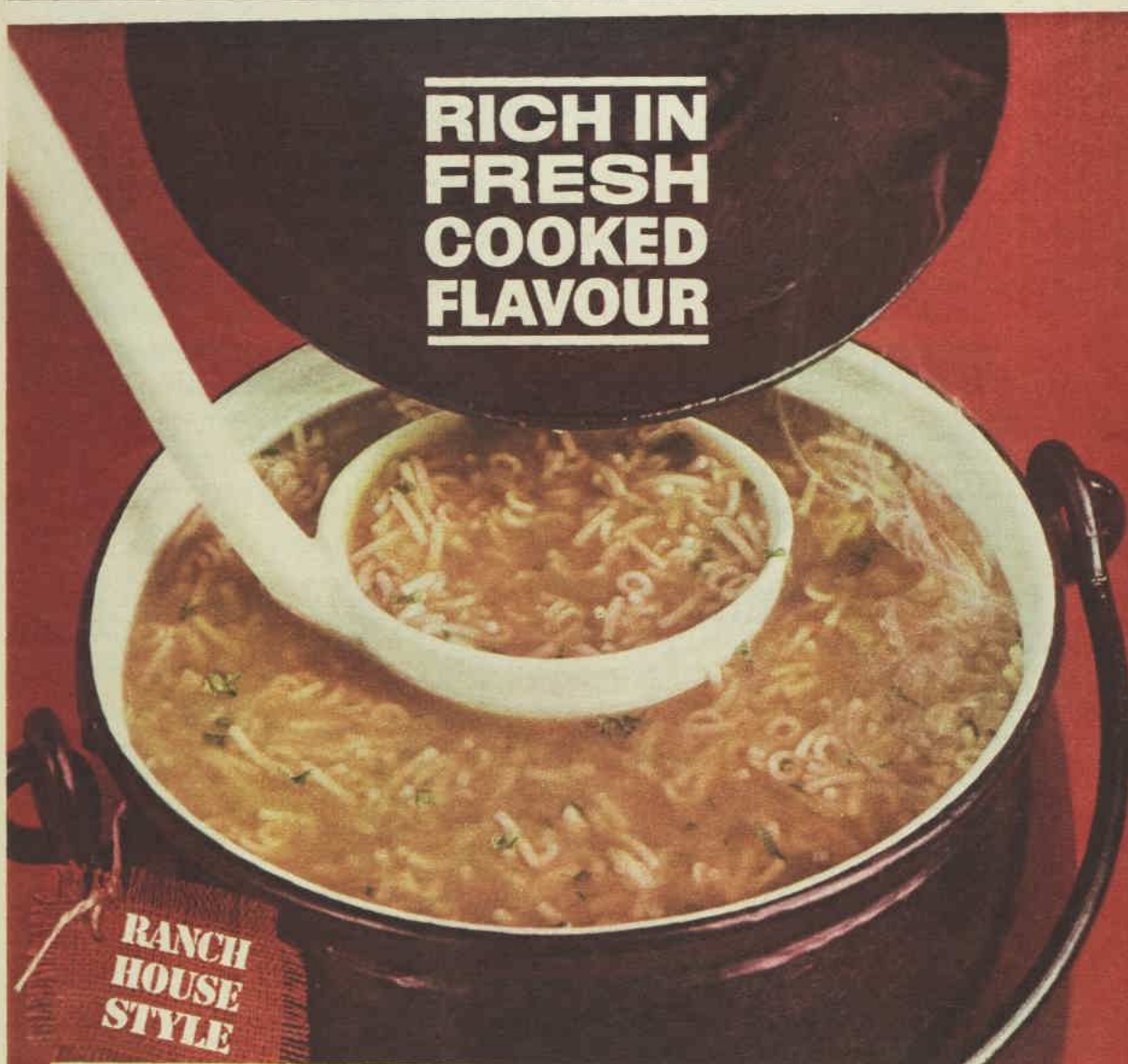
● **From Valentine's Restaurant, Sydney.**

Red wine is the variation to the sauce in this recipe.

FOR EACH PERSON

- 10oz. fillet steak
- 1 clove garlic (crushed)
- 2 teaspoons chopped parsley
- 3 tablespoons worcestershire sauce
- 1 tablespoon red wine
- 2 dessertspoons cream
- 1oz. butter

Beat steak flat with mallet or rolling-pin. Melt butter in frying pan. Put in steak and cook, turning once, until done to taste. Remove from pan and set aside; keep warm. Add worcestershire sauce, wine, garlic, parsley, and cream to pan, stir and cook about 1 minute. Return steak to pan, simmer further 1 minute on each side.



New from Continental **RICH BEEF SOUP** WITH NOODLES

A magnificent new soup by Continental. Rich Beef Soup with Noodles. It's rich alright! Rich with juicy beef pieces and egg noodles. There are leeks and chives to add to the flavour, and a dash or two of just the right seasonings. All in a real beef-ey broth!

It's another beautiful soup from Continental with that special flavour that only comes from soup that's fresh-cooked. Fresh-cooked because you do the cooking. So you get the applause. Continental don't mind one little bit. We're glad to help.

Continental RICH BEEF SOUP WITH NOODLES - RICH IN FRESH COOKED FLAVOUR



CN1/49WWJPC

Cheesecake wins our \$10 prize

● A delicious dessert cake with a filling of lemon-flavored cream cheese wins the \$10 prize for a recipe this week.

LEVEL spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipe.

CHEESE DESSERT CAKE

- 2 cups self-raising flour
- pinch salt
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 3oz. butter or substitute
- 1 egg (slightly beaten)
- 2 tablespoons milk

FILLING

- 4 egg-whites
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons plain flour
- pinch salt
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups cream cheese (12oz.)
- 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 4 egg-yolks
- 1 cup sour cream

Sift flour, salt, and sugar into basin, rub in butter or substitute, mix to firm dough with egg and milk. Shape into round, chill 1 hour. Roll out thinly on floured board, press into shallow square tin.

Filling: Beat egg-whites in large bowl until soft mounds form, gradually add half the sugar, beating until stiff peaks form. Blend remaining sugar with flour, salt, and cheese, add lemon rind, juice, beaten egg-yolks, and sour cream; mix until well combined. Lightly fold into egg-white mixture. Turn into pastry-lined tin, bake in slow oven approximately 45 minutes or until lightly set. Turn off oven and allow to cool in oven $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Dust top with cinnamon. Refrigerate before cutting into slices.

Prize of \$10 to Mrs. Thelma Clarkson, 10 Nandah St., Kedron, North Brisbane.

Happiness is a growing baby

Growing on Heinz... the only Peak-Nutrition Baby Food

There is only one peak-nutrition cooking process... and it belongs to Heinz.

What does this mean for your baby?

It means baby is getting more protein and nourishment because the Heinz Peak-Nutrition cooking process captures and holds more of the body building protein and vital nourishment that all other cooking methods lose.

Only Heinz developed the peak-nutrition cooking process and they hold the patent. It's as simple as that.

Beautiful, contented and growing, that's a healthy baby... that's a Heinz baby. Only Heinz gives your baby more to grow on.

Is anything but Heinz good enough for your baby?

Heinz Peak-Nutrition
Baby Food gives your
baby more to grow on



57 Happiness is Heinz.

Say NO to cheap teas

Buy Bushells

Flavor is more important than price
and Bushells Tea sells so fast...you know it's always fresher



"TANIA" — Up-to-the-minute two-piece suit (below) is designed for the adult woman. Material is wool and terylene; the suit is lined. Color choice includes junior navy (illustrated), sea-blue, and sage-green. Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$19.25; 36 and 38in. bust, \$19.45; 40in. bust, \$19.65. Postage and registration 60c extra. Cut out only: 32 and 34in. bust, \$14.55; 36 and 38in. bust, \$14.75; 40in. bust, \$14.95. Postage and registration 60c extra.

"KARLA" — Trend-setting suit (right). Jacket has standing collar and slit pockets; skirt is A-line. Material is pure wool frocking. Suit is lined. Color choice includes pale orange (illustrated), Dior pink, azure-blue. Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$19.25; 36 and 38in. bust, \$19.45. Postage and registration 60c extra. Cut out only: 32 and 34in. bust, \$15.65; 36 and 38in. bust, \$15.85. Postage and registration 60c extra.



"SUE" — Form-following shift (below) has tailored collar, button trim, and above-elbow sleeves. Material is imported wool frocking with a smooth twill finish. Color choice includes white (illustrated), junior navy, and flame-red. Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$16.55; 36 and 38in. bust, \$16.75. Postage and registration 60c extra. Cut out only: 32 and 34in. bust, \$12.65; 36 and 38in. bust, \$12.95. Postage and registration 60c extra.

● These three well-cut, budget-priced fashions are available ready made or cut out ready to sew. The designs are available and can be inspected at Fashion House, 344-6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Address mail orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Please state name of dress and make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

THREE SMART DESIGNS FOR BUDGET BUYING



COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, gives our readers' information about their Staffordshire ornaments.



I WOULD like to know something about an ornament which belonged to my great-grandmother, and which was brought to Australia by my mother in 1926. The ornament is decorated with reptiles and stands in a saucer. I thought it to be Continental but it has an impression (rather vague) of a crown

● **Palissy ware.**

on the base. — Mrs. F. Fox, Rose Bay, N.S.W.

Although Continental in character, this could have been made in Staffordshire during the 1880s. It is generally described as Palissy ware, after the famous 16th-century potter who is supposed to have made examples of faience ware decorated with lifelike reptiles, etc.

COULD you please give me some information about a statuette that has been in my husband's family for at least 80 years (picture enclosed). He thinks it is Parian marble and that it came from Scotland. — Mrs. G. Hamilton, Brisbane.

The Victorian-period statuette, representing a mother with a naughty child, does not appear to

be made of marble. Surely it must be made of pottery or porcelain. It is most likely of Staffordshire origin and was made about 1860 to 1870.

MY husband's great-grandmother brought this jug (picture enclosed) with her from Scotland. There are no markings on the jug, which we believe to be a hundred years old. — Mrs. Ian McLaren, East Brisbane, Qld.

The jug, which was made in England during the second quarter of the 19th century, is a typical Staffordshire type. Your photograph is indistinct but I presume the jug is treated with some copper lustre. This characteristic suggests to me that the jug was made at the Sunderland pottery about 1825-1840.

HOME HINTS

● These useful household hints from our readers win \$2 each.

TO clean a stained or dirty frypan sprinkle with ordinary cooking salt, heat on the stove, then clean off with paper or even newspaper. Rinse the frypan and it will be perfectly clean and shining. — Mrs. N. Schuder, 185A Tranmere Rd, Howrah, Tas.

Spray leaves lightly with the hose before raking them up. This prevents them from blowing away while you are collecting them. — Mrs. H. E. Bowd, Moorbel, via Canowindra, N.S.W.

Do you forget where you have planted the cuttings you were given? Cut the bottom out of an ice-cream or fruit tin, push it an inch or two into the ground, and plant cutting inside. When cutting is established, the tin is easily removed. You can write the plant's name on the tin with a felt-tipped pen. — Mrs. A. Baker, "Sunnyside," Spring Terrace, N.S.W.

Cane handles from a discarded knitting or shopping bag make novel teatowel holders. Join handles with ribbon and suspend at varying lengths on one end of an island cupboard or on wall. — Mrs. J. E. Boys, 22 Mahoney St., Berri, S.A.

Add some mixed herbs to each bottle when bottling your homemade breadcrumbs. The finished dish will have a delightful extra tang. For another and different taste, keep a bottle to receive the last crumbs from breakfast cereal packets; crush and use them on cutlets, patties, and casseroles. — Mrs. J. Farrow, Box 22, P.O., Burleigh Heads, Qld.

Coffee grounds make excellent mulch for indoor plants. — Mrs. R. McKay, Lot 21, Warwick St., Woy Woy, N.S.W.

To prevent mess and overcome the problem of measuring out sticky ingredients such as golden syrup or honey: If a dry ingredient such as sugar is also used (for example, in gingerbread), first weigh out sugar then spread it over weighing pan. Next, pour the golden syrup on top until it reaches the required weight. — R. Sowerby, 17 Pratt St., Ringwood, Vic.

SNOWFLAKE SWEATER

wonderfully warm in Sirdar Pullman!

You'll be happy to face snowflakes this winter, and seaspray, too, in this cosy hooded sweater! Knit it in thick (equivalent to 12 ply) Sirdar Pullman... pick from over 40 different colours (including the exciting new Pullman Snow Colours.) Size 34" costs you just \$8.26. Sirdar Leaflet No. 2015A, 15 cents at your favourite wool counter, or send 20 cents to Dept. A, P.O. Box 472, Goulburn N.S.W.



Wonderful
SIRDAR



Made with pure new wool

TO BE SURE, ALWAYS USE SIRDAR WOOLS FOR SIRDAR PATTERNS

5103

FLIRTING...a meaningful glance...a light kiss...a handshake that's too long...

The innocent game that disrupts marriage

By NORMAN LOBSENZ

THE word "flirtation," according to Webster's dictionary, probably derives from the Old French *fleurir*, "to move lightly from flower to flower," and means "to play at love."

Playing at love, however, can mean almost anything, from a slightly longer than necessary handshake to a kiss on the lips; from an intellectual conversation to a whispered invitation to lunch; from a meaningful glance across a crowded room to an outright proposition.

Essentially it is sexual—not in fact, but in feeling.

"Flirting," one wife stated, "is a way of saying, 'I'm a woman and you're a man; I know that you know it and you know that I know it.'"

The word may not be used as much nowadays as it once was.

"This is an era of instant sex," a marriage counsellor said. "People don't flirt; they 'make out.' Can you imagine a girl in a bikini hiding her face behind a fan?"

Yet, it didn't take much probing to find that people do have real concern about their own or their spouse's flirting. Far from being an archaic and dying frivolity, flirting seems to be very much a part of married social life.

Many are accustomed to thinking of flirting as part of being unmarried, a game that is right and proper when played during courtship and dating. In such circumstances it is carried on according to well-understood moves and counter-moves.

But flirting after marriage—and I am talking about casual social flirtation, not infidelity—is quite a different matter. Flirtation after marriage has been described as the art of conveying sexual appreciation or desire, along with the unspoken understanding that it is totally impracticable to do anything about it.

Flirting for most married persons is like a formal procession going nowhere, one in which each step forward is countered by a step backward. It is a game with strict rules.

A violator of the code can get a sharp come-uppance. One married woman told me about a dinner party at which she received flattering and welcome attention from a handsome man.

As she was leaving, while her husband was getting the coats, the man said how much he had enjoyed meeting her. He wondered if they couldn't get to know each other better, and asked in a low voice what she was doing on Wednesday.

Husband's shirts

"For an instant," my informant said, "I was stunned. I know I'd been leading him on a bit, but it was just a party! So I told him what I was doing on Wednesday—my husband's shirts!"

When another flirting wife was manoeuvred, to her surprise, into the kitchen and kissed, she was terribly upset. "That's not playing the game," she complained.

Actually, the accepted boundaries of married flirting are seldom trespassed. The commoner complaint—registered especially by wives—is that living-room gallantries are so rarely come by.

"You get all dressed up, your hair newly done," observed a suburban housewife, "you feel attractive and gay, and what happens? A magic line is drawn down the room. On one side are all the men, talking shop, golf, and bowling, and on the other side I sit with the rest of the women, talk-

ing about children and clothes and feeling frumpier by the minute. I want to be made to feel like a woman."

This need for a bit of ego-building, for recapturing the excitement of dating, motivates most flirtation.

Even the respective spouses can be flattered by such an interplay; the person who sees his mate being admired feels that his own good taste and good fortune are reinforced.

Why, then, are so many husbands and wives unhappy when their spouses flirt?

The answer, I think, is that even "harmless" flirting has a tremendous potential for trouble.

A wife's idea of innocent coquetry, for instance, can trigger an explosion of jealousy in an insecure husband, and vice versa.

And it is one thing to flirt out of a wish to be flattered, but it is quite another for a husband and wife to threaten each other by flirting out of spite or a wish for revenge.

Every couple knows that each marriage has its Rubicon—that invisible line at which words or actions, pushed one step further, become a gauntlet flung down.

The lines between innocent and potentially harmful flirting also can fluctuate according to whom one flirts with.

If a husband sees his wife pat the hand of a happily married man, that's one thing; if the man is separated from his wife or divorced, that may be another.

The husband who spends all evening talking to a schoolteacher may not worry his wife at all; but if he spends just a little too long talking to a young actress, he may be in for trouble when he gets home.

I spoke to a small group of wives who insist that they do not, will not, flirt at all and to others who insisted their flirtations were so mild that they couldn't possibly cause trouble.

I asked several women how they felt when their husbands flirted. The same women who had enthusiastically talked about their own flirtations as totally harmless pastimes were virtually unanimous in denouncing any flirtation started by their husbands.

"Wouldn't you be pleased if you knew another woman thought he was attractive?" I asked.

"I'd be horrified," said one wife. "I don't want any woman to think of him that way." "What she means, what we all really mean," said another, "is that we're scared to death it might lead to an affair."

In other words, what they meant was: "When a woman flirts it doesn't 'mean anything' and she should be considered completely trustworthy; any man who flirts, however, is halfway into an affair."

This is what I call the "double standard" of flirtation.

The theory is, I think, inaccurate.

It seems to me that most husbands are motivated to flirt by a sense of duty.

Some men will flirt with a woman they do not care about merely to put a bit of interest into an otherwise boring evening.

A few even flirt because it is a "safe" pastime—you can't get so easily involved with a married woman.

And there are, of course, exceptions—the man who thinks he is God's gift to the

● Many married people think flirting is a harmless ritual that makes a woman feel more womanly and a man feel more like a man. But is it really as safe as it seems? Here is one man's view of what happens when couples play this game.

Women seem much more aware than men of these nuances and risks. This is perhaps because they feel they have comparatively little to gain and a great deal to lose if they carry their flirting too far.

"I enjoy flirting at a party," one woman told me. "I know I'm not going further, and I'm pretty sure the man isn't, either. Still, there's always the possibility—and this is what is so titillating—that something may develop. When I begin to sense that it's going too far, I pull back. Who needs trouble? I have a good husband and two beautiful children, and I am not going to rock that boat for anything."

The possibility of involvement, unwanted or unlikely as it may be, seems to be what makes flirtation such a fascinating challenge.

"When I flirt to the point where I think the man will phone me," a young wife admitted to me, "and he doesn't, I feel terrible."

"I also feel terrible if he does, because I don't know what to do with him."

There are many ways of flirting. A woman can flirt just by listening interestedly to a man's conversation, and a man can flirt back by lighting her cigarette in a certain intimate manner (in the old days, women flirted with fans; one type had a mirror in it so the lady, while ostensibly looking straight ahead, could flirt with the man behind her).

ladies, the husband who wants to provoke his wife, the Don Juan who envisions trysts if a woman so much as smiles at him, and the fellow who has had a drink too many.

"There is a certain woman, the wife of an old friend," one husband remarked, "with whom I have been flirting at parties for years. I think if we ever stopped, people would suspect there was something between us. I do it partly out of habit and partly because I think she'd be hurt if I didn't."

"I flirt because it's the thing to do in our circle," said another man. "We know just what can or can't be said and done. What upsets me is if I meet a strange woman at a party and flirt in my usual way and she thinks I mean it."

A number of men reported, rather smugly, that they flirted because they thought it pleased their wives. (As previously noted, it doesn't.)

Most husbands and wives flirt innocently. But some people, usually women, use their attractiveness to vent feelings of anger and hostility on the opposite sex, to provoke jealousy deliberately in a spouse.

One very frank wife admitted that she is never so triumphant as when she can get every man in the room to want her and then can rebuff their advances.

"Certainly I want my husband to be jealous. It's not good for him to be sure of me. Let him worry a little."

There is some danger in flirting, but it is not, as many people would think, the possibility of infidelity and marital break-up. The real danger is the chance that a spouse's jealousy or insecurity, once aroused, will get out of hand.

Most men, and many women, have anxiety and secret doubts about their sexual adequacy. Their own flirtations may camouflage or compensate for this. But their spouse's flirtations intensify it.

Suppose she finds someone she likes better... then I might lose her, a man may think. What am I failing to give her? Why am I not capable of fulfilling all her needs?

Very few people are emotionally secure enough to be completely above this concern.

If only they could communicate their fear to each other! If only they could say, "I care for you, I love you, I want you. I am afraid when you flirt and I wish you would stop!"

She's just furious!

But there is another kind of jealousy, rooted more in fear and hate than in love.

A psychiatrist put it this way: "The jealous partner is saying, in effect: 'If I lost you, I couldn't stand it. Poor Me.'"

And it doesn't help allay these fears if, while flirting with a woman at a party, for example, a husband keeps flashing small winks and roguish glances across the room in an attempt to placate his wife.

One husband confided that he was attracted to a woman at a recent party. He danced with her and talked with her.

"Yet I also paid attention to my wife. It added to my wife's opinion of me," he said proudly. "She saw that I could respond to a pretty woman without taking anything away from her."

Later I asked his wife how she had felt about the incident.

She replied: "My husband looks at me and makes a gesture as if to say: 'She likes me—what can I do? I'm helplessly attractive.'"

"That doesn't reassure me. That doesn't add to my admiration of him. It just makes me furious. Probably he meant it that way, too."

And maybe he did.

I know one woman who wanted her husband to show more interest in her, so she arranged to be seen going out to lunches and teas with another man.

Sure enough, he got a little scared and started to court her again.

The woman was immensely pleased with herself.

But what she did not realise was that her husband was basically far less interested in regaining her affection than he was in winning the "fight" between the other man and himself.

Flirting may be the only way for people to remain monogamous and yet to have a permissible taste of the romantic variety they think they would enjoy.

For a generation largely deprived of a variety of romantic experience by the trend toward steady dating and teenage weddings, this kind of flirtation may be the safety valve needed to preserve marriage.

But every game has its own rules; every player has a stake in observing them.

In the game of marital flirtation, the rules are to enjoy the feeling of being attractive to the opposite sex but never to do so in hostility, never to harm a person you really care about.

ABROAD... with Margaret Sydney

- New York is going to remain for me the city with the mostest that I didn't manage to see.

WHEN I get home I'll still be repining because I didn't go to the top of the Empire State Building, didn't see the Guggenheim, didn't get out to the Cloisters — and five hundred other things that were on my arm-length list.

But the streets and the people are too fascinating for you to be drawn very easily into museums and monuments. The sort of things I've seen instead are Grammercy Park with the buds just beginning to open on the trees; Negro youths fooling on the sidewalks, with movements and gestures straight from "West Side Story"; Grand Central Station at the rush-hour; Broadway, dingy as all get-out by daylight, then bursting alive and alight at night; traffic jams where everyone hoots despite the fact that it gets them precisely nowhere; towering great buildings of glass with their tops lost and blotted out by clouds and mist on a wet, grey, rainy day.

New Yorkers are touched and astonished by foreigners who really like their city. I can't see why—there's so much to like.

I've been to the Bronx Zoo—which shattered another of my old illusions. Sydney-siders are brought up on the story that they have one of the world's most beautiful zoos.

Ha! One of the most beautiful zoo settings in the world, I grant you, but the housing of animals (in the newer areas of the Bronx Zoo at least) leaves Sydney's for dead. They have wonderful African plains areas — big park-like sweeps of ground, moated and fenced — where the animals really have some freedom of movement.

They have an aquatic bird house divided into different sections (tropical forest, seashore, marshland, etc.) which are heated and warmed and wetted, and stocked with exactly the plants and the stones and the nest-making materials the inhabitants would find in their natural environment.

And to me, most interesting of all, they've reversed night and day for nocturnal animals, so that you can watch them eating and playing and going about the business of living, instead of curled in a sleeping-ball as we usually see them.

In these parts of the zoo, small mammals are housed in glass-fronted cages under a specially devised light—light enough for you to watch them, dark enough for the animals to believe it's night and time to be up and doing. When night falls, and the zoo closes, bright lights come on in all these areas, and the animals curl up and sleep.

All day on the subway for 20 cents

ON the way back from the zoo, on the subway from 177th Street to Grand Central, I was initiated into the mysteries of American primary education by a tired but charming third-grade teacher who had taken her class of 26 eight-year-olds to the zoo.

This, she told me, was an average-size class at the primary level. Among the 26 were Puerto Ricans, Costa Ricans, Mexicans, Chinese, Negroes, and Europeans. I was sorry, but not surprised, to hear from her that they tend to cling to their ethnic groups, playing together.

By the way, if our zoos don't measure up to the Bronx, our trains certainly do. The subways are interesting, but quite remarkably uncomfortable. Seating (hard) is only along the sides, and in the rush hours they must be rather like cattle-trucks.

All the same, you can travel very cheaply — once you've bought your 20 cent token and fed it into a turnstile you can go as far as you like, changing from expresses to locals, or vice versa. In fact, if you're a

beggar for punishment, you can travel all day on the subways for 20 cents.

I spent a day at the Metropolitan Museum—hopeless to try to tell you what I saw except for two of the most breathtaking things, the El Greco (I had never seen anything but prints before) and a Benvenuto Cellini cup.

This was made for Prince Rospigliosi, of gold, enamel, and pearls, in the 16th century. The base is a small enamel-and-gold tortoise, about 4in. across, supporting a flat, shell-shaped cup of gold about 8in. across. At the shell's hinge is a jewelled dragon, its two tails resting on the tortoise, its bare-breasted torso leaning across the rim of the cup.

The dragon is winged and has a crowned female head. Inside the cup is a little jewelled crab made of gold and rubies. The whole thing is so fine and delicate that it seems to float inside its four-sided glass case.

If you ask me what it would cost to live in New York I can tell you—the earth! Bread is about twice what we pay, loin chops are \$1.59 a lb., cereals (in every conceivable flavor) 55 cents a small packet, chuck steak 75 cents a lb., butter 80 cents, really good oranges 15 cents.

Orange juice, on the other hand, is cheap and good at 29 cents a quart, bottled. Milk is 54 cents a quart, but 20 cents a quarter pint if you buy a carton to drink on the spot. Milkshakes vary between 50 and 60 cents.

Wages are high—and so are prices

WAGES are high compared with ours, which makes up (and perhaps more than makes up) for these prices.

Shop assistants get a dollar and a half an hour; typists (hard to get and wooed by offers of coffee at their initial interview) can get between \$90 and \$150 a week; a dental assistant (receptionist-nurse) can ask \$25 a day.

A U.S. dollar is worth roughly 89 Australian cents, so that's about \$22.25 Australian a day for the dentist's off-sider.

You can buy a used Cadillac (12,000 miles on the clock) for \$U.S.3750 (I've been indulging my old vice of reading the small ads!), a TR2 with a '61 engine for \$525, a '64 VW for \$900.

Clothes at a quick glance seem not particularly exciting, much the same as ours, and at much the same prices.

So, all in all, it's probably just as well we're leaving tomorrow, though it breaks my heart to be going. Ten days is not enough for New York. If there's a friendlier place on earth I don't want to go to it. What's the point, after all, of getting yourself killed by kindness?



MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

FLOWERS... ...the year round

- You can organise your garden to supply indoor decoration 52 weeks of the year. Use flowering shrubs, annuals, bulbs in season, and perennials, landscaped as dual-purpose plantings.

IN some climates it would be hard to produce an abundance of flowers throughout the year, but even in the lean periods it should be possible to pick at least a few flowers to use as a focal point for arrangements bolstered by greenery, dried material, or shapely twigs.

Plants listed here are grouped according to flowering season. Some flower most of the year and are listed first.

Abutilons. A wide variety, with colors ranging from white through gold, orange,

flowers are clustered on stems, which may be picked 9 to 12in. long. Frost tolerance is similar to abutilons.

Marguerites are valuable, and if the old flowers are trimmed back they bloom most of the year. These clean-cut little daisies are most useful.

Strelitzias are worth while, and once established produce flowers, at any time of the year, that last a long time.

Gerberas flower continuously throughout the warmer months. They need sun and deep well-drained soil.

WINTER FLOWERS

In temperate areas some spring flowers can be coaxed to bloom in midwinter.

For example, **Iceland poppies**, stocks, calendulas, and wallflowers planted out in early March and reasonably cared for will flower in July — early-grown poppies even in June. **Lupins** and **leptosyne** sown in February should flower from early July to September.

Paper-white jonquils, the earliest of the narcissus, commence flowering in late autumn. Colored varieties follow progressively. King Alfred and other early daffodils show color in early August.

Camellias are a wonderful stand-by in winter. Shell pink *Otome* first displays its perfect formation in May, followed by a progression of varieties which bloom generously until late August.

By ALLAN SEALE

and pink, to dark red. Individual flowers are attractive for float bowls, or they will last for several days on stems up to 1ft. long if cut ends are crushed and immature buds and surplus foliage removed.

Unprotected plants frost-burn in very cold districts, but usually recover later. Prune hard in spring to encourage new flowering wood.

Fuchsias. There are hardy fuchsias, such as varieties of the species *F. magellanica*, which flower for about nine months of the year. Numerous small

Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 124

That exquisite shrub *Luculia gratissima*, with heads of bloom like pink-frosted porcelain, opens its first fragrant blooms in May, and continues to flower into the winter. It sometimes lasts well as a cut flower. Select well-opened heads, remove young foliage and immature shoots. Scrape or crush 2in. of the stem ends and plunge them almost to the heads in water for a few hours. *Luculia* won't survive heavy frosts.

Garrya elliptica grows happily in all but the coldest districts, withstanding about 10deg. of frost. Garrya's shapely branches are hung with long tapering catkins, lime-green to lavender-grey.

Geraldton wax (*Chamaelaucium*), a useful cut flower, usually commences to bloom late May-early June until spring.

Agonis juniperina — like a fine-foiled small, white teatree, is hardy, and a useful cut flower.

Chaenomeles, better known as cydonia or japonica, lasts well as a winter cut flower. Buds continue to open indoors.

Cotoneaster. Most varieties have attractive berries, early May to late June.

Poinsettia. Bright red, the most flamboyant of the winter flowers. Won't stand heavy frost. The cream variety is also decorative. Mostly at their best from mid-June to early July.

Magnolia stellata and some of the *soulangiana* types, particularly *Alexandrina*, flower in late July-August. Others of this group carry occasional winter flowers, but make their greatest show in late August and September.

Daphne should not be overlooked for its winter charm and fragrance.

Winter-flowering peach flowers 4 to 6 weeks earlier than most spring types — in mild districts during late July-early August — and holds longer indoors.

Other winter flowers useful for cutting are *Jasminum primulinum* (yellow jasmine), *Chimonanthus* (allspice), *Lavender dentata* (French lavender), *beloperone*, *banksias*, with colorful cones such as *B. ericifolia*; roses, especially winter-blooming *Lorraine Lee*, *heleborus*

Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 125

or Christmas rose, and *zygocactus*, the pendulous crabsclaw or Christmas cactus, which blooms from June to August.

Cymbidium orchids, *Iris stylosa*, *cyclamen*, *bergenia* (*saxifraga*), *polyanthus*, and *violets* are also available.

SPRING

In September there is an abundance of peach and *prunus* blossom, *spiraea* (various types of may, and *azaleas*, forsythia, are best in cool areas), *magnolia*, *rondeletia*, *waratah*, *lilac*, *tulips*, *scilla*, *polyanthus*, *stocks*, *poppies*, etc.

October brings the *guelder rose* or *snowball tree* (*Viburnum opulus*) and other *viburnums*; Spanish broom, mid-season *rhododendrons*, *delphiniums*, *godetias*, *cornflowers*, *larkspurs*, *foxglove*, *babianas*, *ixias*, *snappedragons*, *pinks*, and the start of the main carnation flush. *Roses* come into full flush mid-October.

November. The variety narrows; carnations continue, and some roses. *Gladioli* planted in July-August are starting to flower now. *Shasta daisies* are usually flowering freely toward the end of the month. There are also pink and yellow *callas* (*zandtechia*) toward the end of the month. *November lilies* (*Lilium longiflorum*), *pentstemons*, *astilbe*, *blue camassia*, *hippeastrums*, *sprekelia*, *watsonias*, and *gerberas* also flower in November; *Russell lupins* in cooler climates.

A few shrubs are November-flowering, principally late *rhododendrons*, *ochra*, *deutzia*, *mock orange* (*philadelphus*), *clethra*, early *hydrangeas*. *Blue plumbago*, although usually a hedge, will flower from November to late autumn.

SUMMER

December. Some of the most useful flowers for December are *agapanthus*, *kniphofias* (pokers or torch lilies), *alstromerias*, *hydrangeas*, *gladioli*, *achillea*, and *lilies*.

Flowering time of the lilies varies with climate. In the northern half of Australia, *aurelean hybrids*, and *regales* would flower in early December; in Sydney and Perth about Christmas.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Shrubs for cut flowers



VIBURNUM TOMENTOSUM, spring-flowering, has dainty white florets. Red, and later black, berries follow.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 126

SUMMER — continued

In Melbourne, Canberra, Adelaide, and Hobart these would flower late December-early January, and mid-century hybrids about Christmas.

Lime-green kangaroo paw (*Anigozanthus flavidus*) flowers in December. It is useful for tall vases, holding its shape and color for months after cutting.

Frangipani and gardenias are usually plentiful in December and January — January varieties of lilies are available in most areas—speciosum or pink tiger lily types in Sydney and north, aurelean types farther south.

Shasta daisies continue in most areas, and there are other herbaceous perennials such as *liatris* and perennial phlox.

Early summer annuals including zinnias, marigolds, and asters are plentiful toward the end of January, and continue until April. By early February they are joined by dahlias, which provide useful cut flowers until mid-autumn.

Belladonna lilies, brunsvigia, and val-lota lilies flower in February and March, closely followed by nerines (spider lilies).

Perennial asters or Michaelmas daisies, according to variety, flower from early February to late April. Roses are again blooming freely during March and April.



LILAC: In early spring; a little later in southern States of Australia.

AUTUMN

Dahlias and most of the summer annuals continue into April, especially marigolds, where old blooms have been cut back. Cornflowers are usually grown as spring flowers, but bloom during autumn from sowings in late spring.

Roses will continue to bloom if old flower stems are cut back during March.

Herbaceous daisies such as hybrid *rudbeckia* (gloriosa daisy) and *helianthus* flower until late autumn, and last as cut flowers if the cut stems are stood for about half a minute in boiling water, then plunged into cold water.

Berries such as *pyracantha*, *aronia*, and early cotoneasters are attractive during April and May.

Chrysanthemums come into their own in late April, and carry through well into May. A few clumps in the sunny foreground of shrubs bridge the flower gap.

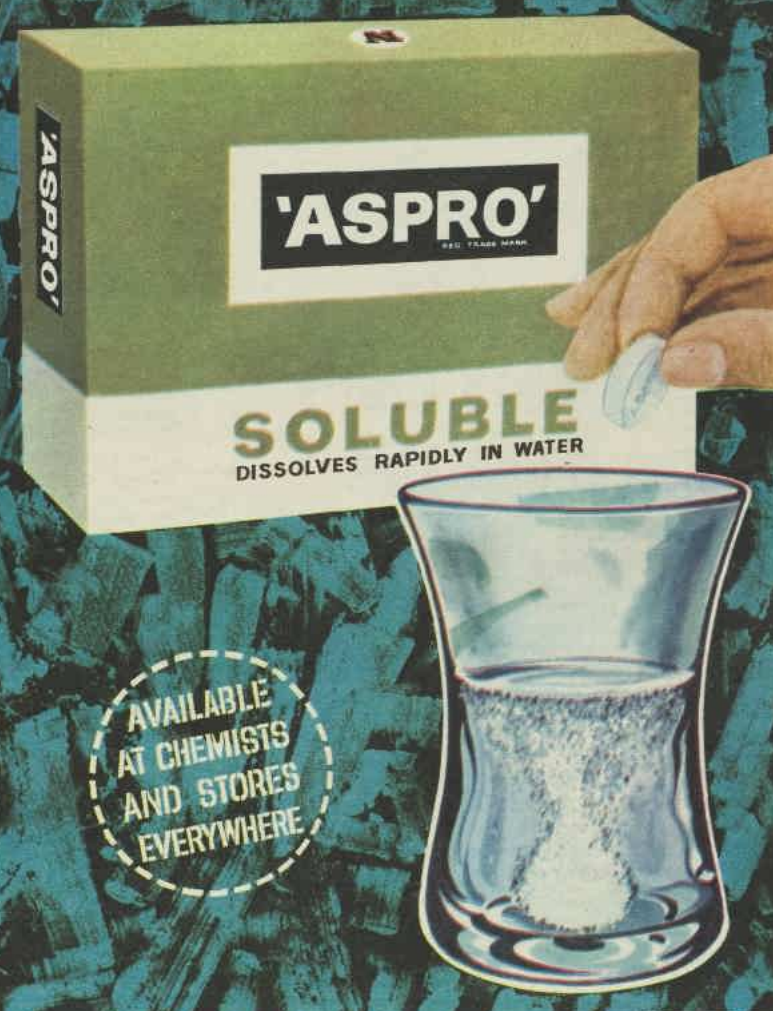
STRELITZIAS flower at any time of year, and are long-lasting.



Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 127

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

When you are recommended a soluble pain reliever, remember—



SOLUBLE 'ASPRO' DISSOLVES INSTANTLY IN WATER, IS EVER SO SMOOTH AND HAS A PLEASANT, NEUTRAL FLAVOUR.

World famous 'ASPRO' both soluble and regular tablet form are now Microfined which means that 'ASPRO' works $2\frac{1}{4}$ times faster than before to relieve headache and pain.

stop headache and pain

'ASPRO'

REG. TRADE MARK

MICROFINED

NOW WORKS $2\frac{1}{4}$ TIMES FASTER

GP145/N686

DANDRUFF problems are ended by ... enden



**Only Helene Curtis
dares make this
promise!**

Used regularly, Enden dandruff treatment shampoo guarantees to end the problems of itching scalp and unsightly flaking dandruff. Helene Curtis developed Enden not only to wash your hair and leave it clean, soft, manageable, but also to control dandruff between shampoos. Enden works because it contains one of the most effective anti-dandruff medications known. One person in three has a dandruff problem. If there's dandruff in your family, end it by Enden! Creme or Liquid, from 85c. Available at Chemists, Department Stores and Hairdressing Salons.

794/66

The Ideal Gift!
A SUBSCRIPTION TO

**THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

RATES	1 YEAR	1 YEAR
Australia	\$4.75	\$9.50
N. Guinea	\$5.05	\$11.30
N. Zealand	\$6.50	\$13.00
and Fiji		
Brit. Dom.	\$6.55	\$13.10
Foreign	\$7.85	\$15.70

**THE MAGAZINE
OF BRIGHTER
READING** 15c

Everybody's



**SO YOU AND FOOD
DON'T AGREE...?**

Now you can eat what
you like, free of indi-
gestion, thanks to the
balanced formula of

DeWitt's
ANTACID POWDER OR TABLETS.



**Superfluous Hair
Killed Quickly**

by "EXHAIR." Perfectly
harmless. Guaranteed. Send
stamped, addressed
envelope for particulars.
Confidential.
Janet Glanville, 247w
Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

A matter of SENTIMENT

By **NORAH SMARIDGE**

MARTHA FINLAYSON didn't give up hope until Ed left. "Bye, honey," he said. "See you around five." And off he went — without even giving her his routine peck.

She knew what he was going to do. He would spend his Saturday going from store to store, comparison shopping. He'd been saving for an aquarium. He was crazy about all those queer fish.

The telephone rang and her eyes lit. Maybe Ed had remembered—maybe.

But it was her sister Sally's voice. Dry, amused. "Well?" she said.

"Well nothing," Martha said. "He hasn't remembered it's our silver wedding anniversary. He's gone off without a word!"

"You should have reminded him—like I do Jack," Sally said.

"I couldn't," Martha said. She wasn't like Sally, brisk, go-getter. She'd always been unaggressive, reserved, shy. If Ed didn't remember that they had been married 25 years ago today, she couldn't remind him.

"Well, cheer up," Sally said. "Tell you what—I'll treat you to lunch. At one, at the Martinique—it's a new restaurant opposite the old Cosmopolitan Hotel. Pity they're tearing down the old Cosmo. I've sure had some good times there!"

"I'll be there," Martha said. "It'll be a real treat, Sal!" But she wasn't thinking of her sister as she put down the receiver. She was thinking of the old Cosmopolitan, the huge, famous Broadway hotel where she and Ed had spent their honeymoon.

Her eyes softened. Dear Ed. He had been so upset because he couldn't afford to take her to Jamaica or Bermuda or some far-away place. She remembered how shyly he had suggested a weekend at the Cosmopolitan. "A taste of luxury—but some day we'll have more than a taste," he had said.

That day had never come, but it hadn't mattered. Ed wasn't a money-maker, like Sally's Jack. But, on the other hand, he wasn't a drinker and he didn't run around. Ed hadn't changed down the years. He was quiet, gentle, loving his books. Studying one thing after another. This year it was tropical fish.

Two hours later, as the bus carried her into New York City, Martha was still thinking of the old Cosmopolitan. How exciting it had been to the young Martha. She remembered their bedroom, with the vases filled with pale pink roses ("courtesy of the management") and the windows that looked down on the bustle of Broadway.

Chiefly she remembered Ed. How he had looked at her over their table at dinner. The way he had ordered; why, he had been reading up on wines!

When she reached the Martinique, she found she had nearly an hour to spare. Standing irresolutely outside, she looked across the street at the old Cosmopolitan. Most of the lower floors were covered with scaffolding. But people were rushing up and down the steps to the front entrance.

Curious, Martha went over and asked a cop on guard on the steps what was happening.

"Auction sale, ma'am," he told her. "Everything's gotta go, from chandeliers to salt-shakers. It's a mad-house in there — seems like everyone wants a souvenir of the old place."

"Can I go in?" Martha asked. She'd like a look at the old Cosmopolitan. After their weekend honeymoon, she and Ed had never set foot in it again. They simply didn't have the kind of money it took.

"Sale's open to the public, ma'am."

A rush of people carried her across the lobby, down a corridor to the vast restaurant. Wedged in at the back of the room, Martha stood on tiptoe to see what was happening. The auctioneer seemed a long way off. At the end of the room, she saw tables piled with china, brass, linens. Beside her, two women were talking. "I wanted one of the plaster cherubs very badly!" one said. "I thought I'd put it in the patio. But they can't get them down without smashing them — so the wreckers will get them."

"Too bad," the other said. "I thought maybe I'd bid on a chandelier — oh, look!"

Two helpers were lifting a huge flower bowl on to the auctioneer's table. "Green and gold majolica, number 398 in the catalogue!" he called. "A magnificent piece. You could grow an orange tree in it — or use it for a punch bowl. What am I bid?"



In amazement, Martha heard the auctioneer confirming the sale.

Martha tried to push forward. Why, she remembered that bowl. That meant that it was over 25 years old. It had been standing on a special table, right near the table where she and Ed had had dinner. It had been filled with the largest yellow chrysanthemums she had ever seen. She'd kept staring at it — whenever she wanted to escape Ed's intense, loving gaze. She even remembered the design on it, the huge tropical flowers.

For a wild moment she thought of making a bid for it. But she had never made a bid in her life, and she was much too slow. Voices seemed to be calling from everywhere. She heard the auctioneer thump with his gavel. "Sold to the gentleman in the brown topcoat. \$110," he said.

Someone beside Martha said: "It's one o'clock. I'll miss my bus!" With a start, Martha remembered Sally. She began to push her way down the corridor.

"Martha," Ed's voice made her jump. "Whatever brought you here?"

"Ed!" Martha stared up at him. "Why, honey, Sally's taking me to lunch across the street. I had time to spare so I — I made a sort of sentimental journey."

"Me, too," Ed tucked her hand under his arm. "All week I've been wondering what I could get you for our silver wedding anniversary. It had to be something special. Then I read about the sale here — and I thought maybe I'd get you a souvenir."

"And did you?" Martha asked.

"I got a majolica bowl," Ed said. "Unless I'm mistaken, it's the very bowl that stood near our table. I remember how you kept staring at it. My shy little Martha. You just wouldn't meet my eyes!" He piloted her down the steps and across the street. "We must find a good, safe place to put it, honey. It'll be delivered next Monday."

"The majolica bowl," Martha said. Her eyes widened. "But — oh, Ed, it cost \$110. What about your aquarium?" He has saved so long for it, she thought. Given up tobacco and everything.

Ed laughed. "That can wait," he said. They were outside the Martinique now. "Don't eat too much at lunch with Sally," he said. "Because I'm taking you out tonight. In style. Wine, pink roses." He bent and kissed her. "Be seeing you, honey."

"Bye, darling," Martha said. She went into the restaurant, feeling inches taller. She'd be willing to bet that not many women — not even Sally — had a husband who remembered their wedding anniversary with a huge majolica bowl! Souvenir of a honeymoon.

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 7, 1967

WINTER LACE

PARTY-TIME DRESS

An ideal dress for theatre-going or winter evening parties, this lacy design is easy to crochet.

Materials: 16 (19) balls Patons Charm; No. 9 crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 34 (37) in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 37½ (38) in.; sleeve seam, 4½ in.

Tension: 1 patt. measures 1½ in. in width.

BACK

Make 104 (112) ch. 1st Row: 1 tr. in 4th ch. from hook. * 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 tr. in next ch., rep. from * to end 51 (55) sps.

2nd Row: 3 ch. to turn, 1 tr. on tr., (1 ch., 1 tr. on tr.) twice, * 1 tr. in next st., 1 tr. on tr., (1 ch., 1 tr. on tr.) 3 times, rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: 3 ch. to turn, 1 tr. on tr., * 1 ch., 1 tr. on tr., 1 tr. in next st., (1 tr. on tr.) 3 times, 1 tr. in next st., 1 tr. on tr., rep. from * ending (1 ch., 1 tr. on tr.) twice.

4th Row: As 2nd.

5th Row: 3 ch. to turn, 1 tr. on tr., * 1 ch., 1 tr. on tr., rep. from * to end.

6th Row: 3 ch. to turn, 1 tr. on tr., (1 ch., 1 tr. on tr.) 4 times, * 1 tr. in next st., 1 tr. on tr., (1 ch., 1 tr. on tr.) 3 times, rep. from *,

ending last rep. (1 ch., 1 tr. on tr.) 5 times.

7th Row: 3 ch. to turn, 1 tr. on tr., (1 ch., 1 tr. on tr.) 3 times, * 1 tr. in next st., (1 tr. on tr.) 3 times, 1 tr. in next st., 1 tr. on tr., 1 ch., 1 tr. on tr., rep. from * ending last rep. (1 ch., 1 tr. on tr.) 3 times.

8th Row: As 6th.

9th Row: As 5th. ** Rep. from ** to ** until back measures 29½ in. (or length required).

To Shape Armholes: Sl-st. over 3 (4) sps., patt. to last 3 (4) sps., turn. Dec. 1 sp. each end of next and 2 alt. rows. 39 (41) sps. Cont. straight until armhole measures 6½ (7) in.

To Shape Neck: Patt. 14 (15) sps., turn. Dec. 1 sp. at neck edge on next 3 rows, 11 (12) sps. rem., ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder — 1st Row: Sl-st. over 3 (4) sps., work to end.

2nd Row: Patt. to last 4 (4) sps., turn.

3rd Row: Sl-st. over 4 (4) sps. Fasten off.

Leave 11 centre sps. unworked, join in wool, and work to correspond with other side.

FRONT

Work as back until armholes measure 4½ (5) in.

To Shape Neck: Patt. over

14 (15) sps., turn. Dec. 1 sp. at neck edge every alt. row 3 times, 11 (12) sps. Cont. straight until armhole measures same as back armhole, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder — 1st Row: Sl-st. over 3 (4) sps., work to end. 2nd Row: Work to last 4 (4) sps., turn.

3rd Row: Sl-st. over 4 (4) sps. Fasten off. Leave 11 centre sps. unworked, join in wool, and work to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES

Make 81 (81) ch., and work in patt. as back until sleeve measures 4 in. 39 (39) sps.

To Shape Top: Sl-st. over 2 (2) sps., work to last 2 (2) sps., turn. Dec. 1 sp. each end of every row until 11 (9) sps. rem. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Make 2 shaped darts approx. 12 in. in length (widest part of dart right at waistline) on back and front as illustrated. Sew up seams. Sew in sleeves. Work 2 rows of d.c. round lower edges of skirt and sleeves. Work following round neck edge: R.s.f., join wool to first sp. at shoulder, 5 ch., 4 ltr. in same sp., * 1 d.c. in next sp., 5 ltr. in next sp., rep. from * to end, join with sl-st. in starting ch.



CASUAL SWEATER

This very feminine design has a plain back, patterned front and sleeves.

Materials: 16 (18, 20) balls Patons Jet; 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 6 needles, and set of 4 No. 8 needles; 4 in. lightning zip-fastener.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length from shoulder, 23 (23, 23½) in.; length of sleeve, 17 (17, 17½) in.

Tension: 8½ sts. to 2 in. over st-st.

BACK

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 76 (80, 84) sts. and k 4 rows.

Change to No. 4 needles and cont. in st-st., commencing with a k row, until work measures 15½ in.

To Shape Armholes: R.s.f., cont. in st-st., casting off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 3 (3, 4) rows and next 2 alt. rows. 60 (64, 66) sts.

Cont. in st-st. until armhole measures 5 (5, 5½) in. on straight. Divide for back opening: R.s.f., k 30 (32, 33) sts., turn. Work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Cont. in st-st. until armhole measures 7½ (7½, 8) in. on straight.

To Shape Shoulder: R.s.f., cast off 6 (6, 7) sts. at beg. of next row and 6 (7, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 alt. rows.

Return to sts. on holder

and work to correspond with first side in reverse.

FRONT

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 75 (79, 83) sts. and k 4 rows.

Change to No. 4 needles and work pattern.

1st Row: R.s.f., knit.

2nd Row: P 1, * p 2 tog., w.o.n., rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

3rd Row: Purl.

4th Row: Purl.

5th Row: K 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

6th Row: Knit.

Rep. these 6 rows until work measures 15½ in.

To Shape Armholes: R.s.f., keeping patt. correct, cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 3 rows and next 2 alt. rows. 59 (63, 67) sts.

Cont. in patt. until armhole measures 5 (5, 5½) in. on straight.

To Shape Neck: R.s.f., work 23 (25, 26) sts., turn. Work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Cont. in patt., dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 2 rows and next 3 alt. rows. Cont. in patt. until armhole measures 7½ (7½, 8) in. on straight.

To Shape Shoulder: R.s.f., cast off 6 (6, 7) sts. at beg. of next row and 6 (7, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 alt. rows. Return to rem. sts., slip first 13 (13, 15) sts. to holder for neckband and

work on rem. 23 (25, 26) sts. to correspond with first side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 37 (39, 41) sts. and k 8 rows.

Change to No. 4 needles and work 6 patt. rows as given for front.

Cont. in patt., inc. 1 st. each end of next row and every 6th foll. row 4 times, then every 8th foll. row to 59 (59, 63) sts. Cont. in patt. until sleeve measures 17 (17, 17½) in., or length required.

To Shape Top: R.s.f., cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 3 alt. rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 17 sts. rem. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Seam shoulders. Using set of 4 No. 8 needles, r.s.f., k 12 sts. on left-back neck, increasing them to 14, k up 44 (44, 46) sts. round front of neck, including sts. on holder, and k 12 right-back neck sts. inc. them to 14, 72 (72, 74) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 6 rows and cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press st-st. on wrong side with warm iron over damp cloth. Fit zip-fastener into back opening. Seam sides and sleeves. Set sleeves into armholes. Lightly press seam on wrong side.



What are your chances of survival as a pedestrian?



A minute spent answering these questions could save your life

How often have you —	Never	Sometimes	Always
1 Crossed an intersection after the light has changed to amber or the pedestrian sign has switched to "Don't Walk"?			
2 Stepped out of a car into the path of oncoming traffic?			
3 Crossed city streets near to, but not on, an intersection or crossing?			
4 Failed to check for cars making turns before crossing an intersection?			
5 Gone walking at night wearing only dark-coloured clothing?			
6 Stepped out from behind a bus or parked car?			
7 Waited in the roadway for a bus or friend to pick you up, instead of standing on the kerb?			
8 Walked on the left of the roadway with your back to the traffic?			
9 Worked on or around your car when it was parked in the street?			
10 Allowed your children to play in or near the street when there seemed to be no traffic around?			
Score yourself 10 points for every question answered 'Never'. 5 points for those answered 'Sometimes'; and zero for 'Always'.			

What are your chances?

100-85: Congratulations! We'll be happy to share the footpath with you any day.

80-65: You're average, but there's ample room for improvement.

60 or less: You've been living on the driver's alertness and courtesy. Better amend your habits while there's still time.

Last year, 847 pedestrians were killed and 10,000 injured in motor vehicle accidents in Australia. Beyond the cold facts of statistics—even beyond the suffering, sorrow and financial loss they represent—is the sad truth that much of this toll was preventable.



**AUSTRALIAN
ROAD SAFETY
COUNCIL**

LITTLE DRESS THAT SAYS PARIS

THE mini-skirt in Paris flows to the innate elegance of the French and seldom reaches Carnaby St. heights. Three inches above the knee is usually as far as it goes and many Parisiennes prefer only one or two inches above.

The line is easy, with slight shaping at the waist, set-in sleeves, and a cut-out neckline.

Materials: 9 (10) balls Emu 4-ply Bri Nylon in main color (m.c.), 7 (8) balls 1st contrast color (c1), 3 (3) balls 2nd contrast color (c2); No. 9 crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34) in. bust; length, 34in. (or as required); sleeve seam, 16in.

Tension: 3 patts. to 2in.

STRIPED PATTERN

Two rows c1, 2 rows c2, 2 rows c1, 6 rows m.c.

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

Make 95 (104) ch. loosely with c1. 1st Row: 1 d.c. in 5th ch. from hook, * 2 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch.,

rep. from * to end, 1 ch., turn.

2nd Row: (2 tr., 2 ch., 1 d.c.) in each sp. to end, 1 ch., turn. (31, 34 patts.)

Keeping striped patt. correct, rep. 2nd row throughout. Cont. until 12in. worked (adjust length at this point).

Dec. 1 patt. each end of next and foll. 6th rows until 25 (28) patts. rem. Cont. straight for 18 rows. Inc. $\frac{1}{2}$ patt. each end of next and foll. 4th row. (27, 30 patts.)

Cont. in patt. until work measures 27in. (or as adjusted).

To Shape Armholes: Sl-st. over 2 patts., work to last 2 patts., turn.

Next Row: Work in patt. Dec. $\frac{1}{2}$ patt. each end of next and alt. rows to 21 (23) patts. Cont. in patt. until armholes measure 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Next Row: Work 7 (8) patts., turn. Dec. $\frac{1}{2}$ patt. at neck edge every row until 6 (7) patts. rem. Cont. without shaping until armhole measures 7 ($7\frac{1}{2}$) in., ending at armhole edge.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 3 patts., patt. to end. Fasten off.

Rejoin yarn at centre front, leaving 7 patts. unworked;

● Along the Champs-Elysees or the Rue de la Paix or across the Seine in the student quarter this is the line the Paris boutiques are showing. It's hand-crocheted, of course, and directions for making are complete below.

finish to correspond with first side.

SLEEVES

Make 44 (47) ch. with c1. Cont. in patt. and stripes, inc. $\frac{1}{2}$ patt. each end of 5th and foll. 4th rows until inc. to 21 (23) patts. Cont. straight until sleeve measures 16in.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 2

patts., work to last 2 patts., turn. Dec. $\frac{1}{2}$ patt. each end of every row 11 times. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Using a very fine seam, join shoulders, sew in sleeves, matching stripes, join side and sleeve seams. Press lightly with dry cloth and warm iron.

FREE 30 DAY SUPPLY VITAMINS \$1.45 value MINERALS LECITHIN

(Send only 20c to partly defray postage and handling)

Discover the thrilling difference this formula may make! A single Nutri-Time tablet helps to prevent nutritional shortages by supplying ALL the vitamins you normally need — plus LECITHIN and 26 other nutrients. We want to give you a 30-day supply

FREE to introduce Nutri-Time, the formula developed by Lelord Kordel, famous nutrition expert. After the 30-day free trial, you may purchase Nutri-Time from chemists or health food stores. No risk! No obligation! Just send 20c (stamps) to

NUTRI-TIME, Box 90, Essendon W5, Victoria.

Offer not valid where contrary to local law.

3522

ECZEMA ITCH

To clear your skin soft and smooth—free from pimples, itching, eczema, red blotches, blemishes and lines, use NIKODERM. Get NIKODERM from your chemist. Clears skin while you sleep.

Look after with
The Bulletin
Political comment • News & Views
EVERY WEEK, ONLY 20c



How to be a Special kind of Woman

Just Out! At 20% Discount
Special Australian Edition

A special woman is a self-assured woman: knowledgeable in all that she does and confident her decisions are correct. She must be a beautician, hairdresser, dressmaker, fashion expert, laundress, perfect hostess, an Emily Post, a Venus de Milo, a homely cook as well as a Cordon Bleu cook, finance minister, a Dorothy Dix, a home handyman, accomplished diplomat, business partner, home decorator, a Mata Hari, housekeeper, nurse and much more. In fact, a two legged miracle.

Fortunately for you, there is a way for you to be all these things — without training, without waiting a lifetime to learn. Today, you simply reach for Woman's World.

Never has there been such a sweeping panorama in print of subjects of feminine interest. At your service for a lifetime, Woman's World is something to delight in, to keep and to treasure.

Entirely produced for Australian women. Over 100 experts tell you what to do, say, write or wear for every occasion — 250,000 words, covering 150 vital topics of feminine interest, plus over 1,000 illustrations and photographs. But hurry. This is a limited printing. Simply complete and mail the coupon today for 10 days free of obligation inspection.

OVER 100,000 COPIES SOLD ALREADY!

Read what other women say about 'Woman's World':

"... the book purchased was a present for my teenage daughter and I am happy to say we were both delighted." Mrs. E. A. Gawer

"... for quick reference on any subject, Woman's World is there when I need it." Mrs. P. J. Power

"... it has such a wealth of information for all ages and phases of life." Miss L. Wilke

"... the book is wonderful. It has corrected my mistakes. I find that the beauty section and the modelling course are terrific." Miss S. Dickson

IN ONE SUPERBLY BOUND VOLUME OF 'WOMAN'S WORLD' IS EVERYTHING YOU SHOULD KNOW. LOOK AT THE VALUABLE INFORMATION IT CONTAINS:

Beauty — Skin, hair, hand, and foot care. Make-up. **Fashion** — Dressing for your figure. Dressmaking and soft furnishing digest. Clothes care. **Poise and Personality** — Deportment. Etiquette. Personality development. Figure control. **Cooking** — Basic cooking. Meals for ones, twos. Money-saving dishes. Parties for the young. Formal entertaining. Catering guide. 16 International menus. Choosing your wines. Mixing drinks. **Every Wise Woman** — Going steady. Successful marriage. Your career. Make your money grow. Self-defence. **Love and Marriage** —

Engagement problems. Wedding etiquette. The honeymoon. Sex. Family planning. **The Home** — Buying, building or decorating a home. Making your house a home. Hints for happy house-keeping. **The Family** — Maternity clothes. Obstetric table. Bathing baby. Child psychology. Telling children the facts of life. Vocational guidance. First aid. Infectious diseases. Mouth to mouth resuscitation. Poisons and antidotes. **Interests and Hobbies** — Cultural interests. Sports. Floral art. Buying gifts. Writing letters. Buying a car. Planning holidays. Overseas travel. Foreign phrases.

THERE'S MUCH MORE, of course. But you simply must see it to understand why "no woman should be without Woman's World".

FREE! TO ALL NEW SUBSCRIBERS
Sophisticated purse-size
perfume atomizer

FOR 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL
SEND NO MONEY-MAIL COUPON NOW
POST ME FREE AND WITHOUT OBLIGATION your perfume atomizer, a copy of Woman's World for 10 days. Free inspection with details of your interest free budget plan.

To: Woman's World, 109 Sturt St., South Melbourne, Vic.

NAME PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS

STATE WW76

IF NOT PLEASED, I MAY RETURN ALL AND OWE NOTHING





Food needs Butter's flavour

You need Butter's goodness

POTATO IN MINK. There's nothing like a well baked potato in its very own well baked jacket, open at the neck to welcome a big golden knob of Butter — it just can't fail to please! Vegetables of any kind **always** improve when they're dressed with fresh, natural Dairy Butter. It may be Parsley Butter, Savoury Lemon Butter, Anchovy Butter or Garlic Butter. Take your choice — but make sure you add Butter to bring out the full natural flavour in vegetables.

Inserted in the interests
of better nutrition by the
Australian Dairy Produce Board



Butter
- a health food
only nature
can provide



Try these easy-to-make Flavoured Butters

PARSLEY BUTTER

Cream two tablespoons Butter, add one tablespoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper and a few drops of lemon juice. Top baked jacket potatoes or add to boiled new potatoes or carrot rings.

GLAZED BABY CARROTS

When cooked add a knob of Butter and saute with 1 tablespoon brown sugar until coated with caramel.

SAVOURY LEMON BUTTER

Melt 2 tablespoons Butter, add 1 teaspoon lemon juice or vinegar, pinch of cayenne. Pour over cooked broccoli or asparagus spears. Sprinkle with nutmeg.

ANCHOVY BUTTER

Cream 2 ozs. unsalted Butter and mix in 4 or 5 anchovy fillets and ½ teaspoon lemon juice. Serve on artichokes and boiled new potatoes.

GARLIC BUTTER

Beat 2 ozs. Butter, few drops garlic juice, salt, cayenne, until creamy. Serve on baked jacket potatoes, cauliflower, beans or carrots.

ELEGY FOR EDDIE

By MARY DRAKE

WHY did you do it, Eddie? Why did you have to up and die? I'm so damn lonely without you, and it's getting worse instead of better.

We never talked much about death, did we? We had such a good time together, and you were never one for morbid thoughts. Once when the subject came up I said, "Gee, Eddie, I don't know what I'd do if you went first. I just don't know what I'd do."

And you laughed and said, "Sell the house, love. Sell the shares and the whole damn lot, and take off for foreign parts."

"Do you believe in anything after death?" I asked you then.

"Heck, no," you said, laughing. "We just snuff out like a candle."

When you had that bad turn last year, neither of us thought much about it.

"It's the heat," you said. "Enough to make anyone feel crook."

But all the same I wanted you to have a check-up, and you did.

"Nature's warning," the doctor said. He put you on the scales and said you were carrying too much weight. "Cut down on the beer and cigarettes," he said. "And lose about twenty pounds."

For a while after that — maybe three or four weeks — you were careful. Counted your smokes, cut out the second helpings, and came home earlier from the pub. But it didn't last.

"I feel great," you said, smacking your chest, your florid face beaming. "Just great! Those quacks don't know what they're talking about. They've got to tell you something in return for taking your dough."

So we settled down to our old routine. On Friday nights we always spent an hour or two at the pub. We knew most of the pubs round our way, but this one was our favorite, wasn't it? Because it was small and all our crowd went there.

"We'd have a few drinks and listen to Tom Fenner at the piano, playing all the old sentimental songs, a cigarette in his mouth and a foaming mug at one end of the keyboard. The lounge was cloudy with a haze of smoke, and smelt of warm bodies and the women's perfumes and beer."

Everyone liked you, Eddie. You were never backward when it was your turn to buy a drink, and you always seemed to have a new joke to tell.

Most Saturday nights we went to a party. Someone in the pub would say, "Come to our place tomorrow night and we'll crack a few bottles." And maybe if it was a warm night we'd cook chops in the backyard.

Do you remember that time just after the Hansens moved next door to us? We thought we'd be neighborly and ask them to come along to the pub with us on Friday night.

"It's good of you to ask us, but we don't drink, thank you," Mr. Hansen said primly, his small mouth looking like a tight little button.

One morning before breakfast we looked through the kitchen window and saw him doing his push-ups on his back veranda. He was dressed in nothing but his pyjama pants, his chest pink and hairless like a baby's. We had a good laugh out of that and he must have heard us, because he looked up.

"Got to keep in good nick, you know," he called, looking embarrassed.

"He'll probably live to be a hundred, and what the



Tansy, the cat, settled on the bed while Fran lay back, thinking of her husband.

hell for?" you chuckled. "He wouldn't know a good time if it came and kicked him in the face."

I thought of that dried-up looking wife of his and I thought, gee, Eddie, you and I are lucky!

On week nights you'd have a few drinks with the boys after work and when you came home I'd have your dinner ready. Then we'd settle down to an evening watching telly with Tansy purring at our feet. The closest we ever got to having angry words was over that cat. Our living-room chairs were all frayed from where she'd sharpened her claws, and when we had them re-covered I tried to keep her outside.

"It's her house as well as ours," you said obstinately, bending down to stroke her fur. And when your mouth was set in that firm, stubborn line I knew it was no use arguing with you. Tansy purred the louder and looked smug, as though she knew we were talking about her.

You used to love the way she'd wake you up in the morning if we slept in. She'd go to your side of the bed, stretch up on her two back legs, and pat you firmly on the arm. "As good as an alarm clock, she is," you used to say.

The first morning after you were gone she came in as usual. When she saw you weren't there she walked restlessly round the room, miaowing, and though I called her she wouldn't come. For days after that she fretted and wouldn't eat her food, and it was only when the nights grew colder that she came inside again. She sleeps at the foot of the bed now, near my feet.

Those first weeks after you'd gone, the house had never been so clean. Seemed like the only way I could get through the days was to keep working. I was never very house-proud, and you didn't care, did you?

"Leave it, Fran," you used to say on the rare times when I decided to have a spring-cleaning. "It'll be just as dirty tomorrow."

But when I lost you I had this compulsion to work. At first the place was full of people, but one by one they stopped coming — all except Lil and Alan and the Foleys and the Scotts. They persuaded me to start going to the pub again with them on Friday nights.

"You've got to get out, Fran," they said. "You can't sit home moping for ever."

So I went. The first Friday I didn't even have a drink and they must have thought me a sad sack. But then I thought what the hell? A few drinks might help.

After that I kept up with the best of them. One night Alan had a few too many and made a pass at me. Lil gave me a look — you know — the way a wife looks when she thinks another woman is trying to grab her husband. She didn't say anything, except that

To page 66



New French Formula has arrived!



4 oz., 79c
6 oz., 99c

By Eugene

NO MORE COLDS FOR HIM!

He's a man who really enjoys life. That's why he keeps himself cold-free all the year round. How? By taking Anti-Bi-San before colds and 'flu have a chance to get a grip on him.

You see, when you take Anti-Bi-San you build up powerful defences against colds; defences that can carry you right through the year, helping you to fight off each onslaught of colds and 'flu. To ensure Anti-Bi-San protection take 7 tablets now—not all at once but over three days. One treatment gives an average of three months' protection.

Remember to make sure all the family take their Anti-Bi-San tablets, too—there's a special 3-tablet treatment for children. So get some Anti-Bi-San now—and keep your whole family cold-free all the year round.



● AVAILABLE AT
ALL CHEMISTS

ANTI-BI-SAN

Send for free leaflet to the distributors:
POTTER & HIRKS PTY. LIMITED, 6-8 MCGILLAVANE AVENUE, ARLBOROUGH, N.S.W.

Page 65

she had a headache, and she took him home early. As though I could ever think of Alan that way, with his air of pomposity and his bristly Air Force moustache that gets soggy at the ends when he drinks beer!

On those Friday nights I generally went to bed feeling a bit high. I wouldn't even bother to remove my make-up or put my hair in pins. In the mornings I'd wake up and look at your side of the bed, smooth and undisturbed, except for your pillow, which at some time of the night I must have grasped and held close to me for comfort. It would be stained with smudges of lipstick and mascara, and damp with the tears I hadn't known I'd shed.

Even on the nights when I didn't go out I got into the habit of having a few drinks by myself. I managed to get through the days somehow, but when dusk came — the time that you used to come home — I'd find myself watching the clock, waiting for the time when I could decently pour myself the first one. They helped me to get through the lonely evenings, till the hour when I went to bed and tried to sleep.

The nights when I dreamed were the worst of all. Do you remember how I used to say I could always tell when the moon was full because I dreamt more then? You used to laugh at me, saying it was my imagination, but I think it has something to do with being a woman. I always feel more emotional when there's a full moon. But when you were here, if I had a bad dream you would wake me up and draw me into your arms.

I HAD a dream last night. Although it was a strange one—a kind of nightmare, really—yet it brought me comfort. That's why, although I told the Foleys I'd go to the pub with them tonight, I've decided to stay home. I feel I want to be alone, somehow.

I dreamed that we were in the Botanical Gardens—at that corner under the Moreton Bay fig tree where we sometimes took a picnic lunch before we were married. We were lying on our backs looking at the blue sky through the glossy black leaves. The sun had soaked into the grass, making it warm beneath us.

I was talking to you — telling you that after we were married we'd often come back to this place because it seemed to be specially ours. I put my hand out to hold yours, but you weren't there.

I didn't worry at first. I thought you'd gone to put the remains of our lunch in one of the litter bins.

I just lay on my back looking up at the dark green pattern of leaves through half-closed eyes.

But then suddenly the sun was gone, and the light left the sky. A cold wind was all about me, and I sat up shivering. All at once it was totally dark, and the out-

ELEGY FOR EDDIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

lines of the big trees made frightening shapes.

I called your name again and again. I stood up and began to run, looking for some way out of the park, but I had lost all sense of direction. The wind sounded like rushing water, and it hurled fallen leaves and torn scraps of newspaper against my legs.

I sank down on the grass, head bowed, holding my cold arms to my breast.

And then, Eddie — you were there. I could feel the bulk of you, the strength of your shoulders, and the warmth of your hands as you took mine.

"I'm here, love," you said reassuringly, and yet half worried —

exactly the way you always sounded when I had a nightmare and you had to wake me up. "Eddie's here, love. I'll never leave you."

I lay between waking and sleeping for a long time. The dream had been so real that I put my hand out across the empty bed to take yours. But there was nothing there, and when I felt the emptiness I knew that the words you had spoken were only part of the dream.

And yet — and yet in some way it still felt as though you were close beside me, comforting me in my loneliness saying, "I'm here, love: Eddie's here."

All day it has been like that. I

feel I'm not alone any more, as though you're with me in the house. That's why I haven't needed a drink tonight. I haven't watched telly, or done anything, really. Just sat and thought about you and the good times we had together that nothing can take away.

Then I got ready for bed, washing my face properly, brushing my hair and leaving it loose, the way you liked it.

I've put out the milk bottle, and all I have to do now is carry the garbage tin down to the gate. As I pick it up I hear the click of the side gate next door. Through the paling fence I see Mr. Hansen pick up his tin, and we meet at the front gate.

And suddenly I feel I hate him. I hate Mr. Hansen — with his push-ups, his thirty-six waist, and

his smug look of clean living. I hate him because he looks as though he'll live on and on, Eddie.

"Looks like being a fine weekend, eh, Mrs. Rush?" he says politely, glancing up at the sky. I follow his gaze and see the stars hanging like silver Christmas baubles. And there it is — that great yellow melon of a moon, and there's such a lump in my throat that I can hardly answer.

"It sure does, Mr. Hansen — it sure does," I say.

I put the tin down by the gate, and then I go up the front path again. The cat slips between my legs and like a grey shadow streaks through the door ahead of me. There's nothing to do now but turn off the light and try to sleep. There's nothing but Tansy to keep the chill from my bed. Tansy — and my thoughts of you.

(Copyright)



OUR TRANSFER



LOVELY patterns for trousseau linens are from Embroidery Transfer No. 128. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price: 15c plus 4c post.

Page 66

It thinks for you...

Sunbeam's new Blanket is quite different from ordinary blankets. Its special control automatically turns on and off to allow for any temperature changes during the night.

If there's a cold snap, you get more heat. If it warms up again, Sunbeam turns off. Compare this with ordinary blankets, you could either freeze or fry with them. But not with Sunbeam.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 7, 1967

The days of the rabbit-O

"Where are they now, those colorful callers of yesteryear, the men who called and delivered, the men who brought excitement into our young lives, laughter to our lips?" MURIEL FAIRFIELD writes of the rabbit-O, the hawkers, and deliverymen in her youth.

THERE was a butcher, a stout, short man with a laugh like a foghorn. He wore a blue striped apron tied around his lusty middle, and his hair was dark, curly, and greasy.

He called for the order every morning and delivered it next day. Our Beatrice was his favorite, and he often tucked in an extra chop or a sausage for her. We never told him, but Beatrice didn't like meat.

There was Dear Henry, the baker. Don't know why, but we always called him Dear Henry. He carried a fine, large basket

containing lovely fresh bread, buns, and rolls. He had the reddest hair and face ever seen on mortal man, and he wore the widest trousers.

The first slice of bread was always called "the trousers piece" in our house, and refused by all. We once saw Dear Henry drop a loaf, give it a good rub on his pants, and return it to the basket. Both butcher and baker came in a horse-driven cart.

How we loved the grocer boy. He was nearer our age, and always whistling "Clementine." He rode a bicycle with a large box on wheels attached, and our

groceries came in the box. Always with the groceries came a scoop of lollies for the children, and they were equally divided up, even to halving them.

Along the street on Fridays came the cry of "Fish-O, Fish-O, All alive-O!" We were not of the Faith, but Ma always bought some. Fish fed the brain, she said.

Fred the fish-O's cry started the grand parade. From every house came the neighbors' cats, stopping where he stopped. Fred scraped and cleaned and beheaded the fish, tossing the innards to the cats, and fierce was the fight for the pieces. Not very hygienic, perhaps, but a grand clean-up.

Way Ham Wong was our Chinese greengrocer. He wore a perpetual grin and a large straw hat. He called me Daisy, which was the name of our street, and always insisted that I was "belly clobber" — can't think why!

He sold us carrots and parsnips for 1d a bunch, and cabbages for 3d. He had such wonderful watermelons and peaches.

He had a lovely fat horse called (as near as we could understand) Bunglung. Wong sometimes gave us crackers, and at Christmastime Ma received a pretty green jar with cane handles. It was filled with ginger in luscious syrup — oh la la!

One would really think an earthquake had occurred on Wednesdays when along the street came the rabbit-O. He pushed a handcart, and shook a tin filled with stones to make the housewives aware of his arrival, so we called him Stony.

His handcart was all festooned with the dead bodies of fur-coated bunnies; they were sold for 6d a pair. We children watched, fascinated, as he deftly skinned a bunny, severed its head, put it on to our clean plates, and went on his way, "Wild rabbit-O!" and banging his stones. Anyway, we'd see Stony again next Wednesday.

Ole Black Currant

Once a year, near Christmas, there came a few special callers. There was Ole Black Currant. He brought a bucket of black currants, maybe raspberries, cherries, and blackberries.

He was fat and jolly, and we loved him. He had twinkling black eyes just like his black currants. Oh, the lovely raspberry vinegar Ma made! The black currant tarts!

The Indian Pedlar called about this time, and a strong, silent man was he. Joan and Alice went on with lots of nonsense to make him smile, but didn't succeed.

He drove a lovely van, and sold miscellaneous goods. Figs, rice, and dates in boxes, scarves, fans, belts, and moneyboxes.

Sometimes he brought a chicken with him, and cooked and curried it down in our backyard. Alice always longed to taste this, but she never did. He would just silently steal away.

The rag, bone, and bottle merchant was our source of income. He bought the bottles and rags and, of all things, the bones. It took us months to collect a kerosine tin of bones, and for this we received 2d. We took care never to miss him, anyway.

He yelled, "Any rags, any bones or bottles today?" It was a bad week that didn't give up 2d for bottles, and with this we four sisters had a party. One penny for biscuits, one penny for cherries or plums, or an apple, the lollies from the grocer, and a drink of raspberry from Ma.

Oh, well, these men have passed from the suburbs now, and we are poorer for their passing.

2-A.M.
SUDDEN
COLD SNAP...
FULL HEAT
NEEDED

7-A.M.
GETTING WARMER
I'LL TURN DOWN
FOR THE DAY



the new Sunbeam blanket

So, if you're thinking blankets, think Sunbeam; the one that thinks. Sunbeam is also the one that's built to last. For instance, the pure wool has a specially deep nap to resist piling and it's both moth-proof and shrink-resistant, too. Sunbeam's heating element also gets special treatment; it's carefully sheathed in strong but pliable PVC, then enclosed in separate tunnels of wool.

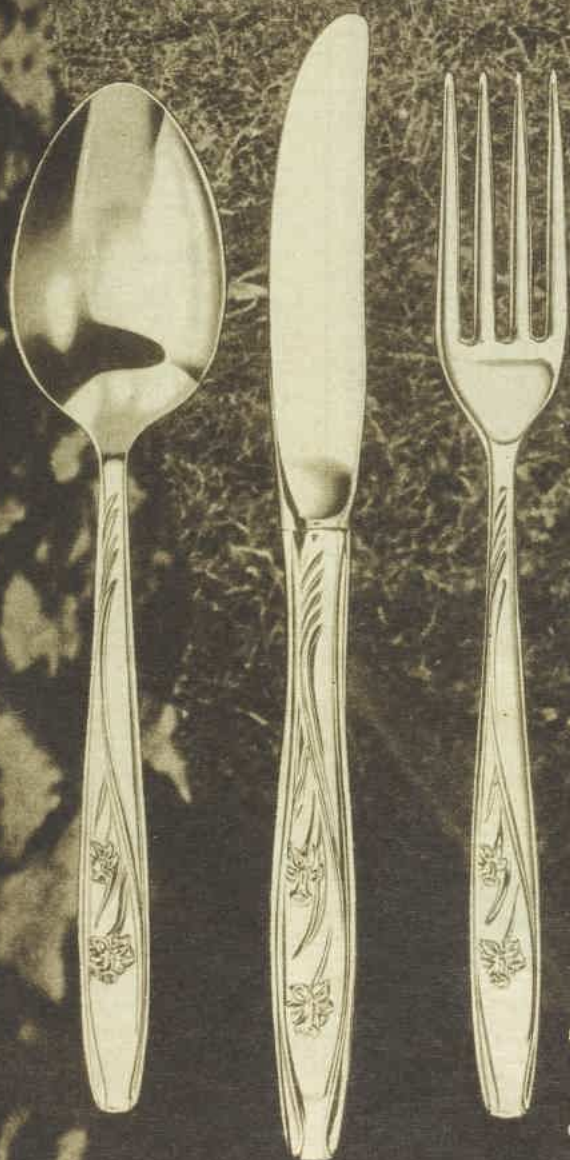
Even Sunbeam's Automatic Control has to operate 8 hours in carefully regulated conditions before it's up to standard.

So, if you're thinking blankets, think Sunbeam, you can trust the quality and you can trust it to go on thinking for you while you sleep.

(Available in 3 sizes with choice of colour.)



Discover 'Dawn'...
exciting new design
from Grosvenor



Grosvenor
TABLE SILVER



**Only Grosvenor
brings you
beautiful silver
at such
an incredibly
low price**

**(a complete 44-piece
setting from just \$33.40)**

Only Grosvenor could offer such a romantic young silver design. Dawn, a springtime fresh pattern of graceful daffodils embossed on clean cut, modern cutlery. Such easy elegance — so easy to afford... Grosvenor combines the two in Dawn. Just \$33.40 for a 44-piece setting (with xylonite handles). With pearlex handles \$34.60... with silver handles \$46.20.

MANUFACTURED AND GUARANTEED BY
MYTTON'S LIMITED, 113-141 YORK ST.,
STH. MELBOURNE. WRITE FOR FREE
BROCHURE ILLUSTRATING PATTERNS.

Chrissie's friends were happy to join in the
gay whirligig of her tinsel world of dreams

I AM a girl who seldom dances at El Morocco, who has dined but once at the Tower Suite in Manhattan, who hasn't seen all the four seasons at The Four Seasons Restaurant, and who has never spent a night in a room in the Regency Hotel in a bed that possibly once was slept in by Elizabeth Taylor. I do not reveal my somewhat limited feats in the tinsel world to everyone, however. Leave me to my dreams. Everything that has happened to me began, so long ago, with dreams of one sort or another, anyway — it has been impressed upon me lately that there is little reason for this to change.

Let me begin with Kathleen. Ten years ago, before Steve and I were married, Kathleen was my room-mate, and she and Bob Howell and Steve and I were closest friends. Kathleen and Bob were engaged at the time and Steve and I were not, but the technicalities scarcely mattered; we all were in a similar state of golden, skittish youth.

Kathleen and Bob, it is true, could hardly be called skittish. They were a sensible pair, each with a strong New England vein of devotion to duty, and each with two feet firmly on the ground. Kathleen was the sort of girl who always was five minutes early for every appointment, who wound her watch before it stopped, rolled the toothpaste tube with an almost professional skill, balanced her chequebook, paid her insurance premiums, and properly rotated her wardrobe.

"You two are different, all right," the mutual friend who had introduced us said. "But maybe that's all for the best. She'll organise you and you can throw some glamor her way. After all, she ought to have a chance at a little of it before she goes back to those Vermont hills."

Kathleen was only biding her time in New York until Bob finished graduate school and took her back with him to Vermont. She had a hope chest that served as a coffee table in the apartment, and she was continually filling it with silver demitasse spoons and damask luncheon sets and little packets of rose sachet. She had snapshots and photographs of relatives and friends stuck in all the mirrors and filling the end tables. A pennant of the University of Vermont was thumbtacked to the bedroom wall.

She saw nothing wrong with wearing the wardrobe from Vermont on the sidewalks of New York, and it would not have

To page 70

THE BED ELIZABETH TAYLOR ONCE SLEPT IN

BY EILEEN HERBERT JORDAN

AS I READ THE STARS

By Elsa Murray: Week starting May 31

- ARIES**
MAR. 21-APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, red, gold.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, black, green.
* Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21-JUNE 20
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, orange, tan.
* Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
- CANCER**
JUNE 21-JULY 20
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, rose, navy.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
- LEO**
JULY 21-AUG. 20
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, blue, green.
* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 21-SEPT. 20
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 21-OCT. 20
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, grey, blue.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 21-NOV. 20
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, blue, grey.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 21-DEC. 20
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, green, brown.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 21-JAN. 20
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, green, gold.
* Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, red, white.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
- PISCES**
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, blue, grey.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"DEE"—Smart dress is available with short or three-quarter-length sleeves in ivory, turquoise, brown, or creamy buff pure wool frocking.

Short Sleeve — Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$12.15; 36 and 38in. bust, \$12.35. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$8.65; 36 and 38in. bust, \$8.85.

Three-quarter-length Sleeve — Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$12.75; 36 and 38in. bust, \$12.95. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$9.15; 36 and 38in. bust, \$9.35. Postage and dispatch 60 cents extra.

● NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 72. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.



occurred to her to alter the shape of her eyebrows or the shade of her hair by a fraction. I used to regard her with amazement. She reminded me of all the girls I had left behind in Hillsdale, Pennsylvania. The thing was, I had so definitely left Hillsdale, Pennsylvania, behind.

Every year the island of Manhattan abounds with new girls like me, and young men, too—to all of them it is Camelot. They all are uniformly well dressed, brushed, combed, and carried, without an extra hair on their heads or an extra ounce on their figures. They see to this soon after arriving in New York — Manhattan is one of the few places where the emigrants become natives faster than the natives do.

THEY bear no relation to anyone who ever was related to them, and no hint of any past is permitted to remain. They favor the long, wide canyons uptown, which even when I arrived were already beginning to be lined with new glass buildings that glittered like diamonds when the sun struck them and glowed like sapphires and emeralds at dusk.

For years before I came to the city I had read every article about it in every magazine that I could buy, borrow, or find at the local library. I studied the way to dress on little or nothing, knew the chic dishes to order and was bound not to be caught dead with white shoes, curly hair, or long skirts. When I arrived at last, all that the magazines had failed to teach me the city did. By the time I had been there six months I was speaking the language of New York, with all its nuances, the way a Parisian speaks French.

I was the oldest of five, and I luxuriated in wanton disorder in my first apartment, savoring the delights of being alone. It was a cubbyhole. The bathroom was an old one with a shaky sink and a tub on legs, but nobody ever beat on the door while I was inside, and I could splash bath oil about and drift through clouds of talcum in solitary splendor.

There was no one about to root through the costume jewellery or borrow a pair of nylons or drop a lollipop on my white kid gloves. I experimented with false eyelashes and hair-pieces, banana diets, and new dances. Then I met Kathleen, and with someone to share the rent I was able to contrive an address chic enough to go with my dreams.

Her presence in the disorder of my life was like a magnet — misplaced things were drawn to her like so many pins and neatly filed away. The fact that she endured the chaos that was me for as long as she did was a tribute to both her warm heart and her Yankee sense of thrift — separately, neither of us could have afforded to live as we did.

The truth was, however, Kathleen adored it. She admired the heaping jumble of jewellery I collected and the collection of lipsticks in strange shades scattered all over the cluttered dressing-table. She loved to curl up in bed at night and buff her nails and listen to tales of life on the magazine I worked for and of the occasional men I met, all of whom seemed to work at odd hours — in the evening and at dawn, on Saturdays and on Sundays. They were newspapermen and actors, and one of them was a writer.

The fact was, although I disliked admitting it, the men were not nearly so numerous as the magazine illustrations had led me to believe. Most of the men in the office were

married, and as a result had a rather haphazard look. Their ties were accidental choices, their coat-tails were always flapping as they dashed into the elevator that led to the subway that led to the commuters' train to Westchester County, Connecticut, or Long Island.

Their wives were always telephoning to tell them that all the children had chicken-pox or that the car insurance was due, or to ask whether they would be on time for dinner. Nonetheless, any adventures I could muster I passed on to Kathleen, and she sat wide-eyed.

"Oh, Chrissie," she would say, "you didn't — and you were sitting next to him — and then where did you go?"

And I was Scheherazade, spinning the tales, taking her by the hand and showing her which way lay the road to Camelot. Then I met Steve Webster and we both took her and pulled her along with us.

Maybe it only happens that way once in a lifetime — when it does, grab and hold on. You look into somebody's eyes

"He sells the things that writers write."

"Can't they do that themselves?" she asked. I suspect that Kathleen, for all her college education, really did not believe there were people who sat and made things up for a living and others who guided them. Steve, in truth, shone with glamor for her from the start.

"Of course, he's crazy," she said the first evening they met. "But he's nice and crazy. I can't imagine his ever being serious — but I suppose for you that doesn't matter either."

I frowned. I could not, in my farthest dreams, imagine it either. I could not imagine Steve shopping for furniture on Saturday afternoons, as Kathleen and Bob did, or compiling a guest list for a wedding or sharing a joint savings account for the purpose of buying a car.

"Bob and I really got serious after he gave me his fraternity pin," she said.

"Well, you were younger," I said. I could never see Steve Webster pinning anybody at all.

"Maybe," Kathleen said.

there it was, for what it was, between us.

It lasted that way through winter and spring and into midsummer, until it was time for Kathleen to go home and prepare for the wedding in September. For a week the packing and sorting went on in the apartment, with cartons all over and labels pasted to this and that. Of course, we had a party, and Steve proposed a toast to the bridal couple, then one to single blessedness, and ultimately everybody drank a toast to everybody else.

Then, on a Friday morning in the rain, the moving van parked at our door and all Kathleen's effects were carted off — the hope chest, the garment bags of trousseau clothing, the Victorian rocker from her grandmother, the family pictures and the Vermont pennant, the piles and piles of little bibelots she had so tenderly collected. And that evening after work, I walked to Grand Central Station to say goodbye to them.

The rain was still falling and the whole city was shades of grey. Kathleen's little head was wrapped like a cabbage in a scarf, and she was wearing a no-nonsense raincoat. Bob had his rubbers on. Their faces were radiant, and Kathleen grasped both my hands and squeezed them and said, "Oh, Chrissie — I wish you were as happy as I am."

She blinked away a few tears, and I stood there in my false eyelashes and my towed blonde hair and my swiping, expensive, unpaid-for raincoat and wished the same thing. I kissed them both goodbye and watched them disappear down the ramp to the train; then I walked out of the station and into the rain alone. I had never felt quite so alone in my life.

I walked for blocks because no taxis were around, and when I finally found one I sat inside and shivered all the way to the apartment.

The rooms had a stripped and barren look with all Kathleen's things gone. I wandered through the apartment aimlessly, marvelling at the loneliness of the empty tabletops. From time to time in the past I had visualised the ideal bachelor-girl apartment. I had dwelt upon the witty, the functional, the muted, the stark — a slab for a bed, a beaded curtain, a pole lamp, a wall papered with travel pictures of Yugoslavia.

It all seemed idle to me now, and I sank down on the couch, lit a cigarette and felt oddly dismayed that Kathleen's shell tray with the message "Welcome to Old Cape Cod" was not there to hold the ashes. It occurred to me that there probably was nothing in the apartment for dinner, since Kathleen always did most of the marketing, but I didn't make a move toward the kitchen to look.

I had been sitting there for twenty minutes or so when the doorbell rang. I opened the door, and Steve walked in. He put an arm around me and swept me back to the couch, deposited a bottle of red wine on the end table and stood over me, grinning.

"And here we are," he said, "alone at last." He sat down beside me. "You know," he said, "I always made it a cardinal rule never to take out girls who have room-mates. I don't know how you ever slipped by."

I looked at him gloomily. It was odd — ordinarily I would have been overjoyed



"The first chapters are just about her childhood . . . but after that she really gets going!"

and you know what they are thinking before they tell you. You start to say something and he says it first. Your head turns and his head turns and you both are laughing at the same thing.

I met him at a party, where I had been sitting talking to somebody else and observing him from a distance for an hour. He was so obviously the missing piece of my puzzle that no matter how I tried not to I kept turning back to look. At last he strolled over to me. "Do you mind if I ask you something?" he said.

I looked up. "Why — of course not."

"You have been sneaking looks at me for the past hour. I can't stand it any longer. Tell me — do I need a shave? Is my tie crooked?"

"Why — why — I have not," I said.

"You have. And let me tell you one thing" — he tapped my hand — "I do not sneak. I have observed you in a completely open manner and I've finally made up my mind. You look like Audrey Hepburn."

"Oh, please," I said. "I don't at all . . ."

He looked at me for a moment, then burst out laughing. "No," he said, "as a matter of fact, you don't. But, honey, you certainly give it a marvellous try!"

He took my arm and ultimately led me outside into the twilight of Manhattan, where the streets were opalescent.

"What does he do?" Kathleen asked.

"He's a literary agent," I said.

"What's that?"

"But you and he are so glamorous. What do you really care?"

Despite our differences, the four of us became fast friends. We were an oddly compatible group. Steve hunted out the odd spots and new places to go, the old haunts, the plays to see, the singers to hear — and Bob and Kathleen saw that we got to them on time. Steve knew French bistros and strange foods from everywhere; Bob and Kathleen were fascinated. I copied menus from glossy magazines for intimate little dinners at home, and Kathleen cleaned the apartment until it shone and her silver gleamed on the linen cloth.

When we were broke Steve always managed to produce a new party game or record album, or just a tale of some exploit. Occasionally he brought one of his writers to dinner, and Bob and Kathleen would study him as if here lay the borders of Bohemia.

"Oh, come on, now," he would say if they hesitated. "Just because you believe in that archaic practice of being engaged, don't sit and hibernate. Come on — it's a hot night. We'll grab some blankets, rent a car, drive out and sleep on the beach, watch the sun come up . . . Or we'd go to an opening night and sit around Sardi's afterward . . . or to an Irish dance . . . or somewhere in the country to admire Indian summer . . ."

Once in a while, in the middle of it all, like the bridge in a melody, there came the moment when I looked at him and he looked at me and

To page 72

This is Arnott's new biscuit



SALTINE



Arnott's new Saltine biscuits have a
crisping crisp texture. A reclosable inner
wrapper keeps them that way.

You've never
tasted a biscuit
quite like this before

Why? Because Arnott's new SALTINE Biscuits
have a flavour and texture all their own. Light, tangy
and crisp – the kind of biscuits that team perfectly
with salads, cheese, soups . . . yet are delicious eaten
plain. Any way you eat them you'll enjoy discovering

the exciting taste of Arnott's SALTINE
Biscuits. They go with everything. Once you've
tried them you'll agree – you've never tasted a
biscuit quite like this before.
Arnott's new SALTINE Biscuits.



Arnott's famous **Biscuits**

There is no Substitute for Quality

SMASH COLDS!

Double "D" eucalyptus breaks up stubborn head colds and bronchial coughs. Pure Double "D" eucalyptus is the safe, economical and efficient household remedy for throat, nose, chest and muscular ailments. Don't take chances — take Double "D."

With 101 uses in the home

DOUBLE "D"
EUCALYPTUS EXTRACT
The pure, strong eucalyptus with the sweet, fresh smell

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 590 — MATERNITY SLIP

Maternity slip is available cut out to make in white or pink plisse. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$3.15; 36 and 38in. bust, \$3.35. Postage and dispatch 15 cents extra.

No. 591 — SET OF THREE POT-HOLDERS

Set of three pot-holders are available traced ready to sew and embroider in wedgwood-blue, green, lilac, or grey cesarine. Price per set is 80 cents plus 10 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 592 — APRON

Practical apron with bias binding and rick-rack trim supplied is available cut out to make in pink, gold, blue, or tan printed cotton. Price is \$1.85 plus 10 cents postage and dispatch.

● Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



THE BED ELIZABETH TAYLOR ONCE SLEPT IN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

just to sit beside him, but at that moment his presence only made me feel sadder than ever. He was gay and bright and brash — and permanent.

"What's with you?" he said. "Come on—cheer up. Look, you still have me." He walked into the kitchen and returned with two glasses.

"There's nothing here for dinner," I said.

"Oh, is that the problem?" He poured a glass of wine. "Hungry women are the grouchiest kind. Here." He handed me a glass and settled down beside me again. "Now tell me — who can think of food at a time like this?"

I stood up and went over to the window, leaned against the frame, and gazed down at the street, shining and wet.

"Oh... it is serious," he said. "You really are grim, eh? I tell you what—I promise that I'll feed you. I found a Japanese place down on the Lower East Side. You watch your dinner being cooked, then sit around family style with whoever else is there; you use chopsticks

the lock. I looked up and he was gone.

I stopped crying finally and wandered into the bedroom, where I took off the damp false eyelashes. I slipped out of the skinny black dress and put on an old robe and slippers. The late-summer darkness was coming in to the rooms, and, outside, the city was just beginning to be bright. I went into the kitchen, found a forlorn box of crackers on a shelf, and was carrying it into the living-room when the bell sounded again.

I dropped the box and ran to open the door. Steve was standing there again, this time with a brown paper-bag in his hand.

"The kind of catering you want is hard to find in this part of town," he said, "but I did my best." He walked over to the table, opened the bag, produced a sandwich, and handed it to me. I took off the wax paper slowly. It was peanut butter and jelly.

Steve sat down, put his feet on the ottoman, folded his arms and regarded me.

"I," he said, "have two sisters, three uncles, four aunts, and one mother. When I was 11 years old I had a dog. I know how to whittle with a penknife. I can ride a bike with no hands. I used to live in a house with a front porch and a cellar door. Now, will you tell me what all that has to do with the price of eggs?"

"Well, but — you're so — cavalier..." I said.

He walked across the room to the window. "Look out there," he said. "The tide is always in — some people ride with it, some don't." He smiled at me. "And as for me," he said, "I have no intention of settling down or getting engaged or buying a girl one of those damned chests she fills up with crocheted doilies..."

He came over and pulled me up beside him. "But don't sell love short, Chrissie. Don't ever do that. Don't you know that ever since I first saw you, the helium has been leaking out of my balloon?"

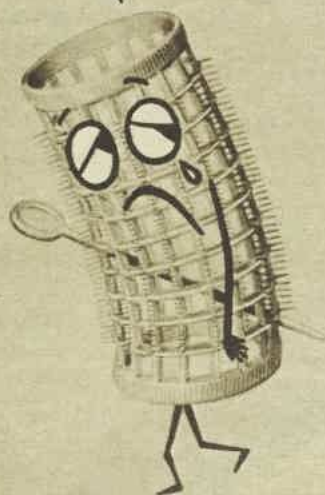
He kissed me. "You wouldn't crochet a doily anyway, so maybe we come out even." He looked thoughtful. "There is one thing, though," he said at last. "That house with the front porch where I used to live is in Auburndale, New York." He took my chin in his hands. "Tell me, Audrey Hepburn," he said, "do you think interstate marriages can work?"

We were married three months later. It developed that Steve's mother and two sisters and one of his uncles and two of his aunts wanted to be there, and so did my family. It developed that people send gifts to weddings

To page 73

Now I don't get in her hair every night...

Naturally. With me, one set holds her hair style all week!



Keep your hairstyle in perfect shape, from shampoo to shampoo. Smooth new STAYSET Setting Gel through your hair. Set with rollers. STAYSET holds wave and curl softly yet firmly all week without nightly roller setting. All chemists and stores. Six-application tube, only 75 cents.

75c

THE BOYFRIEND



"You're the greatest!"

THE BED ELIZABETH TAYLOR ONCE SLEPT IN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

had a power mower, a lawn sweeper, a leaf rake, a hoe, a pair of shears, two bags of peatmoss, one can of weed killer, a spray can for killing insects, and a snow shovel.

We came to know the men who delivered bread, delivered milk, waxed floors, pruned fruit trees, collected insurance premiums, and sold tickets on behalf of the volunteer fire department. When we went sweeping into Manhattan, we still could gasp at the whole skyline spread before us, but we never forgot for a moment that every sixty minutes cost seventy-five cents in baby-sitting fees and that at midnight the price rose to a dollar an hour.

Something happens to the skin of time as it grows longer. After a while you no longer measure it in days or weeks. Then it begins spinning out too fast to catch the months — only years will do. I corresponded with Kathleen, and she with me, often at first, then less frequently as time passed. Soon we were down to birthdays, holidays, a note on the birth of a baby, and finally down to Christmas cards, which we both filled with a crowded report of the year's activities.

AT vacation time we always seemed to be showing grandchildren to grandparents, so we never made the trip to Vermont. An unbelievable decade had elapsed when, on a day in late spring, I received the particular letter from Kathleen.

They were coming to New York in August for a meeting of Bob's company and they were scheduled to stay at a motel the firm had engaged in New Jersey. "The meeting is on the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth, but I told Bob that I have to have one whole evening with you or I won't go," she wrote. "I'm writing well in advance because I know what a wild schedule you two always have, and I want to be sure you're free."

"Besides, I imagine you'll stay in town and I don't know how far in advance you have to make hotel reservations. If there is a show left on Broadway that you haven't seen, maybe you could get tickets and afterward we could have one of those nights in New York that we used to have."

I was nursing our daughter through German measles and Steve, having just found termites in the basement, had just finished interviewing a series of exterminators when we read the letter.

"Only one night," I said. "That's not enough. Why, I want to have them out here for dinner, I want them to meet the children and see the house, and—"

"We'll work out something," Steve said. "I'll dragon them out here some way — besides, August is a long way off."

In the fashion that things were moving for us now, however, August came quickly. On the twenty-seventh, the night we had agreed upon, our daughter fell off her new bicycle and had to be tenderly cared for, our son disappeared in the neighborhood and had to be located before we left, the spare tyre was pressed into service to replace the right front one, which had a slow leak, and the man who had just finished painting the house presented his bill as we were pulling out of the driveway.

None of this stopped us. I had a new summer sheath and a new hairdo and a

musky perfume; Steve had the theatre tickets in his wallet.

When we reached the city, it turned out to be one of those rare August nights in New York, neither hot nor oppressive. The glass buildings were cool as ice cubes, and the streets we walked down were cleaner and emptier than at any other time in the year. We were meeting at the Rainbow Room, and Kathleen and Bob were there when we arrived. We all rushed and embraced one another, then stepped back with the little, tentative steps and movements one uses in the presence of someone one has not seen for years.

But they were the same; they seemed not to have moved in time, but to be exactly as I remembered them. Kathleen was sunburned, with freckles on her nose

and a fresh permanent and a flower-printed dress. Bob looked more prosperous than he had in graduate-school days, but that was all. We went into the big room and took a table at a window. Then everybody talked at once.

At last Kathleen leaned back in her chair and looked from Steve to me, then back again. "Oh, you two," she said. "You two crazy people. If you ever heard all the stories I've told about you."

"Stories?" I said. "No one would even believe them," Kathleen said. She smiled. "But I always had Bob to back me up."

"Kathleen's been the life of the Mothers' Club for years, telling about our adventures," Bob said.

Kathleen smiled blissfully. "Remember the night we gave a party and Steve brought this fellow who practised hypnosis, and..." She went on cataloguing a whole string of memories — places we had been, strange people we had

met, odd food and odd hours, nights and days and weekends when we had never stopped.

"I'd describe something we had done," she said, "and then I'd have to explain about you—how you just found each other. They're like people you read about, I'd say. They run around with writers, they stay up all night..." She leaned forward. "Tell me, do you still go down to the beach and sleep on the sand on hot nights?"

I looked rather startled. I looked at Steve and he looked rather startled, too.

Kathleen turned to me and then turned to Steve. "Tell me something," she said. She folded her hands on the table; her eyes were enormous and her whole face was filled with hope. "Tell me that you haven't changed. Don't say you've changed — please don't."

"Of course they haven't changed," Bob said. "Look for yourself. Why, I'll bet

To page 74

DON'T GAMBLE WITH BACKACHE!



Why experiment with untried remedies? Countless people in more than 80 countries have discovered that De Witt's Pills bring sure, fast relief from backache and the pain of rheumatism and sciatica. De Witt's is the remedy you can trust.

De Witt's Pills

look alive with

The Bulletin

Political comment • News & Views
EVERY WEEK, ONLY 20c

Special people brush with



the special toothbrush



Only Tek has
ANTI-GERM
built-in germ
fighting action

Johnson & Johnson

T4632A

FROM THE BIBLE

Christ is the visible likeness of the invisible God.
— Colossians 1: 15.
(Today's English Version)

one a few times—and you know it, you have without holes."

gave him an icy glance, the following evening he was working late I

the pile on my lap, took needle and thread, set to work and did not until I was finished.

small, insidious things as this the pyramid is — and once it has formed, it never stops growing. We picked up an

expensive puppy pet shop — it was the thing either of us had to care for since the

of our childhood pets. discovered that expensiveness have the same and habits as any other. Then, all on our

we had a baby. proved to be a good more expensive than the

with needs and habits were far more pressing. began amassing baby

ment and furniture until apartment became much small, and we had to

to a second, larger apartment. The second apartment was right only until the

baby was two and the baby was born. We bought a house. We

got a car to go in the attached to the house. we got a convertible, the two-year-old climbed

the back when the top down. We turned in the convertible and bought a station wagon. We bought furni-

for all the rooms in the rugs for the floors, for the tables, a freezer for the food. Outside we had

andromeda, rose bushes, and apple trees. In the corner of the garage we

Mrs. H. WIFE

COMPLAINTS



"I overspent again."

Chrissie still sleeps until noon and reads the restaurant guide instead of a recipe book." He smiled. "Say, remember the day we hired the boat on Long Island Sound—we had the whole day and —"

"And Steve had that game where you analyse your personality," Kathleen said.

"Yes," Bob said, "but before that —"

My eyes met Steve's across the table. You look into somebody's eyes and you know what they are thinking before they tell you. We knew. To Kathleen and Bob we were their youth. We were the days when they were young and in love and visiting briefly in Camelot. In the years between while we had been having our babies and planting our andromeda and buying our bicycles, they had been

up in Vermont throwing the star-dust down on us.

"I read the gossip columns every chance I get," Kathleen was saying. "I keep waiting to see your names mentioned. And I always read about the new places that open — the restaurants with all the seasons and the one where the butler waits on you. Tell us all about them, won't you?"

"Sure," Steve said. He smiled at me. "Of course, you realise, when you have a wife who sleeps until noon, it cuts into your day considerably."

"Now, Chrissie is no housekeeper — you always knew that," Kathleen said. "But what difference does it make? Where are you staying tonight, by the way?"

I could have said 14 Oxwood Court very easily — but no, I couldn't; ah, indeed I couldn't.

THE BED ELIZABETH TAYLOR ONCE SLEPT IN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

Steve gazed out the window at the city, bathed in rose light. He looked thoughtful. "The Regency Hotel," he said after a moment. "The what?" Kathleen said. "That's new since our time, isn't it?"

"I guess it is," he said. "But do you realise, my dear Kathleen, that it is the one where Princess Grace of Monaco stays? Do you know that Elizabeth Taylor sleeps there? Now, where else could I take this crazy girl? In fact, I think we'll ask for Elizabeth Taylor's room."

Kathleen clapped her hands and squealed, quite unmindful of the fact that four patrons turned

around. Women seldom squeal in the Rainbow Room.

"Oh, I knew it!" she said. "I just knew you'd still be doing wild things. Are you serious?"

"I'm never serious," Steve said. "You wouldn't want me to be, would you? It would spoil all the fun."

She smiled at him, and you could see a mental note being filed away for the Mothers' Club.

After that we could only go on. We went swinging through New York to the theatre and a supper club and a discotheque — Finally in the moonlight stillness we walked to the garage, where they were to pick up their car and drive to New Jersey.

"Where's this hotel where the Princess stays?" Bob asked.

"Couple of blocks over," Steve said. "We can walk that far."

Kathleen hugged me. "Oh, I wish you would write me more often," she said, "and tell me everything. You know, I was so afraid that you'd turn out to be just a — well, just a mother, or something."

"I do want you to come out and see the children," I said.

And indeed, some day they may, but I could not say just when. I cannot quite imagine cooking with my special pots, and showing Kathleen the bookcase Steve has made, and the new slipcovers, and the herb garden we are growing on a window-sill. It seems far too unkind to tear the gossamer web people have spent years in weaving.

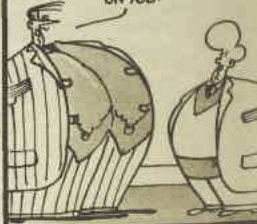
"Well, Audrey Hepburn," Steve said, "do you see? Do you understand?" We had bade them good-bye and were walking down the block to our car, our steps making hollow echoes on the empty street. "A friend is someone who is not you. It wouldn't work out half so well if that weren't so."

He is right. I've never slept in a room in the Regency Hotel in a bed that possibly once was slept in by Elizabeth Taylor, but there is someone who thinks it quite logical that I do so — and I even have a husband who suggested it. Years may pile up on me, but my image is intact, and indeed maybe that is Camelot, after all.

(Copyright)

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By RUDD

SO YOUR DAUGHTER'S TAKEN UP COOKING AND IS EXPERIMENTING ON YOU.



IS SHE ANY GOOD?



OH YES.

I HAVEN'T HAD ANY PAINS YET!!!



At MAGGI we really care:



We choose only the crispest young vegetables for Maggi Spring Vegetable Soup

Here's a rich, appetising soup prepared with eleven of the finest, freshest, crispest, spring vegetables, delicately seasoned with spices. Maggi Spring Vegetable Soup



hones healthy appetites — makes a meal complete, makes a snack a meal. Discover for yourself that at Maggi we really care. Try new Maggi Spring Vegetable Soup.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS



4102—Semi-fitted A-line dress with wide jewel neckline has elbow-length or full-length bell sleeves. With or without contrast bands on sleeves and neckline. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

4128—Cardigan-style jacket with contrast banding and welt pockets. Hipster pants are slightly belted and worn with purchased belt. A-line, above-knee-length hipster skirt with centre front zipper and inverted pleat and matching peaked top also in pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.

4181—A-line skirt, darted into waistband. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46in. bust. Price 50 cents includes postage.

3111—A-line maternity dress with diagonal seaming. Pattern also has sleeveless and collarless version, plus an above-knee-length beach dress with contrast side panels. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 60 cents includes postage.

3621—Unlined, semi-fitted jacket with varied collar and sleeve treatments, slim skirt. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

4176—Easy-to-make robe for girls or boys, has contrast or self-shawl collar, in full-length or knee-length. Sizes 2 to 14 (21, 23, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest). Price 30 cents includes postage.



BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE	PRICE
ADDRESS			

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

THE MYSTERIOUS "doctor" pays off some men for a "top-secret project." They are then blindfolded and taken away by boat. What is the project? READ ON.



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- It does not give unlimited wages, only conveys motion to a wheel (7, 5).
- Instrument for a braggart (7).
- Clean by friction with our ending (5).
- Yet to be identified (7).
- Remove faults from (5).
- Drive away (6).
- Detriments can be less so (6).
- Come in (5).
- Confront boldly (7).
- Mass of unwrought metal, which can be changed to gin (5).
- Can be done to a lamp or a pipe (5, 2).
- Superiority no prince made (12).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Abase yourself by consuming the entrails of a deer (3, 6, 3).
- Intoxicated (7).
- Uses my poles (7).
- Silks with glossy surface (6).
- Distinct section of society in India (5).
- Wear away a slender stick in ease (5).
- They could be shopkeepers (12).
- Has eight sides and a tag in the centre (7).
- Rigorously severe (7).
- Belonging to the Moham-medans (6).
- Large, striped, feline quadruped (5).
- Estimated and scolded (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

**"Nothing relieves coughing
like 'Decongestant'..."**



Whether you have a light, annoying cough—or a heavy chest cough—nothing relieves coughing like NYAL 'Decongestant'!

Only NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir gives you 11 prescription-strength cough fighting ingredients. This proven effective formula penetrates into the bronchial tubes... loosens phlegm... soothes inflamed membranes... reduces bronchial congestion.

You'll breathe easier... get more restful sleep at night, undisturbed by constant coughing. You've never known such soothing relief!

NYAL 'Decongestant'—6 fl. oz. 75c; 12 fl. oz. \$1.29; 16 fl. oz. \$1.68.

'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR



Nyal

SOLD BY CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

**Guaranteed
dependability**

When buying medicines, the name NYAL is your best guarantee of dependability. Only the best medicinals obtainable enter into the composition of NYAL products. They are compounded by the most modern methods, under the supervision of qualified pharmacists, and standardised by competent chemists.



**PHONE YOUR NYAL CHEMIST
for FREE home delivery**

Tick off the products you need, then ring your Nyal chemist. Most chemists provide a free home delivery service.

Relief from cold miseries

Coldrex — the unique 2-layer cold tablet—relieves miseries of colds, coughing, 'flu, feverishness, nasal congestion. Coldrex gives relief 5 ways. (1) Shrinks swollen tissues. (2) Stops urge to cough. (3) Helps clear chest congestion. (4) Relieves pain, feverishness. (5) Provides Vitamin C. 12 tablets 48c.

24 tablets ☐ 87c

Heal cracked, sore lips...

With medicated Nyal Cold Sore Cream and Lotion. The LOTION dries up cold sores... stops itching and burning. The CREAM keeps your lips soft and supple while the sores heal. Economy-size Cream, 57c.

CREAM or LOTION

☐ 39c

Non-Irritating Pain Relief

Dolamin relieves pain... without stomach upset. Brings prompt relief from headache, nerve pains, fever associated with colds and influenza. 24 tablets cost only 39c; 50's—60c; 100's—\$1.17. (Now also available with codeine, as Dolamin Forte: 48c for 20.)

36 Tablets ☐ 48c

Breathe freely in 2 Minutes

Get wonderful relief from stuffy head colds—anytime, anywhere—with a Nyal 'Decongestant' Nasal Spray. A fine mist of medication penetrates high into nose and sinuses. Relief lasts for up to 4 hours. Special formula for children. Both forms available as DROPS.

☐ 72c

Restore Well-Being

When normal well-being is in jeopardy owing to vitamin deficiency, **Pluravit's** balanced combination of 10 vitamins and 11 minerals is helpful in the maintenance of good health. Valuable for the relief of lassitude and loss of appetite, if due to vitamin deficiency. One capsule a day, only 8c.

30 capsules ☐ \$2.25

NYAL COMPANY DIVISION OF STERLING PHARMACEUTICALS PTY. LIMITED, ERMINGTON, N.S.W.